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FRANCIS JAMES CHAVASSE

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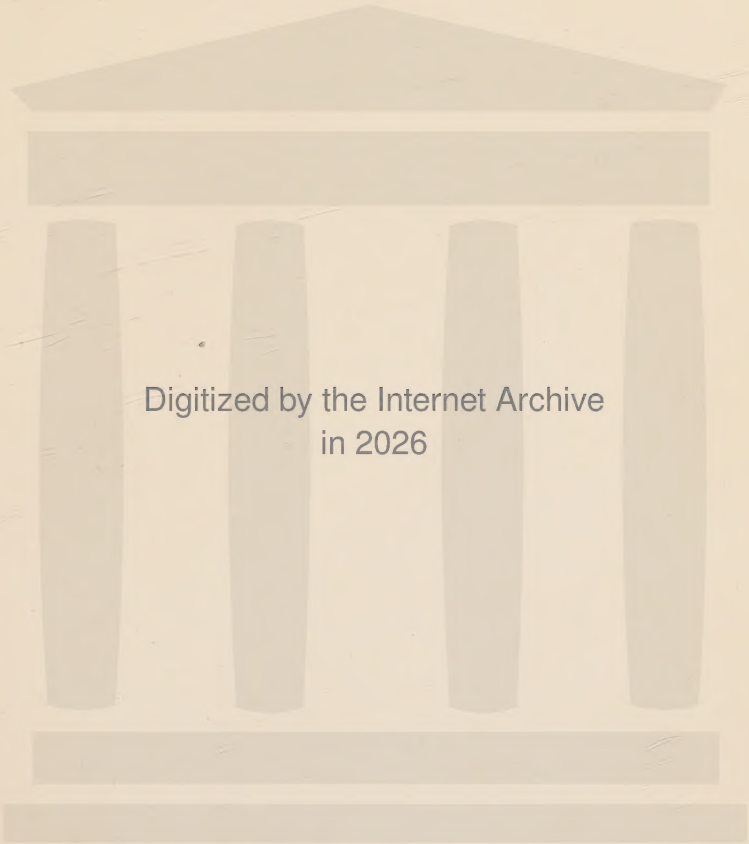

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Frontispiece

F. J. Sweeper

FRANCIS JAMES CHAVASSE
Bishop of Liverpool

By J. B. LANCELOT
Examining Chaplain and Hon. Canon of the Cathedral

Pius labor sed periculosa
præsumptio—
ST. JEROME

Oxford : Basil Blackwell : 1929

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'IT is hard to say, whether he be in learnyng, or in honestye more excellent. For he is bothe of wonderful vertuous conditions and also singularly wel learned, and towards all sortes of people excedyng gentyll: but towardes his frendes so kynde herted, so lovyng, so faithfull, so trustye, and of so earnest affection, that it were verye harde in any place to fynde a man, that with him in all poyntes of friendshippe maye be compared. No man can be more lowlye or courteous. No man useth lesse simulation or dissimulation, in no man is more prudent simplicitie. Besides he is in his talke and communication so merye and pleasant, yea, and that without harme.'

SIR THOMAS MORE in *Utopia*.

'I will only mention two names, though there are many more, two saints if ever there were saints, Edward King, Bishop of Lincoln, and Francis James Chavasse, Bishop of Liverpool, representing the two streams, and I want those streams to go on.'

MR. STANLEY BALDWIN.
House of Commons,
7 *June*, 1928.

PREFACE

WHEN at the request of the family I sat down to write this memoir, I received three messages from outside. The first said, He was the people's Bishop: see that you make it the people's book. The second was even more exacting, Remember we want to see his *soul*. The third issued no mandate but said encouragingly, I am sure that your book will be rich in an affectionate understanding. I hope that it is. As for number two, though, often, 'words, like nature, half reveal and half conceal the soul within,' they did not do so in his case, and I have tried as far as possible to let him speak for himself. With regard to number one, while it is hard to say what exactly a people's book will be, I hope that this may be found lucid and readable by all those who can admire a noble life, spent in the service of God and man.

My thanks are due to the many who have assisted me, and above all to the Bishop's eldest son, the Rev. Christopher M. Chavasse, who has supplied me with most of the more intimate details.

St. James's Vicarage, Birkdale,
23 *November*, 1928.

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FAMILY AND BOYHOOD
(1846-1865)

CHAPTER I

Family and Boyhood

THE Founder of the Chavasse family in England is supposed to have owned vineyards near Bordeaux, and to have come over to this country with the ill-fated Duke of Derwentwater at the time of the 1715 rebellion. He settled at the picturesque village of Burford in the Cotswolds, where he figures in the Corporation muniments for 1729; the Church Registers record his death on 28 April, 1734, 'Cloude Chavasse, a Roman Catholic,' and, previously, that of his wife and two of his children. A large clan developed during the next hundred years, living chiefly round the Church Green. His grandson, William, a surgeon, married Sarah, the granddaughter of Dr. Samuel Pye of Bristol; there is a tablet to them in Burford Church, which also commemorates their youngest son, William, an explorer whose adventures are recorded in the *Dictionary of National Biography*, and who found an early grave near Baghdad at the age of twenty-nine. It was this Sarah, the wife of William Chavasse, whose piety converted her husband and his brothers to the Protestant faith, and it was William himself who began that honourable medical tradition of which Bishop Chavasse was so proud.

William's second son, Nicholas Willett, the Bishop's grandfather, practised at Walsall, and met his death when only forty years old, being thrown and dragged by his horse—an event which so shocked a district famous for its saddling industry that it invented the safety stirrup.

'Chavasses are born horsemen, but unlucky' the Bishop would ruefully remark, as he recounted how, when a little boy, he himself broke his arm 'jumping' his pony over a recumbent cow which inconveniently got up during the process! Dr. Nicholas Chavasse left behind him a family of five young children whom his brave widow brought up and educated upon very slender resources, the youngest but one being the Bishop's father, Mr. Thomas Chavasse, F.R.C.S., who studied under the great Abernethy at St. Bartholomew's Hospital, and then practised in the Birmingham district where in time he became famous. He was a remarkable man of whose shrewdness, kindness, and resolution, countless stories are told. He was passionately devoted to horses, which he rode and drove recklessly : one day he was thrown on to the railings of Sutton Coldfield Church, and escaped with a set of broken ribs, to be crooked in body ever afterwards. Another accident having confined him to bed with a broken leg, a distracted husband penetrated to the sick room and implored him to come and save his dying wife. He went, on the husband's back, returning in like manner, and the wife recovered! A cousin, Dr. Pye Chavasse, learnt his trade under Thomas and wrote the once famous *Advice to a Mother*. His own practice descended to his son, the Bishop's younger brother, Thomas Frederick, who was knighted in 1905 for his services in connection with the General Hospital. He also inherited the family love for horses and died after an accident in the huntingfield in 1912. It was a sad blow when Sir Thomas's son, Arthur, died of pneumonia at Havre during the war, through devotion to duty, for thus the direct medical succession was broken, though many other

members of the family adopted the profession, including two of the Bishop's own sons.

The Bishop's father finally settled at Wylde Green House in what was then the village of the same name but is now swallowed up in Birmingham, about six miles from the Town Hall. He was twice married, and had nine children by his first wife. To this large family he brought as his second wife, Miriam Sarah, a daughter of James Wyld the Geographer Royal who supplied the maps for Wellington's campaigns. Francis James, born 27 September, 1846, was the eldest of a second family of five, three boys and two girls, and it was in the middle of this troop of brothers and sisters, endowed with more than usual spirits and sharing a clannish love for each other that lasted till old age, that the Bishop learnt his first lessons of life. 'How I hated,' he used to say, 'wearing my elder brother's clothes!'

But there were advantages not a few—a professional home of the best type where, if there was not too much money, the things of the mind were cultivated and books held in honour, out-of-door interests such as an establishment in the country, however modest, can usually supply, and, not far off, a large town with its multifarious life and stimulating activities. Above all, his mother was a wonderful woman, of great character and saintliness; no member of either family could ever speak of her without emotion. She was only twenty-seven when she became the mistress of her large establishment and step-mother to a family ranging from twelve to four years old. Under her rule Wylde Green House was a typical Evangelical home of the period. Their church was carefully chosen, and the family put under the ministrations of Mr. Robinson, the Rector of

Warmley, who had once been an officer in the Army; a striking photograph of him, with his tall straight back and flowing white beard, hung in the Bishop's study to the day of his death. He would describe how some morning they would see the Rector coming in his trap up the drive; after his mother had had a little talk with him in the dining-room, she would ring the bell, the children, the maids and outdoor servants would file in and take their places, then the Rector read from the Bible and all knelt for prayer. So every Sunday the whole household, servants included, would repair to Warmley Church, two miles away, the weaker members travelling in the large family barouche. The Bishop has often told of the deep impression 'Communion Sunday' made upon them, once a month. 'My father,' he would say, 'would be extra quiet all day, and shut himself up in his room both before and after the service. I have seen him come down from the rails with tears in his eyes.' And then he would add, 'I am not sure that it did not mean more to people then than it does now. Communions to-day are more frequent, but I do not see more saints.'

When he became a Bishop, one of his first acts was to make a pilgrimage to his old home, and to Warmley Church where his parents lie buried. He called his elder children with him into one of the ugliest interiors imaginable, and sat down in his old seat in what had been the family pew. 'Will you pray with me?' he asked them, and then burst into tears.

Many duties pressed upon the mother, who had an increasing family of her own, and Frank was sent away very early to a boarding school for little boys kept by ladies. Previously he had been put under the instruction

of an elder sister, Kitty, but as the period of lessons was chiefly occupied by the young mistress in chasing a truant round the garden, to school he was sent and proved a handful even for professional teachers. On the night before he went away his mother gave him a Bible and asked him to read it every night. She chose a Gospel and proposed that they should both read a certain number of verses daily, so that they could feel that they were reading the same passage together, and might then compare notes when the holidays came. The little fellow promised, and so began the faithful habit of a life-time. Later on he was sent to Chesterfield Grammar School, and joined the Army Class, for it was his intention to become a soldier. He was at this time full of life and energy, not to say of mischief, and, if anything, above the average height for his age. When his own sons afterwards were winning prizes at their school sports, he would say to them rather wistfully, 'You boys ought to be able to run well, for no boy could beat me when I was fourteen.'

But a change was at hand, and the high-spirited boy was now to be plunged into fires of pain and suffering which, with the good hand of God upon him, had their share in producing the fine gold of a character which the Prime Minister of a later day[1] was to describe as one of the saintliest of his generation, and in directing his thoughts past Army, business, and medicine into what many would declare to have been his predestined vocation as a Minister of Christ. He caught measles and complications followed which did not receive sufficient attention, partly through the illness of the headmaster's wife, partly through the heroic deception practised by the

[1]Mr. Baldwin, House of Commons, 7 June, 1928.

patient himself who held on to his work when he was quite unequal to it, his heart set on winning a prize. One night[1] his mother woke her husband to say, 'I must go to Chesterfield to-morrow: Frank needs me.' He reassured her, and she did not go; had she done so, this biography might have read very differently, or perhaps never have been written. For so it was that his serious condition was not discovered until the holidays, and then too late.

His mother had gone up one night at bedtime to try on a new vest, and, after catching sight of his back, left the room and fetched her husband. He, to his dismay, saw that the boy's spine was curved—the result of prolonged debility. One lung too was found to be badly constricted, and he was always afterwards very slow and breathless when going up hill. But from that time the boy never grew an inch, and so came to be known first as 'the little man' at Oxford, and then as 'the little Bishop' at Liverpool. Indeed it was only a splendid heart, an unsuspected toughness of constitution which surprised his friends all through his life, together with his indomitable spirit that pulled him through. His parents took him to Torquay, where he fell desperately ill with pneumonia and almost died. 'You must not expect to see Frank again' his father wrote to his sisters. He, meanwhile, in terrible seizures of breathlessness, hung

[1]The Bishop himself had a similar experience long afterwards when his youngest son Aidan was badly hit and taken prisoner (3 July, 1917), never to be heard of again. Ten days afterwards his father had a most vivid dream. Aidan stood at the bottom of the bed looking at him. He was clad in dirty and tattered khaki shirt and breeches, his face was white and haggard, and he said, 'I am free at last.' The Bishop at first was cheered and thought that some news would come through of his son's arrival in a German hospital. After three months' silence his opinion changed: 'I think,' he said, 'he must have meant another kind of freedom.' But he always believed that his son's spirit had visited him.

on to his father's hand, asking if this were death; so did he learn that physical shrinking from it which never left him even in his last illness.

Yet, in the mercy of God, he struggled through, and, on his return home, though no longer fit for school life, began to read with a Mr. Felton at Walmley, who took pupils. Two of his companions were twin brothers, Henry and Bertie Squires, the former of whom subsequently married his younger sister Ada, and, after going abroad to India as a C.M.S. missionary, succeeded him as Rector of St. Peter-le-Bailey in 1889. His health improved, and his future had to be thought of, though it seemed doubtful whether he would ever be able to earn his own living. Accordingly, when his diary opens on his sixteenth birthday, we find him going every day to Birmingham, where, in a commercial house, he learnt some of those business habits which were so marked a feature of his later life.

The diary is a profoundly moving document. It goes on without serious intermission as far as the beginning of his third year at Oxford, to be resumed again for a very short while at Preston, where apparently at last it got 'crowded out.' Wholesomely boyish in places, it nevertheless forms a striking commentary on Wordsworth's text, 'The child is father to the man.' A thoughtful boy he had always been; yet while, as the result, in part no doubt, of his sufferings, some passages reveal a gravity far beyond the years of the writer, there is, one is glad to find, plenty of evidence that he enjoyed life and was full of interests, in spite of his serious physical disability. His seventeenth year, the first to be recorded, was a very important one. When it began he was going to business daily, but making diligent

use of his spare time, and competing for prizes offered in literary and religious knowledge by such papers as the *Boys' Own Magazine* and the *Band of Hope Review*. Before it ends its course, the face of his life has changed entirely. But here are some extracts:—

29 *September*, 1862.—Went to business as usual.

3 *October*.—Finished my essay on 'The Story of Milton's *Paradise Lost*.' Sent it away. Will it come to any good? I fear not.

7 *October*.—Began my regular Latin and Greek again.

17 *October*.—Put an advertisement in the paper about my cob. Heard from Nim and that rascal P.

31 *October*.—To-day I got my *Boys' Own Magazine*. It was with a beating heart I went to Malthison. 'Yes, it had come.' 'Could I have it?' 'Oh, yes.' I felt almost ready to drop. I took it in my hands, quietly turned to the end, cut it open with my paper-knife, glanced down the list and found I was nowhere, no, not even honourably mentioned. . . . Well, I am none the worse for trying. I have carefully read Milton's immortal work and that was a pleasure indeed. I am not disheartened, and shall try again next year.—Forgot to give Lakin the key to feed my guinea-pigs; found those in the pen very hungry.

25 *November*.—Read some of Tennyson's *Idylls of the King*; like it extremely.

3 *December*.—Got to go to a party to-morrow. Suppose I must begin to go into society now, but wish I had more conversational powers, and was less bashful in company.

16 *February*.—Poor Jenny [his sister] died. . . . If there is one thing more than another which distresses

me it is to see Papa grieving. . . . Death had already marked her, not for his own, for she was Christ's. . . . At the end everything she saw seemed lined with gold —she kept continually looking up and smiling, and, just before she went, she turned her face to Papa actually joyously laughing. Heaven perchance she had seen, or angels to bear her up. May such things greet my eyes when I die, and may my death be as joyous as hers!

2 *March*.—Papa took me to Mr. Baker's, and gave him a history of my case. He examined me very carefully. He told me he thought his prescription would not be very palatable, and I left the room while they talked it over. He is going to send written directions.

4 *March*.—Papa gave me Mr. Baker's letter. He advises as follows: That I should give up business for two years, that I should lie down five or six hours every day, that I should go in to Mr. Ridgeway and be drilled, . . . that I should hang by the arms for a quarter of an hour twice a day. . . . Not very delightful directions.

9 *March*.—Went into town to business for the last time. Am very sorry to give up business, but it can't be helped.

10 *March*.—The Prince of Wales's wedding-day—a universal holiday. Charlie and I had a little shooting. We killed about twelve sparrows, etc., in all.

20 *March*.—M. de Lattre came for the first time to give me my French lesson. He is going to teach me the rudiments of Spanish also.

21 *March*.—Howard[1] passed away—a good son, a kind brother, a faithful friend, a true Christian. . . . Never was there a greater example of the presence of

[1]Howard Sidney Chavasse, a young doctor who had served in the Crimean War

the Saviour at the hour of death. Lord Jesus, when I die, so be with me. . . . The star of faith can light up the darkest night.

27 *April.*—Set about my essay on 'Electricity' in right good earnest.

29 *April.*—Went into Birmingham to get my *Band of Hope Review*. Of course I got no prize. What an unlucky dog I am!

22 *May.*—Went into town to the newsroom.

27 *May.*—In the evening went up to V.H.'s. Had a game at cricket. . . . Papa gave me a gold watch, a splendid one. How generous he is!

29 *May.*—I intend to give up guinea-pigs and take to rabbits.

17 *June.*—Went by train to Birmingham, called at Matthew's for my supports, then . . . to Southsea.

4 *July.*—Had my first swimming lesson, but did not get on very well, for I am a great coward in the water.

16 *July.*—Home again. Went and looked at the alterations—the vinery, fowl-house, rabbit hutches, the new cow and calf, the dog. I thought him rather ugly but I am no judge.

26 *July.*—Went to church twice. Mr. X. preached. He came to supper in the evening. I wish he were not so flippant.

11 *August.*—I was at D.'s ten minutes before the time, but ladies shopping never calculate their time to half-an-hour . . . made their appearance forty minutes late. I am sorry to say I felt very angry and savage. . . . My temper will break out now and then. . . .

18 *August.*—Tried to get a Chaucer but failed. My rabbit, the buck, died. I buried him in the vine-bed.

31 *August.*—In the *Boys' Own Magazine* my essay

on 'The history of the translation of the Bible into English' was third; actually I have been mentioned at last.

4 *September.*—Went fishing.... Hodgson found out a regular hedge of blackberries, and he and I had a feast. In the evening we had some very good games at croquet. C. and T.V. then had a cigar in the greenhouse. I do not smoke. I think it is an idle expensive habit....

12 *September.*—... He affects to despise trade. Silly fellow!

15 *September.*—Got Sir Philip Sidney's *Arcadia* out of the library—a thick folio of 500 pages. It made my arm ache bringing it up from the station.

16 *September.*—Turned out my rabbits in the yard while I was cleaning out the pens.... Played whist in the evening.

Such are some of the more interesting extracts from the record of his momentous seventeenth year. In the course of it he leaves business, sadly; we to-day may see in it the hand of Providence. He also tastes sorrow. Death removes a brother and a sister, but, for him, it has no terrors—they are gone to be with Christ. A bodily weakness deprives him of activity at boyhood's very prime, yet not a murmur appears in the diary; instead we seem to have the joyous life of a country-bred boy—the pony, the dog who was 'certainly not a member of the Peace Society,' the guinea-pig whose litter was 'never coming.' Already there is that aversion to smoking which never left him—how he wished that clergy would not smoke in the streets!—and a strong interest in the best English poetry, diligently read during those

long hours which he spent upon his back. The heavy *Arcadia*, which he valiantly carries home, is training him thus early for the episcopal bag.

27 *September*, 1863.—My birthday . . . exactly one year since I commenced this diary. . . . Then we were twelve, we are now ten. . . . Uncle Sidney is dead. But if it has pleased the Most High to afflict us for a while, how many mercies have we received at His hand! . . . Lord, let this year bring me much, oh! much nearer to Thee. Watch over me and mine for Christ's sake.

11 *October*.—Began to learn the 'Articles' over again.

19 *October*.—Went into Birmingham and stayed nearly two hours at the newsroom. Got on with my work for Mr. Albert Smith.

7 *November*.—Writing all day at my life of Swift.

10 *November*—Went sparrow-catching . . . caught eighty-one.

14 *November*.—Bought *Robinson Crusoe*.

15 *November*.—In the evening Papa startled me by saying suddenly, 'What made you think that you would like to go into the medical profession?' He then said that if I particularly wished it I should go to college and become a physician, for he did not think that I should be able to stand a surgeon's work. . . . How kind he is! . . . Oh, if God so sees good to direct my path, how happy I shall be! . . .

16 *November*.—Called on Mr. Baker. He recommends 'go on as you are' . . . Worked away at my Latin verses. Mean, if spared, to get my Latin and Greek up again.

23 *November.*—Walked to Sutton and got my gun. He actually charged half-a-crown, a regular imposition: I could have got a new lock for three shillings and sixpence.

25 *November.*—Had a ride on 'Polly.' Enjoyed it extremely. It is the first time I have been on horseback for more than eighteen months.

27 *December.*—From all accounts they had a nice squeeze at the pantomime last night. . . . I am very glad I did not go—I do *not* like the theatre.

31 *December.*—May this New Year find me a Christian in deed and in truth! I have sinned, but there is hope for me yet—Saviour, hear. Welcome then, thrice welcome 1864, farewell 1863; you are engraven on my heart too deeply ever to be erased.

7 *January.*—Arrived at Oxford and walked to CousinAlbert's lodgings.[1]

8 *January.*—Wadham is the Evangelical College of Oxford—and none the worse for that.

9 *January.*—From Christ Church I went by Corpus, a very shabby-looking place which Mr. A. S. thought might do for me, to Magdalen. . . . Went to a church called St. Aldate's. . . . The clergyman, a Mr. Christopher, seemed a truly excellent man.

14 *January.*—Returned home—did the five miles from Birmingham in one hour and a quarter.

[1]This cousin, who with his sister Sophy is often mentioned in the diary, had a great influence upon him. Though several years his senior, he was greatly attached to him, and spent much of his holidays at Wylde Green. He was an omnivorous reader with a wonderful memory and could pour out information on almost any subject; later on when a Fellow of University College, Oxford, he was known as 'the Encyclopaedia.' He gave Frank his first interest in many studies; e.g., when the latter first went to Chesterfield he astonished the master by his acquaintance with the stories of classical history and mythology. He had heard them all from Albert's ceaseless talk, as they lay on the grass watching the kites they had moored to a fence.

30 *January*.—Cleaned out rabbits. Began to think them almost a bore.

13 *February*.—Mr. Robinson came down to see Mamma about Miriam and myself being confirmed.

18 *April*.—My confirmation—a solemn day for me. . . . I felt serious, but, oh! not half as serious as I should like to have done. . . . Proud, wilful, disobedient, selfish, and black with sin, I need indeed to be cleansed. . . .

19 *April*.—Felt myself giving way to passion several times during the day. My God, curb my vile temper.

1 *May*.—Sunday. A very solemn day for me. I first received the Sacrament. God grant that I may be refreshed and cheered by it. . . .

8 *May*.—Walked home from church with Miriam, had a long talk with her and found that we were both in the same state, both disheartened. Felt much comforted by this mutual confidence.

22 *May*.—Blessed Sabbaths in that sweet quiet church—with what calm delight shall I look back upon you when I too am battling with the world!

9 *June*.—Broke my crutch yesterday by some mischance, but did not feel the want of it, which is a very good sign.

16 *June*.—Albert got a Fellowship at University. Wrote to congratulate him.

30 *June*.—I told Papa yesterday that I had changed my mind and should like to go into the Church. He said he was very glad to hear it. God grant me guidance in this matter!

4 *July*.—Went to the Sunday School for the first time with Miriam—afraid I was not of much use.

29 *July*.—Started for Whitby for a three weeks'

holiday; saw dear old Chesterfield Grammar School in the distance.

30 *July*.—Had some doubts with myself whether taking walks on Sunday was not distracting the mind from better things.

10 *August*.—Walked about twenty miles with Albert.

11 *August*.—Bathed as usual and read Milman.

17 *August*.—Lost our way, as Sophy had the maps. Fortunately we had the 'prog.' . . .

5 *September*.—May my prayer be, 'Lord shew me myself.'

11 *September*.—Read some of the Bishop of Oxford's addresses to candidates for Ordination which I liked extremely. My great stumbling-block is my cold, heartless prayer. . . .

So another year, his eighteenth, has gone by, less marked by sorrow, yet religiously important in that it covers his confirmation and decision for the Ministry, and, following immediately upon it, the attempt, so like him, at some definite, practical work. All the time he was working hard at his classics with Mr. Albert Smith, and steadily improving in health. The visit to Oxford and the Whitby holiday, with his cousin's companionship, must have been unmixed blessings.

27 *September*, 1864.—My birthday: God grant I may grow in grace as each year goes by.

7 *October*.—Albert left us. He has given me some useful hints. . . . I am certainly very backward. As for getting a scholarship at C.C.C. I have long ago given up the idea. I must be content to plod along as a third-rater. The Almighty knows what is best for me. If I

were clever I should probably be conceited: as it is I have nothing to be conceited of.

11 *October.*—Went to a dance. Dancing is not in my way. I tried my hand at it about four times, but I am an egregious muff.

13 *October.*—Bought Spurgeon's *Sermons on Baptism.*

11 *December.*—Went to the Sunday School. I am afraid that I do not pray enough over my preparation.

31 *December.*—. . . Implicitly relying on His gracious aid and humbly asking His gracious assistance, in earnest prayer I hereby make the following solemn resolutions, and may He to Whom all hearts are open grant me strength to fulfil them:— (1) To subdue my spiritual pride; (2) To deny myself and give way to others; (3) To take a more lively interest and share in the spreading of the Gospel; (4) To be more fervent in prayer, and more diligent and devout in all religious duties and ceremonies; (5) To be kind and brotherly to all men; (6) To pray more constantly for the outpouring of God's Spirit in my heart. And may God be with me in life and in death. Amen.

1 *January.*—Reading Legh Richmond's *Life.*

5 *January.*—Went to a ball and danced about seven times; very glad when it was all over, for I hate dancing.

18 *January.*—Town Hall crammed. Heard Bright though we had to stand for three hours. A splendid speaker.

1 *February.*—Had a mishap and tumbled down with my partner; felt a great muff and determined never to waltz again.

14 *February.*—Skating. I think I am improving, but still skate very badly.

18 *March.*—Arrived at Oxford for Matriculation and scholarship examination.

19 *March.*—Sunday. Went to hear the University sermon, a Bampton Lecture. The subject was Miracles, and the sermon, if truth must be told, was very long and very dry. . . . Dined in the Hall at University, then adjourned to the Common Room, and for two hours sat mutely listening to a conversation of which everything except religion was the topic. Alas for Oxford; her dons are, I fear, on the whole, but little seriously inclined.

27 *March.*—Knox[1] and Lock[2] elected to scholarships at C.C.C.

14 *April.*—Finished Legh Richmond's *Life*. I was never so fascinated with a book in all my life.

16 *April.*—Easter Day. The Lord is risen. O cold and careless heart, canst thou not feel one thrill of ecstasy? Not one. . . . Alas, I have no power of myself. Christ must be my all in all. O Lord, forgive me.

28 *April.*—Went to a sale: bought Parker Society books for £2 12s. 6d., 30 vols. I also bought Paley's *Works*, 8 vols., calf, 13s., and Macaulay's *Essays*, 22s.

20 *May.*—I should love to see B. at Oxford preparing for the Ministry. With God all things are possible, and I must pray in faith for him.

21 *May.*—Felt very angry with Tom. He is provoking, but how little do I bear with him!

31 *May.*—The boys in great excitement over the 'Derby.' Most of them had been betting. May God shew them the folly of it.

10 *June.*—Finished the *Agamemnon*.

16 *June.*—Dudley Grammar School eleven came

[1]Afterwards Bishop of Manchester.

[2]Afterwards Warden of Keble and Canon of Christ Church.

over to play. I stood umpire for Sutton. They were much dissatisfied at several of my decisions, but as I was satisfied in my own mind I did not care.

3 *July*.—Started for Isle of Man. Reached Liverpool station at 11.5. It is a miserable place after the New Street affair. Liverpool itself, at least what we saw of it, seemed a nice town. The Mersey rather disappointed me. It is certainly a noble estuary, but I did not see so much shipping as I expected. The porters at the pier 'chiselled' us out of a shilling simply for carrying our luggage down a few steps. We had a nice steamer, and as the sea was very calm the voyage was delightful. . . . I first then fully comprehended the *ποντίων τε κυμάτων ἀνήριθμον γέλασμα* of Æschylus—'the many twinkling smile of ocean's waves'. We entirely lost sight of land, and for the first time in my life I found myself on the grand ocean. We reached Ramsey after a voyage of seven and a half hours. . . .

This, his last holiday from home before Oxford, and spent with the Squires twins, was evidently enjoyed thoroughly. Bathes before breakfast, picnics, sea-fishing, and long walks are the order of the day. His reading is Shakespeare and Scott, his chief anxieties—whether they would have enough money to pay for their lodgings (for Bertie Squires lost most of the joint funds out of his trousers pocket during a bathe), and what he calls 'Sabbath evening strolling.' 'I do not like it,' he says. 'In worldly, secular conversation, spiritual things are lost and forgotten. And yet, despicable coward that I am, I have not the courage to object to it.' This anxiety remained with him into Oxford days: the other was met, but when the bill had

been paid, he had to *walk* sixteen miles to Douglas, with only twopence in his pocket, for a glass of beer! The scenery of the Island, especially that of the northern part, was a great delight to him, though it was at Castletown and Derbyhaven that he was to spend happy holidays with his family in years to come. He returned to his work and to his Sunday School class, where the boys were often troublesome—'I have not prayed sufficiently for them,' he comments, the very words he would use as Bishop over a disappointing ordinand. Soon his nineteenth birthday is passed, and he is busy looking out his clothes for his mother to pack: his books he packed himself with the help of a boy friend. Such are the details with which he fills his diary. Some quoted here may appear trivial, and in themselves doubtless they are; but often there is a hint in them of the man who was to be—of the man of affairs with whom it was perilous to trifle. But, it is clear on almost every page, the prevailing interest of his mind is personal religion. Knowing what we do both of his later life and of the discipline of pain through which he had passed, we hardly dare to think this great concern unnatural or morbid. He is above all things the serious youth of evangelical training, pre-occupied often, too often perhaps, with his own feelings, yet whose one aim it is to follow the Master and who to that end seeks the Spirit's grace at all times by diligent prayer. Coldness here is the constant accusation he brings against himself, yet his coldest prayers, one thinks, many a saint might envy.

When he came to Liverpool as Bishop, men contrasted his small round figure with the towering frame and patriarchal appearance of Dr. Ryle—his guarded manner too and cautious courteous words with the

abrupt and outspoken utterances of that great and good man. There was one other contrast of which the world at that time knew little or nothing—their experience of boyhood. The one had enjoyed perfect health, played cricket hard, made friends at Eton, yet never had he, from the age of seven to twenty-one, as he tells us in his brave fragment of autobiography, said one prayer for himself or opened his Bible. Nobly did he atone for his neglect, and, we may doubt not, deeply regret it. During those formative years, in very different surroundings, the other had had his friends and recreations. Yet whether it were from native piety, or the discipline of suffering, or both, his supreme desire had been to grow in grace ; prayer was his highest occupation; Christ and the service of Christ were already his all-in-all.

THE OXFORD UNDERGRADUATE
(1865-1869)

CHAPTER II

The Oxford Undergraduate

ACCOMPANIED by his father and mother he left home for Oxford on 14 October, 1865. Colleges were not then so large in point of numbers as they have since become, but it was a great change for a youth who had lived mostly at home and been dependent upon private tutors for help with his studies. For a short period before the Corpus matriculation he had lived with Mr. Smith in order to secure extra tuition, but his physical infirmity, apart from all other considerations, had kept him for the most part under his parents' roof; accordingly, when they returned to Wylde Green he felt his position somewhat acutely, and experienced some difficulty in making friends. 'I feel rather lonely and down-hearted' he complains at the end of his first fortnight. 'The men don't seem to care to associate with me; I yearn for some to love.' They came later.

His main interest, we have seen, was religious, and the Oxford of those days did not specially favour the school of thought to which he belonged. The Regius and Lady Margaret Divinity professors, Payne-Smith and Heurtley, were on that side, but more vigorous in their leadership were men of another type—Pusey, for instance, and, of the younger men, Liddon, Bright, and Edward King. Different again were Jowett at Balliol and Thomas Hill Green, the latter a layman, who in his 'Greats' lectures did not take unbelief for granted and was described by Chavasse himself in one of his earliest

speeches to young people in Liverpool in the following remarkable terms: 'It was my lot at Oxford to meet a large number of distinguished men, but the man who made the deepest impression upon me was the late Professor Green, who seemed to have more of the prophet about him than any man I have had the honour of meeting.... He never gave an opinion on any subject until he had thoroughly mastered it and gone down to its very roots, and so when he spoke all men listened. Though he has been dead many years his influence is still living, and men now in leading positions would say that they owed their faith and other things beside to his influence and example and writings.' There is no evidence that he ever went to his lectures, which indeed were outside his line of things, and it may be that the influence was exercised on the Oxford rector rather than on the Oxford undergraduate; but the testimony is noteworthy as coming from one of Chavasse's school of thought. It is pleasant, too, to record that the Professor (as he afterwards became) 'sat under' him from time to time at St. Peter-le-Bailey, and Mrs. Green became godmother to one of his sons.

The Evangelical churches in the city were well served. Mr. Christopher, since known to thousands of Oxford men for his hospitality and his ear-trumpet, had already been six years at St. Aldate's; at St. Peter's there was Canon Linton, a former Fellow of Magdalen, with Mr. Tonge as his assistant; and there were others not less faithful elsewhere. But there was no Wycliffe Hall, nor Oxford Pastorate, while the religion of the college chapels was usually more formal than inspiring. A sort of evangelical revival amongst undergraduates had taken place shortly before 1865, especially at Wadham

where W. Hay M. H. Aitken, afterwards the famous missioner, had been in residence; he, however, went down in June of that year. But two agencies remained —a result in part of that movement—a prayer-meeting held twice a week to begin with in A. C. Downer's rooms at Brasenose, and daily later on (on Chavasse's own proposal) at the old St. Aldate's Rectory, 40 Pembroke Street, and still in existence; and a Tract Distribution Society, operating with the consent of their incumbents, in the villages round Oxford. Of these we shall hear again.

We may now turn to the diary:

14 *October*.—Father and mother left at 6.20. Felt lonely. How hard mother worked, and how willingly did my father pay sovereign after sovereign to purchase anything that might add to my comfort! Thank God for such parents. . . . May God keep me in all temptations, and bless my college career to my spiritual welfare.

15 *October*.—About fifty-six men up, of whom thirty-six are in college. . . . Went to University sermon at Christ Church. Canon Heurtley preached a capital sermon. In the evening went to St. Aldate's and heard Mr. Christopher, who exhorted freshmen to take their stand boldly on the side of Jesus Christ. Bitterly did I reflect that I had that very morning proved myself a craven soldier and gone for a walk, although my conscience forbad it. . . .

16 *October*.—Monday. Up at 7.10. Still did not have sufficient time to myself to pray and read. I must get up earlier. . . . Sat next to Bickersteth in Hall, son of the Bishop of Ripon. God grant that he may be as good a fellow as those holy men whose name he bears.

17 *October.*—Went to Mr. Christopher's and took Mr. Robinson's letter. He received me most kindly and gave me Bonar's *God's Way of Holiness*. . . . He prayed with us before we went.

19 *October.*—Took my prose to Furneaux; it was badly done.

24 *October.*—Breakfast at Mr. Christopher's. . . . First lesson in sculling.

26 *October.*—Put down my name at the gymnasium and was measured. Height 5 ft. 3 ins., weight 8 stone 8 lbs—rather ignominious figures. God knows best what is good for me.

28 *October.*—The usual prayer-meeting, forty present.

3 *November.*—I am to be cox of Bridges's Four in the Scratch Fours.[1]

9 *November.*—Rowed down the river with Knox and Lock.

12 *November.*—Went with Knox and Lock to hear Archdeacon Churton, at St. Mary's, and with Knox to Mr. Linton's church in the evening. [His first visit, apparently, to the church of which he was afterwards to be Rector.]

16 *November.*—Had a glass of wine with Morris. He is very High Church—what a pity! Poor fellow, he was once, he said, Evangelical.

20 *November.*—Ran second for my heat in the hundred yards. I had the good fortune to win the Consola-

[1]The future Sir Robert Bridges, poet laureate. His Four won. Later on the Bishop's mantelpiece was always adorned with two pewter flagons (for he coxed another Four to victory) which he used as receptacles for string. One Christmas one of his children gave him for a present a copy of Bridges' poems, with the inscription:

When Poets stroke and Bishops cox
Then string is kept in pewter pots.

tion Stakes and the ill fortune to have my stockings stolen.

24 *November.*—Knox, Lock and myself have been up the river several times lately.

26 *November.*—University sermon, very clever but too caustic.

5 *December.*—Went to the Schools at 9 for 'Smalls.'

12 *December.*—Robert brought me my Testamur at 2.30. I was very glad to see it. . . . Home again. Thank God for all His goodness.

So ends the records of his first term. 'Looking back,' writes Bishop Knox, 'I see in a very small attic in a far corner of the front Quadrangle of C.C.C., a very small man whom I hunted out on the advice of a neighbour, as likely to be congenial. We were both of us rather 'not at home' in a society consisting almost entirely of public school men, and both of us had given offence by not turning to the East in the recital of the creed. . . . My first impression of him was one of modesty and humility. . . . Characters are usually unformed at the age of one-and-twenty. With Chavasse it was not so. He had been disciplined in the school of prolonged illness. His character was already marked with attributes which time deepened but never changed. I left his room after that first visit conscious that I had been in the presence of a man of God, whose judgment could be trusted, whose willingness to serve was unbounded.' Nor is Dr. Lock's tribute essentially different. He says: 'Bishop Chavasse and myself came up to Corpus Christi College in the same term. We took our degrees in the same year. We were friends the whole time. He lived a quiet, hard-working life, not taking much part in

the athletic life of the College, though acting as coxswain to the boat, but winning the respect of everyone—tutors, undergraduates and scouts—by the simplicity of his goodness. He had always before him the sense of a call to Holy Orders, and moulded his life so as to prepare for that. He taught in a Sunday school at Hinksey; he induced his friends to go with him to evangelistic appeals, such as that of Lord Radstock. One striking incident comes to my mind. I went into his room one afternoon to ask him for a walk. He said that he had work to do and could not spare the time. 'But,' I said, 'you have evidently got a bad headache.' 'Yes,' was his answer, 'but when I am ordained I shall have to work whether I have a headache or not'.'

The diary leaves the impression on the reader's mind that his range of interests at this time was somewhat narrow. There are no references to contemporary politics, or to the theological or ecclesiastical questions of the day. In many ways he was no doubt at the time inferior in mental development to the freshman who goes up to-day from a well-taught sixth form—an experience which he had missed himself; it is on the spiritual side that he is so strong, so stern towards himself, so anxious in his faith. Here of course we have a result of those long hours spent on the couch at the surgeon's bidding, and of the home influences to which he was, we may believe, so completely amenable. We smile at his pity for the young High Churchman. We are sorry that his conscience should have been so troubled over a Sunday walk with a companion who was not only a cousin but a young don—as it was, a little later, over the private theatricals in which he himself took part. We ourselves have moved on from those mid-Victorian days.

All the same we cannot withhold a certain admiration for the seriousness of mind here indicated by the Oxford undergraduate.

The morning after his return from Oxford he 'went round with the Governor [*sic*] in the pony-gig.' He confesses later on that he is ' not much of a Jehu.' But for a life somewhat given to introspection such activities were wholesome. Another day he walks into Birmingham and buys Bullinger's *Decades*. On Christmas Day he does not 'stay sacrament' as Mr. Robinson had only given notice of it the day before; 'nevertheless felt very sorry to turn my back on the Table,' and he was peevish, he says, and irritable all day—indeed complains repeatedly of 'deep spiritual torpor.' But there are times when he has 'good fun,' and all the while he is quietly working at his Virgil, save for his share in the abovementioned theatricals, about which Mr. Robinson spoke to him on the eve of his return to Oxford. 'I have been ensnared,' he exclaims—and goes to bed unable to pray, with a sense upon him that the vacation has been wasted, and the good (if a little misguided) vicar's earnest request ringing in his ears, 'Do not let it come between you and the Lord.'

For the whole of the following five terms during which he is reading for Classical Moderations we have the diary and its record steadily maintained. True, it is very largely a narrative of self-examination on the one side, and of evangelistic work in the hamlets on the other. Prayer-meetings are incessant, as also are lamentations over his pride, reserve, moroseness, timidity, depression, weariness, and so on. At least two early deaths occurred about this time which greatly affected his spirits. Nevertheless he has his brighter days.

Knox and Lock are never far away, and Tonge's class and the 'New Vitality' meeting are regular and wholesome places of resort, though in one passage he says, 'I must mind that controversy does not absorb too much of my attention.' There are bits here and there of general interest:

26 *January*.—Spoke to George [his scout] about my cake, etc. I hope I was not too hard upon him.

28 *January*.—Dr. Pusey preached at the Cathedral. The place was crammed and I had to stand. His sermon was a very fine one, on the Miracles of Prayer. He has a wonderful face, deeply furrowed cheeks, and a noble forehead, and eyes that seem to light up his whole countenance.

4 *February*.—The Archbishop of York preached in the morning, and Dr. Goulbourn in the afternoon. The latter was rather argumentative at first, but when he came to the practical part he was grand.

13 *February*.—Went a walk with Lock. In the evening we gave our wine. I was glad when it was over.

4 *March*.—Went to hear Liddon. The church was crowded. His sermon [Bampton Lecture] occupied an hour and a half. It was very eloquent and learned, but many parts I could not quite understand.

18 *March*.—Heard Goulbourn in the morning, Trench in the afternoon; both were beautiful sermons. Attended Tonge's class. . . . I wish they would keep more to the subject, and not argue on extraneous subjects.

30 *March*.—Read part of Spencer Thornton's *Life*. . . . Felt more interested than usual because he was a man of but *ordinary* abilities, and consequently his example

seemed to speak more forcibly. The subjects of Christian biographies are generally so clever that we of moderate talent must look and wonder and admire from a distance.

5 *April*.—Have made up my mind by God's help to give up cards.

13 *April*.—Alas, I am at times assailed with discontented thoughts.... My uncouth, ungainly, diminutive form actually troubles me. O Lord, is not Thy name Love? Hast Thou not made all things well? Give, oh, give me, a contented submissive spirit. Despicable though I may be in the eyes of men, grant that my sole object may be to seek to glorify Thee....

20 *May*.—Heard Dr. Pusey. Went with Knox to the Sacrament at St. Aldate's. How the High Churchmen do put me to shame by their zeal!

29 *May*.—Went to Claydon with Tonge and Mr. Christopher. Nearly forty there. Subject: The Study of Prophecy. We had dinner at 4.15....

3 *June*.—Liddon delivered the last 'Bampton' to a crowded congregation. . . .

[There is no further comment. Yet this was one of the most notable pulpit utterances of the century—a modern Athanasius, with unrivalled powers of eloquence and earnest faith, pleading passionately for the Church's doctrine of the Person of Christ, against the influences and denials of Strauss and Baur and the Tübingen school. Had he been ten years older the lecture would have made a far deeper impression upon his mind.]

9 *June*.—Ryle[1] took the address in the evening at Mr. Christopher's. His subject was 'Decision.'

[1]Afterwards Bishop of Liverpool.

During most of the Long Vacation he is at home. The two following extracts are of special importance by way of self-revelation:

27 *August.*—Walked home from church with Miriam and had some delightful conversation with her. My wicked heart is so cold, proud, and reserved that I do not seem to like to unburden myself to any one. But God in His infinite goodness enabled me to break through myself, and oh, how great was the comfort! How pleasant to find that others have the same doubts and trials and fears and temptations as yourself, and yet that God has mercifully brought them safely through. I often fear that my religion is too exclusive, that I keep too much to myself, and do not assist others sufficiently to bear their burdens.

On 27 September, 1866, he keeps his twentieth birthday, and the following appears in the diary:

I have passed twenty years of my life and how humiliating is the retrospect! How much have I lived for this world, how little for Christ! In what dark colours do my sin and depravity stand out, and how wonderfully bright seems the long-suffering of God! What a merciful Providence has watched over me, guiding my reluctant steps in a way that I knew not, and bringing me when I least expected and least desired it to prepare for the best of earthly professions, the Ministry of God's word! First the schoolboy at Chesterfield, looking forward to medicine as my future calling, with some lingering hope of the Army: then struck down by sickness, brought to the very door of the grave, face to face with the king of terrors, and made to feel that I

dared not die, that my religion had hitherto been mere formalism and lip-service, specious indeed to the eye of man, lulling ever my own soul, but, at the proof, found to be but a vain thing, a broken reed, a shadowy support. Then a daily pupil at Mr. Felton's coming under the scriptural teaching of Mr. R.—still a formalist, the impressions apparently so sincere and the horror of dying unprepared all gone, melted like summer snow. Then, through continued weakness, afflicted with a curvature of the spine, which once seemed likely to cripple me for life, and still requiring watchful care, supposed to be unequal to any great labour, and sent for a year to Oxford Street (Birmingham). There, what opportunities of doing good were neglected, what wickedness was suffered to remain unrebuked! There, too, apparently shut out from all hope of entering a profession, my reading hours limited, my work for the most part mechanical, and my future prospects—a wealthy merchant. Who could have foretold a change of life for me? But just when what faint sparks of religion I had still smouldering in my soul seemed all but quenched, just when from a mere formalist I seemed to be sinking a step lower and becoming altogether worldly-minded, just when I thought that I had become accustomed and reconciled to my mode of life, and all ambition for seeking another appeared to have gone, lo, as it were, a hand from Heaven is put forth and I am snatched from business. My spine was worse. I must rest it as much as possible. Then the eight long months of idleness, lying on a couch and doing little else but read English, months fraught with sorrow and weariness and death, when the gracious Lord first moved my heart, and, through the instrumentality of dear Mr.

R.'s confirmation lectures, drew my wayward will towards Him. Then the sudden change for the better in the state of my health, my beloved father's determination to send me to college and my own desire to become a physician—the darkness past, the sun breaking out at last. Then the deepening of my convictions under the preaching of dear Mr. R.,and the gradual and mysterious desire, faint at first and scarcely perceptible but gathering strength daily, to prepare by God's help for the Ministry. Then the laborious struggle with Albert Smith to prepare for college and to recover lost ground; the hopes of gaining a scholarship and the scattering of those hopes; the longing to become a great scholar and the loving Wisdom which forbad that longing to be gratified. And lastly the commencement of my University career, and the untold privileges and mercies of my first year at college. As I look back, what can I do but wonder at the marvellous signs of God's hand? Is He not visible even in my sorrows? Who am I, most holy Father, that I should have received all this at Thy hand? . . . Give me more light, more knowledge, more faith, more love. . . .

On his way to Oxford he paid a visit to his cousin at Worcester, Maggie Colquhoun Chavasse, for whom he had a great affection, and went to see the cathedral. 'I so delight,' he exclaims, 'in a fine church or cathedral. Lofty roofs, noble pillars, broad aisles, a majestic reach from east to west, and grand transepts solemnize and touch my heart.' Little did he think, then, that his name would be associated for ever with one of the greatest of modern churches, but here he reveals the influence which noble architecture had over his mind. 'Who can

wonder,' he adds, 'at the Puritan Milton's passionate outburst?'—to be quoted by himself with powerful effect in the speech at Liverpool Town Hall, when the Cathedral scheme was launched. Arrived at Oxford and after attendance at Mr. Christopher's meeting he draws up ten resolutions for the new term, among them these—to avoid controversy as far as possible, to be decided himself but charitable and forbearing towards those who differed from him, to make everything subservient to one great aim and end—the Ministry of God's word.

18 *October*.—Furneaux gave us back our translations. Mine was very feeble and very inaccurate. I stand low in his estimation, I fancy—it is good for pride. Much startled and deeply moved to hear from Lock that four men have gone over to Rome, and that twenty more are contemplating secession. Where will it end?

4 *November*.—This is the first walk I have taken on a Sunday merely for a walk's sake. I felt so languid and listless in trying to read for six continuous hours. I think at Oxford the case is somewhat different from home. May God direct me to do what is right! If I do go out, I must strive to talk on religious subjects.

17 *November*.—Went to my district alone; asked Diggle[1] to accompany me but he was engaged.

24 *November*.—Afflicted with bodily weakness and spiritual deadness of heart, how great is my need of the Physician!

1 *December*.—Voted at the Union for Sanday as President. He was elected.

11 *December*.—Hicks[2] went through the Cicero

[1]Afterwards Bishop of Carlisle. [2]Afterwards Bishop of Lincoln.

paper with me, and cheered me up. Left Oxford for home, Lock going with me. My dear father came down to meet us at the station.

25 *December*.—Feel very unwell and weary, though in worldly concerns I can take sufficient interest.

28 *December*.—Feel very taciturn and very depressed. This is growing upon me. I am giving way to a morose, unsociable, and pharisaical spirit. It must not be. By God's help I must rouse myself. Though I am so far inferior to others intellectually and physically, am I therefore to bemoan my lot? *No, there is a work, a great work for me to do somewhere—I feel it is so.* It is my duty to make the best use of the talents my Father has given me . . . resting well assured that I am just what my Master intended that I should be, and consequently am exactly fitted in every respect for the work in life which He has appointed.

[A notable prescience, and how fortifying a confidence and noble the response! This was evidently one of his brighter days. But there were many on which he grieved over his pride, censoriousness, cowardice, and sloth.]

11 *February*.—About 10 p.m. I had a regular influx of men who stayed fiercely arguing until 11.45. Knox was with me, I am thankful to say, and we stuck together. When they had gone and all was again quiet, I could but fling myself upon my knees and pray for wisdom and meekness for myself, and grace and God's enlightening Spirit for them. It was a stormy closing to a calm Sabbath day.

20 *February*.—Went for a walk with Lock. I fear he is getting some unsound views.

25 *February*.—Went to see B. He is in great trouble.

The Vicar of S. has written to the Provost complaining of B.'s preaching in the parish. The Provost called for B., reprimanded him, and forbade him to preach anywhere on any pretext—a hard sentence indeed. 'But the Lord may come,' expostulated the fearless B., 'before I am ordained, and precious souls are perishing.' 'I will take the responsibility, sir,' was the stern rejoinder. . . . B. is hesitating whether to take his name off the books. He regards preaching as his gift. I strongly advised him to do no such thing. He is at liberty during twenty-eight weeks in the year and he can preach then. During the twenty-four he is at Oxford there are other paths of usefulness lying open. . . .

Here in the undergraduate speaks the common sense which was afterwards to be so conspicuous in the Bishop. Chavasse himself once had a similar encounter with Mr. Burgon, then Fellow of Oriel and Vicar of St. Mary's, afterwards Dean of Chichester, and well known for his polemical vigour and unbending views, and in later days would describe how he remembered him standing on the hearthrug, with his gathered gown clutched in his hands behind his back and declaring, 'I am as sure as that I am standing on this rug that when the bishop laid his hands on my unworthy head I received the Holy Ghost in direct succession from the Apostles.' His protest seems to have been unavailing. Yet one wonders whether in the midst of their studies these young men need have been so eager about their meetings, Sunday school work, and so on, and whether undivided attention *at Oxford* to University work and interests may not have been for some of them the better course. For their zeal one cannot but feel the

warmest admiration, and, now and again, the meetings themselves may have been a help, as e.g.,

12 *March.*—Went with Goodier to Coal-harbour. I gave the address. The meeting was very refreshing to a poor book-worn student. Classics deaden the soul. Thank God for these blessed oases.

18 *March.*—Bazely[1] asked me to act as librarian to the Missionary Union. I consented with some hesitation.

26 *April.*—I am now face to face with the dreaded term which brings Moderations in its train. . . .

During this Summer Term of 1867 there is no daily record, only a summary written towards the end of it. But in spite of incessant work and the formidable examination which approached nearer every day, it was he says, one of his happiest. Specially interesting to him were the visits to Oxford for evangelizing purposes of men like Mr. Stevenson Blackwood and the Rev. William Haslam. The meetings at Hinksey, Coal-Harbour, etc., still went on with the help of friends like Bazely, Downer, Ingham, Diggle, and Goodier, though with regard to one of them he remarks, 'I have been seriously debating with myself how far it is right to give addresses in a parish without the clergyman's permission.' There speaks the orderly Churchman he always was. 'But Hinksey,' he says, 'has wound itself round my heart. May the Good Shepherd look down with compassion on his poor pastor-less village!'

Then came Classical Moderations and—a Third Class. It was a bitter disappointment. He had, he says, so despised Thirds! Was it for this he had toiled so long

[1]Cf. *Henry Bazely, the Oxford Evangelist, a Memoir*, by Edward Lee Hicks (Bishop of Lincoln). Macmillan, 1886.

and hard? Yes, for this, a result charged with blessing. 'I had been praying for humility. I seemed to be becoming self-righteous and conceited. But Giant Pride is alas! very buoyant and not easily crushed. Like old Prejudice at Mansoul I fear his leg is only broken; with Bunyan I can say, 'Would that it had been his neck!' ' But everything considered, he had done quite well. How many get his class—and how many do not get it—whose school life has never been broken by illhealth, and their studies directed almost solely to this end! One thing his disappointment did for him—it warned him off Classical 'Greats' where he must, he admits, have inevitably spent too much time on his Greek and Latin texts to gain high honours. Accordingly, after a Long Vacation in which he was often depressed and ill, and holidays at Cambridge and in North Devon, he returned to Oxford to read with hope renewed and, as it turned out, conspicuous success for the school, combined as it then was, of Law and Modern History.[1] Of the new term there is only a summary in the diary. He goes to lectures on Gibbon and Milman, to Stubbs[2] on Constitutional History. In other respects he complains of himself, 'I have neglected my Corpus friends for out-College friends, and in-College work for more direct pastoral work,' and expresses his thankfulness for a hint given him by a friend that he and others should enter more closely into College affairs and gain influence thereby. So at the beginning of the following term, January 1868, he writes in his diary, 'May God help me to work for His glory more *in College* than I have hitherto done. I am very weak, very cowardly, very ignorant,

[1]Owing to his knowledge of Law he was, it is said, in great demand as a 'Will-maker' in his curacy at Preston.

[2]Afterwards Bishop of Chester and Oxford.

but He can and He will supply all my need.' It is here that the Oxford diary ends. The last entries are as follows:

27 *January*.—Did not get up till 7.15. How hard it is to eradicate a bad habit! By the grace of God I will conquer this indolence.

28 *January*.—Went to Hinksey in the afternoon. Since my return to Oxford I have felt as if a veil were drawn across my heart. O thou Eternal Spirit, help me in my need. Let me look on Thee and be lightened. Wrote to B. God helped me in the letter. Glory be to His holy Name. I have a great deal of work to do. I must economize my time. . . .

'A great deal of work to do.' Indeed it was now that through overwork, as he tells us later, he acquired that characteristic stammer which afflicted him always when he was tired, and was anxiously watched for by his friends. This too is probably why the diary now stops. He has no time for it. That the remaining terms of his undergraduate life were well spent will be clear not only from what we know of his own character, but also from the information contained in the following letters:

10 York Crescent,
Clifton.
24 December, 1869.

Dear Chavasse,

I hardly know whether to begin by congratulating you on your great success, or by thanking you for your unlooked for and most sympathetic letter to me; both deserve the highest praise, and I think I had better keep what concerns myself to the last, and to say how pleased I was to see your name in the First Class,

together with that of your friend Knox. I am so glad that Jayne's[1] pupils have for the most part done so well this time. And now for myself, I will confess to great disgust and vexation at missing my First, though I have felt all along that failure might be a great blessing to me: perhaps one is apt at Oxford to lay too great a stress on intellectual excellence, and all the attendant circumstances there back one up in this idea; yet surely the training of the heart and affections to the service of God is even more important than training the mind for the same purpose, and I am sure that if in losing good honours I could win humility or resignation, I should feel immensely the gainer by the exchange. Perhaps I have not felt the disappointment so long or so deeply as you might have felt it—it is already wearing off with me; but this is not the result of idleness or want of honourable ambition: I worked hard, and can honestly say so, and gave up every pleasure for the sake of my work: I am sure that it will not have been in vain, and that it will enable me in some way to serve God the better. I have all along hoped and prayed that it might. I have often thought how hard that prayer which we use at Mr. Linton's, 'Not so much for success, nor at all to gain a name among men, but simply and solely for Thy glory' would be to realize throughout life.

I wish you were coming up next term that I might know more of you. I assure you your kindness and sympathy have touched me very much. Give my love to Bodington if you see him. And now a very happy Christmas and New Year to you.

Yours most faithfully,
James H. Du Boulay.

[1]Afterwards Bishop of Chester.

30 December, 1869.

Dear Chavasse,

I should have written to you sooner, had I not been anxiously debating for the past week or so whether or not to accept an offer of a mastership at Rugby. I have decided on remaining at Oxford, and trust that I was wise in so doing. Now I must first congratulate you more heartily than ever, on doing what I prophesied you would, i.e., getting the *best* First of the whole lot this time. Laing gave me this very delightful piece of information on good authority. The Examiners believed you to be a real student of History. This then is your 'probable Third and possible Second.' Your mouth is for ever closed against me at all events. I trust that you are not suffering now from the effects of overwork. I mean to take you thoroughly in hand when I have the pleasure of coming down to see you.

With very best wishes for the New Year, and prayers for God's blessing on the new work you will, if it please Him, commence with it,

I remain,

Ever yours very affectionately,

E. A. Knox.

He left Oxford thoroughly happy, and with a deep and grateful affection for Corpus, which made him prize as the greatest honour of his life the Honorary Fellowship to which the College elected him in his old age. Contributory to his First Class was a reading party of which he had been a member, held at Silverdale, near Carnforth, the home of C. W. Shepheard-Walwyn, of Wadham, who, though he was not a member of the party, was a constant visitor and companion. The other

men were A. H. Sayce (Queen's) who acted as coach, F. K. Aglionby (Queen's), R. M. Brocklebank (Worcester), A. C. Downer (Brasenose), J. H. Goodier (Brasenose), R. H. Rodgers (Brasenose), T. G. Rooper (Balliol). Three of these still survive—Sayce, a man of world-wide fame, Downer, and Aglionby, both of whom have given material help towards the compilation of this memoir. The mornings were devoted to study, and other hours, too, according to each man's inclination; but meals were taken together, in an atmosphere of the happiest comradeship. Some brought their evangelistic zeal with them, and, with the permission of the clergy into whose parishes they went, held meetings after the Sunday services. They were laughed at and wondered at, but they were fearless and not ashamed to bear witness for their Master. Chavasse and Downer conducted an open-air service at Walton on Walton Cragg, of which the former records that at first no one came, then a few stragglers appeared, but all the while the coy and bashful people were listening behind their open doors. Years afterwards he wrote, 'I have still a lively remembrance of speaking to that unseen audience, and the almost empty village street!'

This work however was now to begin in earnest. His father offered him a year with Dean Vaughan, but he refused it on the ground that he had already cost him quite enough. So almost immediately after taking his degree, on St. Philip and St. James's Day 1870, he was ordained deacon by Bishop Fraser of Manchester, and became curate of St. Paul's, Preston, where he stayed for three and a half years.

ST. PAUL'S, PRESTON
(1870-1873)

ST. PAUL'S, UPPER HOLLOWAY
(1873-1877)

'Wylde Green,' 1868

Frank *Dr. Chavasse* *Mrs. Chavasse* *Tom*
Miriam *Hodgson* *Ada*

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CHAPTER III

St. Paul's, Preston, 1870-1873
St. Paul's, Upper Holloway, 1873-1877

THE church in which he was now appointed to serve was one of the so-called 'million' churches, and the entire expense of the building, amounting to £6,512 13s. 4d., was defrayed by the Commissioners for Erecting Churches in His Majesty's Name, out of a Parliamentary grant of £1,000,000, made shortly after the battle of Waterloo. The Bishop of Chester (Dr. C. J. Bloomfield), in whose diocese Preston then was, had put in an application for £12,500; this was successful, and two churches, St. Peter's and St. Paul's, were erected, the latter being consecrated on 14 September, 1826. The bishop's sermon, described as 'plain yet elegant,' was based on the text, 'To the poor the gospel is preached.' When Chavasse arrived on the scene the population of the parish was already about 12,000, mostly working class, and during his time a chapel-of-ease, St. Barnabas, was built. It was probably through the influence of his friend Canon Linton, Vicar of St. Peter-le-Bailey, that he went there, for Miss Linton had been married to the vicar, not so long before. The people were shrewd and observant, with views of their own. 'We peeps over the gallery,' said an old woman to him soon after his arrival, 'and when he (the new curate) comes out of the vestry we looks to see what he wears, and if he wears a white un we sez 'a good un,' but if he wears a red un, we sez 'a Pusey.' '

'I was saved,' he would add as he told the story, 'by my rabbit-skin' (the Oxford B.A. hood). Fortunately we have an account of his time there from the Bishop's own pen, contributed to the booklet printed when the parish celebrated its centenary in 1926:—

'It was in January 1870 that I went to St. Paul's, Preston, to work as curate with the Rev. W. Miles Myres, and I remained until June 1873. The church had then been built some forty-three years and had been served by a succession of good and capable clergy. The first vicar, the Rev. John Rigg, was an apostolic man, and his memory was still fresh and inspiring in 1870. He was not a great preacher, but he was a true shepherd of souls, and was constantly in and out of the houses of his people. In his day the church was crowded, and when he died a vast crowd gathered in the churchyard and in St. Paul's Square. Strong men used to speak of him to me with tears in their eyes. They told how he gave away all he had, and only left fourpence behind him when his funeral expenses were paid.

'No curate ever had a better vicar than I had in Mr. Myres. He treated me like a younger brother, and gave me the run of his vicarage and his excellent library. He was a devout man, scholarly, prayerful, and devoted to his work. His health, never strong, was shattered by the early death of his wife who was only twenty-six. She was one of the most saintly and capable women I have ever met, and her radiant sweetness and unselfishness won for her, in an extraordinary degree, the hearts of the people. She died at the birth of her second child, and all Preston felt the shock. . . . Her one boy is now the brilliant Wykeham Professor of Ancient History in

the University of Oxford, and her daughter, at whose birth she died, is a devoted missionary of the Church of England Zenana Missionary Society, at Amritzar, in India.

'The two chief incidents in the history of St. Paul's during my curacy were the building of the little chapel-of-ease, and the launching of the Tithebarn Street Ragged School. The first home of the latter was a dilapidated stable which was repaired and painted by some of the working-men of the parish, and furnished mainly by the contributions of the poor. It began with thirty-six children, and grew so rapidly that a few years later the Isherwood Memorial Schools were built to accommodate the children. Its teachers were all working people whose strong love for the little waifs and strays whom they taught, more than compensated for their lack of learning. In those days St. Paul's had a remarkable company of earnest church workers. The Girls' Sunday school was run by an ex-Mayor of Preston, Alderman Isherwood and his wife. For many years they came down from their home at Fulwood for the morning school. They brought their dinner with them and ate it in the schoolroom after the morning service, and returned home to tea after the afternoon school. The superintendent of the women's school was Mr. W. B. Roper, afterwards Mayor of the town. . . . The Bible woman, Mary Wilkinson, was a saint. Her stipend was twelve shillings a week. She toiled unceasingly. . . .

'Close to the pulpit, and present at every service sat Betty Barton, with eyes lifted up to the preacher, drinking in every word he said. She could neither read nor write, but her soul was on fire with love for her Saviour and the souls for whom He died. She made it her busi-

ness to inform the clergy of every case of sickness in her neighbourhood, of new families coming into the district, of children who were ready for baptism, or who were attending no Sunday school. Sitting at the door of her shop, when she saw one of the clergymen near, she would beckon to him. 'Curate, there's a man in yon house whom ye might go to see.' Or, 'Have ye called lately on so-and-so? It would pay thee to go there.' When the Ragged School was opened, she appeared Sunday after Sunday leading a child in each hand whom she had picked out of the gutter. She even sometimes would take a class: she could not read, but she could tell the little mites around her stories out of the Bible. She did what she could. She has received her reward. May I be as near to the Lord as she will be when He comes again!...

'In such a parish it was a privilege to work, and throughout a long ministry the memory of those dear and lovable people has been an unfailing inspiration, and the hope of meeting them again in a better country has made the world beyond the grave seem more real and near. May St. Paul's at its next centenary be able to record clergy and workers as Christ-like and as true.'

It was at Preston that he became a total abstainer. He referred to it more than thirty years afterwards in a speech at Wigan which was then reported in the *Diocesan Record*. Incidentally it tells us something of those good parents of his, to whom he was ever grateful.

'When he was a boy at college, wine, beer, spirits, were thought absolutely necessary to keep a person in health. He had one of the best of fathers, who was a doctor, a very clever doctor, a Christian man, a man who spoke a word for God whenever he got the chance, and yet,

like all the great doctors of the day, he thought that alcohol was really needful to keep a human being in health; and when his son was led at Preston to become an abstainer in the year 1871, and he wrote to his father and told him what he had done, as he told him everything, his father wrote back: 'I don't think you acted wisely; you are not very strong, and you ought to take a little wine every day to keep up your strength in the large parish in which you are working.' Now what was the effect on him to-day? After having been a teetotaller for over thirty-three years, he was stronger than ever before. Now, should he tell them why he was a teetotaller? His mother, when she was a young girl, lived at Windsor, and she became a district visitor, and part of her district was the Royal Mews, where the coachmen and grooms of the King and Queen lived. One day one of them came up to her and said, 'Miss, I wish you would speak to Mr. So-and-So, for he is beginning to drink, and if he drinks, he will lose his place.' So his mother went to the man and reasoned with him, and the man looked up and said, 'Well, do you never take your glass of wine?' And his mother was obliged to say that she did. But she said, 'Sam, if you will give up your gin I will give up my wine.' That was the compact made and the compact kept, and the man was saved. And when he became a clergyman his mother's example came back to him, and he resolved to follow it.'

For a short time in 1873 he resumed his diary. The following extracts are interesting:

1 *January*.—At home. Broached the subject of my going out to India to my father and mother. F. quiet; M. strongly opposed.

6 *January.*—My father said, 'I shall never give my consent to your going out to India.' He thinks the climate would be fatal. Returned to Preston. In train received a tract from a man thankfully, but finding it was issued by a Christadelphian Society tore it up. I acted hastily. He was very ignorant, and talked about the Hebrew *aion* and Greek *olam*. Through my carelessness I had no tract in my pocket suitable to give him. *Fas est et ab hoste doceri.* Yea, he put me to the blush.

10 *January.*—Hard day—visiting for five hours; worn out at night.

13 *January.*—Visited for nearly five hours; lacked directness and point.

14 *January.*—Not free till 10.30 p.m.; then worn out and too tired to pray. *Ἰησοῦ ἐλέησόν με.*

19 *January.*—Lord, keep me from becoming a mere sermon-monger. Keep me from preaching at the expense of prayer. Teach me from Thy word and on my knees, and grant that what I give out I may first have drawn from Thee!

22 *January.*—Read one of Church's Sermons. Snowy and cold; my heart like the weather.

31 *January.*—How good is God! Reduced in money matters to 1s. 6d., and received an application for relief. Knelt and asked Him to supply the need, and E. J. brought the sovereign I had lent to her friend many weeks ago. Lord, I thank Thee.

24 *February.*—Much humbled in evening. Lecture did not begin till late and audience not large. In middle, sight and memory failed, and obliged to read. Room very cold and people restless. Lord, I bless Thee for this humbling. I need it.

11 *April.*—Fasted, and found it profitable. . . .

He made his mark there. The poor loved him. His goodness was manifest to every one. For so young a man his sermons were marvels of order and lucidity. But then, wrote Bishop Knox shortly after his death, 'the principle of order ran through all his life. His room at Oxford was orderly. His methods of work were orderly. When the time came for him to preach, his sermons were on carefully thought out plans. More than fifty years after he left Preston I was talking about him to one of my senior clergy who had known him there, and our talk fell on his sermons. My friend was able to give me the complete skeleton of a sermon that he had heard Chavasse preach more than half-a-century before. . . . The same friend told me that while he was a curate in Preston, he heard of a member of the congregation threatened with financial ruin, went to him by night, and placed at his disposal a legacy which had been left to him. He could see and could seize the opportunity of service because his well-ordered mind was at leisure from itself to think of the needs of others.'

Of course he overworked as usual, with the result that on one occasion his stammer developed into aphasia, and he stood speechless in the pulpit. And always he was troubled with a weak digestion,[1] and consequent depression and irritability. A tendency to melancholia dogged him through life, from the days of the diaries (on which it left its mark) onwards, yet resolutely faced and nobly overcome. There were other disabilities too. When the end of his life was not now so far off, he once turned to his children and said, 'You think that I am

[1]In Liverpool days people wondered that he was alive, so little did he eat. Another prelate is said to have complained that 'The Church's one foundation' and sandwiches (or was it cold chicken?) were his staple entertainment; his was 'Thine for ever' and—dry biscuits.

unhappy because your mother is dead, and that I want to die. Let me assure you that in my mind I am utterly at peace. But,' and in his eye there flashed for a moment a characteristic twinkle, 'a man cannot take a real interest in life with an enlarged liver.'

On 20 March, 1873, he received a letter from the Rev. Walter Abbott, Vicar of St. John's, Upper Holloway, containing the request that he would allow his name to be mentioned to the trustees of St. Paul's, consent not to bind to acceptance. His reply was the following:

20 March, 1873.

My dear Sir,

Your letter of the 18th inst. reached me this morning. It is not for me to choose my own sphere of labour but to follow the guidance of the Master's hand. As I have not sought the post you mention and as my own inclination would lead me to remain in Lancashire, I feel that I should be wrong in refusing to allow you to mention my name to the co-trustees. But I think it only right that you should know

(1) That I am very young and inexperienced; scarcely twenty-six and a half, and only three years old in the Ministry.

(2) That I have many infirmities, a weak bodily presence and (when not well) a hesitancy in reading brought on by overwork at Oxford.

(3) That though, thank God, wiry and seldom *hors de combat*, I am not physically strong.

If after having weighed these considerations you think it would not be advisable to bring my name forward, I hope you will not hesitate to pass me by. This consent, as your letter suggests, only extends to the

bringing forward of my name, and does not bind me to accept the post, supposing that the trustees, in default of a better man, thought me worthy of the offer.

Yours very faithfully,
FRANCIS J. CHAVASSE.

In reply he was asked to preach a trial sermon, but declined, promising however to go to London and look at the church. This he did, met Mr. Abbott, and adds in his diary: 'In evening heard Wilkinson under the dome of St. Paul's.' Nothing happened until 2 May, when this entry appears: 'To-day, to my surprise, received the offer of St. Paul's, Upper Holloway, from Mr. Abbott. Accepted it almost with tears, believing God's finger plainly pointed me there.'

His letter to Mr. Abbott runs as follows:

'The letters I received this morning took me by surprise. I had concluded that St. Paul's had been offered to some one older and more experienced than myself, and in this belief I had settled down to work again in my present sphere. I cannot of course hesitate for a moment in accepting the offer made in Mr. Allcroft's letter. The finger of God is so plainly pointing me that I cannot mistake His will. I am very sorry to think of leaving Preston, but I have good hopes that Mr. Myres has secured a most earnest man to take my place, and thus while the door in front has opened the door behind has closed.'

So 'the ministering angel,' 'the little Article of the Christian faith' (as he had come to be known) was led to say good-bye for a while to Lancashire. In his farewell address to the parish he said:

'Sink yourselves in Christ, and forget your own crotchets in the desire for His glory. Stand shoulder to shoulder in the great conflict of truth against error, of righteousness against sin, of Christ against Satan. Deal gently with each other's failings, bear with each other's peculiarities, overlook the little differences which must ever exist between thoughtful men. In things essential let there be unity, in things non-essential variety, in all things charity.'

He left Preston on Tuesday, 10 June, for a week's holiday in the Lake District, taken apparently alone. Here is the record of the following Thursday:

'Spent a couple of hours in a coppice on Wansfell Pike with some feeling of my own sinfulness and more of God's Presence than for a long while past. Read 1 *Tim.* ii and iii. In afternoon walked to Kirkstone Pass: day close and road very rough and steep. Some peeps of bold scenery, but too tired to think, and only able for a short time on my way back to pray for some of my confirmation boys. In evening commenced writing out an account of my life ministerial and private as a help to self-knowledge. Read 1 *Tim.* iii with Ellicott.'

And on each of the two next days: 'Had an hour of prayer among the trees on the hill.'

He used to confess in later days that he did not himself gain much help from the ordinary 'Retreat.' He preferred to go away by himself, taking his Greek Testament and one or two books of a devotional character. Thus at all the great moments of his life was he 'driven into the wilderness,' and many were the books gratefully associated in his mind with the occasions on

which he had thus gathered strength through them. So, after his consecration he retired with Mrs. Chavasse to his favourite haunt near Oxford, Boar's Hill, then remote and unspoilt, taking with him Moule's *Veni Creator*, and often afterwards would quote the couplet which he had then made his own:

Spirit of Truth and Holiness
I cry not *Enter* but *Possess*.

So in him was it proved to be true that 'Solitude is the mother-country of the strong; Silence is their prayer.'

On 18 June he is in London, and the following day there is a Recognition Service at St. Paul's, when the Rev. Daniel Wilson preached. Earlier in the day he had been searching for study furniture in Great Queen's Street. 'Encounters with Jews' is all he says about it in his diary; we hope—indeed are fairly sure—that they did not always get the best of it.

St. Paul's Church was new (consecrated 1870), and Mr. Chavasse was its second vicar. The population of the parish was about 7,000. He used to say that in his day Upper Holloway was the place where people hid themselves who had come down in the world, and that the parish was full of tragedies. Night after night he would hear the sound of a door-step being scrubbed by a man whose pride rebelled at the thought that people should see him at such an occupation. Then there was the one-time University don who frequented public-houses to translate, for the price of a drink, tags of Latin in the newspapers, then much more common than now. One of his sick folk was the daughter of an aristocratic family who had run away with the footman, and whose relations had cut her off. The husband was now a 'bus

conductor, and the wife was dying of cancer brought on by a drunken blow. Mr. Chavasse wrote urgently begging the mother to come and forgive her dying daughter. One afternoon a handsome carriage drove up to the Vicarage, and the caller was shown into the study where over the mantelpiece hung a motto in large letters, 'What would the Lord Jesus do?' At his entrance she turned from it and said, 'I had come meaning to refuse to see my daughter, but after that (pointing to the motto) I will go with you.' To this incident he often referred, to show the good that an illuminated text may do.

For the first two months of his vicariate there are a few brief comments in his diary (which then ceases altogether); here is one of them:

30 *June*.—Dear Aglionby [one of the Oxford eight at Silverdale] wrote to say that he would come to me as curate. O Father of mercies, how good Thou art to me!

Happily Dr. (as he is now) Aglionby is still with us and gives us the following account of the Upper Holloway life and days:

'My acquaintance with the Bishop dates from my first term at Oxford in October 1868. I met him with his future brother-in-law, H. C. Squires, when returning the call of the Rev. A. M. W. Christopher, Rector of St. Aldate's and afterwards Honorary Canon of Christ Church. He looked me up and for a time I saw but little of him, being so much his junior. Then came that happy month at Silverdale, after which I did not see or come into touch with him again for several years, as he was working in his first and only curacy at St. Paul's, Preston. But in 1873, when I was seeking ordination,

he wrote and asked me to work with him at St. Paul's, Upper Holloway, of which he had lately been appointed Vicar. The offer was joyfully accepted and I began my work there at the close of the year.

'The new Vicar, by that time well into the saddle, had begun a ministry to souls which was 'as a light shining more and more unto the perfect day' during more than fifty years. His influence was soon felt amongst a noteworthy group of incumbents under the venerable Daniel Wilson, Vicar of Islington, whose course was nearly run. It comprised, amongst others, W. Boyd-Carpenter (afterwards Bishop of Ripon) at St. James's; Gordon Calthorp, a man of striking personality, at St. Augustine's, Highbury; G. F. Head, of St. Mark's, Tollington Park, afterwards Vicar of Clifton, and Honorary Canon of Bristol; and Walter Abbott, Vicar of St. John's, Holloway and afterwards of Paddington.

'The spare delicate frame, the sweetness of expression which lighted up his countenance, the plaintive accents in which he pleaded with God in Christ for mercy on men, and with men to be reconciled to God, the simplicity and godly sincerity which commended him to every man's conscience, his unfeigned and ever deepening humility, all manifested 'a life hid with Christ in God.' And then there was the magnetism of his sympathy, the power to be *en rapport* with all sorts and conditions of people, children in the school, the pupil teachers whom he taught regularly, cottagers, dwellers in the slums, working men, clerks, the lowly sufferer on his bed of pain, the aged, the afflicted, the bereaved, the dying, the educated and unlettered alike, the undergraduate and the candidate for holy orders—surely no one ever said more truly from the heart than he:

Lord, let me ever heed Thy voice,
And, whilst my watch I keep,
Rejoice with them that do rejoice,
And weep with them that weep.

'When I came to him he had already gathered a large and earnest congregation, and many of them were devoted helpers. In his preaching there was not an atom of the sensational, but solely the loving, compelling power of one who spoke 'as a dying man to dying men.' Nor did he speak only from the pulpit or in the lecture hall, but like St. Paul 'from house to house' in his parish, and to the members of his congregation outside its boundaries. He felt that the pastor should visit and, so far as possible, know all who were committed to his cure, and not merely such of them as attended services. To his curates he was as an elder brother. He kept an open house; he would say, 'You must come to dinner on the days when we have a hot joint.' He prayed with us, and we walked in the house of God as friends. An atmosphere of brotherly love pervaded our intercourse. And his companionship was delightful. He had an acute sense of humour, vastly enjoying a good story and telling many a one himself. I recollect how merrily he laughed when told by someone of a poor woman who had said to a visitor, 'I haven't seen Mr. Giraffe (her shot at his name) lately.'

'Above all he impressed us as a man of prayer, with the calm of spirit which comes from a close walk with God. In sermons and addresses he would often quote McCheyne's words about 'looking into the face of God before you looked into the face of men,' and to ordinands, John Wesley's rule for his preachers, 'to rise every

day at five and spend an hour in prayer and over their Bibles.' And again, there was his lifelong devotion to the Holy Scriptures; he never opened the Bible at family or in social worship without the petition 'May God bless the words to us.' Here he sought the daily food of his soul. There was throughout his ministry the evidence of diligent preparation every time he spoke or talked, whether in the pulpit or on platforms, in Bible classes or addresses to children or pupil teachers. The words *nunquam non paratus* were true of him from the outset. Like other men, indeed, he was not always at his highest level when he got up to speak, for at some times he was more striking than at others, yet he always spoke well. Here is a jotting from a diary which I began to keep in 1875:

2 *September*.—Thursday evening: At Church F. J. C. preached a beautiful sermon from *James* iii. 17, being himself a rare impersonation of the heavenly wisdom therein enjoined by the Apostle.

'His house was a rallying place for hosts of friends which he had in common with my fellow curate, W. R. Linton, and myself. It was his custom, unique then so far as I knew, to call upon the curates of the neighbouring parishes and invite them to his house, a kindness warmly appreciated by them. In the winter of that year, he used to go with us to many of the evangelistic meetings held by Moody and Sankey in different parts of London. The great awakening and revival of religion by the ministry of those devoted servants of God left a deep and abiding impression upon us. I have vivid recollections too of Islington clerical meetings and other gatherings of the clergy, where we heard many evangelical and other leading clergy of the Diocese such as Maclagan,

Thorold, and others. His was in a pre-eminent degree the humbleness of mind which is ever on the alert to learn. He would often say of the writer of a book or of a speaker, 'I wanted to pick his brains.' 'I wanted to get a wrinkle from him.' Chaucer's description of the Clerk of Oxenford was ever true of him:

> Souninge in moral vertu was his speche,
> And gladly wolde he lerne and gladly teche.
> (Prologue to *Canterbury Tales*, p. 310.)

'At the close of 1875, the curtain fell upon my happy years of work in Holloway, but I saw him often till he left for St. Peter-le-Bailey, in 1877. I had long been persuaded that Oxford was the place for him, and some years afterwards he reminded me of having said to him in those days, 'You ought to be at Oxford.' '

Testimony to the worth of his work at Upper Holloway is also borne by another veteran, Mr. J. Brown, a missioner of the Evangelization Society, in those days a Sunday school teacher at St. Paul's and leader of the Home Mission Band. 'I was at that time,' he says, 'single like the Vicar, and one day he said to me, 'When you get married, Mr. Brown, I will marry you free of charge.' I said, 'Thank you, but I shall let you get married first.' 'Oh,' he replied, 'I shall never get married. There are three things against me, a stammering tongue, a humpy back,[1] want of money.' Years afterwards at Oxford I reminded him of this, and he said, 'Come and see how I have vanquished my diffi-

[1]In connection with this a revealing story is told by the Rev. G. E. Craven. Once, when he was Bishop, he was being photographed with a party of missionaries. The photographer who did not know him or else was flurried exclaimed, Sit up, sir: you look hunch-backed. The Bishop straightened himself up in his chair, and said not a word—so meek was he. But it hurt at any rate one who was in the group.

Francis James Chavasse,
Aged 14

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Mrs. Chavasse,
1881

culties,' and led me into the well-filled nursery! I am now growing old, but the memory of his self-denying life and faithful teaching is still an inspiration to me.'

Those four years at Holloway were busy, happy years. He had the companionship of his sister Miriam, who loved and understood him thoroughly. He was growing, too, in self-mastery, under the beneficent influences of incessant work and the devotion of his people, and keeping at bay that tendency towards self-despair, which, had it been allowed to go on, might have seriously damaged his usefulness. But a change was on the way momentous to himself, and, it may even be added, to the Church of England. The following letter explains:

42 Landseer Road,
Upper Holloway,
23 June, 1877.

My dear Abbott,

Will you give me your prayer and advice. I have been asked to go to St. Peter-le-Bailey, Oxford, which Canon Linton has just resigned. It is thought that I may be useful amongst the University men. The claims of Holloway, the love of my people, the very deep sense of my own unfitness for such a work, all point to refusal. But the fact that this is the *third* church I have been offered in Oxford, the unexpected recommendation of my father who advises me to go, and my own most strong disinclination to go, all point to acceptance.

Will you, dear Abbott, tell me candidly, not as a friend whose judgment is biassed by affection, but as a servant of God jealous for the Master's honour, whether knowing how full I am of serious infirmities you think

I can do more real, lasting, and useful work in Oxford or in London, for the whole question hangs on this point. Do not be afraid of speaking out. Assume that I have no feelings, for they are not to be considered when such great issues are at stake.

With kind regards to Mrs. Abbott and every blessing on your work,

Believe me, dear Abbott,
Ever yours affectionately,
FRANCIS J. CHAVASSE.

Please do not mention the subject to anyone.

The decision was taken. He returned to Oxford, and a ministry began which was to influence scores of young men, and, through them, a great multitude besides. Yet he had gone to Preston, seven years before, saying that the last places in which he ever wished to minister were Oxford and London—so little do we know either what is good for us or what Divine Providence may have in store.

ST. PETER-LE-BAILEY, OXFORD
(1877-1889)

CHAPTER IV

St. Peter-le-Bailey, Oxford

FOR the benefit of those who may read this book but do not know Oxford, it may be as well to explain briefly the field of operations in which Mr. Chavasse was now to do his work.

The city of Oxford is well supplied with churches for the use of the 'Town'—about twenty in all. In addition to these, each college has its chapel, where the services are taken by one (or more) of the resident Fellows, or by a chaplain specially appointed. There is also the University Church, itself a parish church, with its own services, but the scene of the University sermons, delivered in those days, both morning and afternoon, with a crowded audience for some preachers and a mere handful for others. Started early in the 'eighties, mainly, it would appear, under the influence of Dr. Percival, President of Trinity, Dr. Inge, Provost of Worcester, Dr. Harper, Principal of Jesus, and Dr. Ffoulkes, Vicar of St. Mary's, there was also the special Sunday evening sermon for undergraduates, preached at the University Church, at a later hour and more popular in character and appeal than those learned essays sometimes delivered there earlier in the day. But the parish churches attracted men of the more earnest type, who looked for something a little more like their own church at home and a little more helpful than the college chapel where, in many cases, a sermon was the exception rather than the rule. Everything, however, depended on the per-

sonality of the incumbent. The venerable and saintly Mr. Christopher was still at St. Aldate's, with a loyal following of University men, which if not always very large at his Saturday evening gatherings, swelled to hundreds at his annual 'Church Missionary' breakfast. Mr. Noel was at St. Barnabas, and attracted many (and not all of them of his own school of thought) by his own cheery character, the ornate beauty of his services, and the excellence of the preachers whom he invited there.

Though situated in a quiet street, St. Peter-le-Bailey was not ill-placed for the exercise of an influence such as it was hoped its new rector might be able to acquire. The parish, too, was small, and the previous vicar, Canon Linton, had, as we have seen, been successful in attracting a certain number of undergraduates of Evangelical views to his readings and meetings, Chavasse himself amongst them. But, it must be remembered, these clergy had no official position in the University. Their aim was to supplement the ministry, such as it was, of the college chapels, and to render informal and voluntary help to young men who, as likely as not, were going to be ordained with the barest minimum of theological training or spiritual guidance.

Clergy of Evangelical views were at this time in possession of four central City parishes—a group described by Bishop Stubbs later on as 'the quadrilateral.' Two have been mentioned, St. Aldate's and St. Peter-le-Bailey, and to these must be added St. Ebbe's, whose vicar Mr. Hathaway had been instrumental in securing St. Aldate's for the Simeon Trustees, and in raising a fund (which still exists) to augment the stipends of these livings and so to make an Evangelical ministry amongst undergraduates more possible; and

Holy Trinity, to which there came in November 1877 the saintly H. G. Grey, afterwards the Bishop's successor at Wycliffe Hall.[1] Naturally the advent of two such young men as Chavasse and he made great inroads upon the congregation of the ageing Mr. Christopher at St. Aldate's. 'Don't enlarge your church, brother,' he would say to the new Rector of St. Peter-le-Bailey, 'or I shall have no congregation left. God bless you!'

Mr. Chavasse began his work in Oxford as the summer of 1877 was passing into autumn.

His introduction to his new sphere was cold and disheartening. Mr. Barney, the parish clerk, who has witnessed the induction of all seven Rectors since the removal of the church from the corner of Queen Street in 1875, still remembers the formal proceedings which marked Mr. Chavasse's, attended, as it was, only by the archdeacon and the churchwardens. The Bishop instituted him at the Registry, and gave him but one grave word of advice, 'Mr. Chavasse, be a man of peace.' 'My Lord,' was the stout rejoinder, 'I cannot work with Tractarians.' Again came the injunction, 'Be a man of peace.' University people took little or no notice of the new incumbent and his sister; some of them would not acknowledge him in the street after twenty years, and even with that most lovable of men, Dr. (afterwards Bishop) King, he never had speech till the day of his consecration. Such, so far as dons are concerned, can be the isolation of a parish clergyman in a University city.

Miss Chavasse (Miriam) came with him. The rectory, now called St. Peter's House, was not then available for his use, but was still inhabited by the

[1] Cf. *Harry George Grey*, by F. J. Chavasse, D.D., with a selection of Sermons and Addresses (The Publishing Department, C.M.S.).

previous owners who had reserved to themselves the right not to be disturbed. The new Rector's father rendered his grateful son one more service, and bought for him 36 [now 38] New-Inn-Hall Street, just across the way. There he lived all the time that he was Rector, and there five of his children were born. At the present moment it is the home of his two unmarried daughters.

The congregations at St. Peter's were good, the ritual plain. There was no surpliced choir. The Rector wished for one, but though surplices were made he kept them back out of regard for the old people who disliked any change. The black gown was usual in the pulpit. A mere accident, it is said, led to its disuse. A friend (Mr. Aglionby) had come to Oxford for the day, wanted an M.A. gown in order to get into the Bodleian, and borrowed the Rector's. In his hurry for the train home he was unable to take it back to New-Inn-Hall Street, but left it at the churchwarden's who omitted to deliver it. It was a Wednesday, and that evening the Rector preached in his surplice.

He added to his labours in those early days by having a student or two living with him in his little rectory where, no one will be surprised to learn, he himself occupied the smallest bedroom. They were men of slender means whom in some wonderful way he found time to coach. He had gathered such a band about him at Holloway and given them opportunities of practical work the experience of which was likely to help them if and when they were ordained. Two or three of these now joined him at Oxford, and have since rendered to the Church most useful and effective service, but their presence meant occasional trials. The establishment was managed for a time by a formidable working

housekeeper, of whom even the Rector stood in some awe. She rationed the young men to one pair of boots a day, and one careful gentleman who changed his footwear on muddy days complained to Mr. Chavasse that she would not clean his boots. 'Jessie,' said the master of the house, 'will you put Mr. X.'s boots outside my door and I will clean them.' Her eyes flashed, but the boots were cleaned ever after without a murmur.

During his last six months at Holloway, he had had the assistance of the Rev. E. Holroyde[1] who later on joined him at Oxford for a short period. To him he writes as follows on 8 January, 1878:

'I am heavy and dull in mind and spirit. I did not realize how deeply I loved St. Paul's and its people until I came to leave them. . . . God will be your strength and Teacher, and you will learn more in a month without me than you learnt with me in six.'

A month later he writes to him again, and at greater length:

'I am a bad correspondent. I have 'Oxford on the liver' and many distractions, and the results are unanswered letters and neglected work. So forgive my long silence.

'I am still in some perplexity to know how to work the district in the best way. There are peculiar difficulties. The people are, as a rule, very old, the schools lie outside the parish and at a distance from the church, and we have no central room for meetings. I hope to start in Lent an expository lecture on Friday evening, a ladies' Bible class on Tuesday evening, and a class for

[1] The preacher of the Sermon 'Two are better than one.' See p. 85.

men on Wednesday. Monday and Saturday evenings I am trying to keep clear for extra work. On Thursday I shall have my Confirmation candidates. The people are very willing to receive a clergyman, but I fear in many cases more for the sake of what they will receive in the way of money than of spiritual comfort. Indeed, the lack of independence on the part of the poor is saddening. I will send you our little magazine monthly. Its present circulation is about one hundred, but I hope it will increase. I am pressing the sale. But the people are very conservative and in some places seem distressed at the change of cover—saying with almost an injured air, 'The numbers won't match.' Thank God there are not a few earnest Christians amongst the congregation, and these I am sure will help me by their prayers. But at present I have not got a grip of the congregation. I have yet to win my way to the citadel of their hearts.

'I am just beginning my University work. I opened a Greek Testament class on Sunday evening and eight very nice fellows came. They were a little shy at first but I am sure we shall become great friends at last. They seem to think that they can bring others who will fill my little room. I cannot tell you, dear Holroyde, how my faithless heart sinks when I stand up to preach, or to sit and teach University men. I long to be back again in my old Holloway Church amongst familiar faces and sympathetic hearts. But I am sure that God has guided me here, and I must seek to speak the old message of the Cross. On all sides I am told, when I ask what kind of preaching do University men need—'Just the simple Gospel.' The possibilities of the work are unbounded. May God first empty me of self and use me in my great venture for His glory!

'I find it hard, as you may suppose, to unite parochial work and University work. Sometimes I feel almost in despair. After a time I shall be better able to systematize my efforts and to get through much more than at present.

'Pearson[1] of St. Ebbe's is a capital fellow. He is filling his church, and has taken French's Greek Testament class, which is better attended than ever.

'I hope Childs is not overworking. He will have, he must have, difficulties, but he will be helped. I can sympathize with him in much that he is passing through, because I am undergoing the same experience. . . . I feel sure of God's blessing, that the work will advance, and that my going and his coming will be for the greater glory of God.

'I hope you are fairly well, and not doing too much. I have found my motto so useful, 'I will go in the strength of the Lord God.' Weakness, physical and mental, is the best field for the realization of that strength.

'Do not forget your promise to pay us a visit before long. We will give you a hearty welcome whenever you come.

'Give my best love to all my dear friends at Holloway, and believe me,

Ever your affectionate friend,
FRANCIS J. CHAVASSE.

Again a little later:

'Greek Testament reading for undergraduates—thirteen present last Sunday. I do not feel that I have the scholarship or the mental power to keep such a class together. I can only ask God to use me in my weakness.

[1] Afterwards Bishop of Burnley.

The possibilities of usefulness here are tremendous and the men wonderfully willing to listen.'

A year later he is still feeling his way.

'I am full of perplexity just at present, but can only live by the day, and wait till the Master makes my future clear. . . . Get Vaughan's book on Confirmation. It is good and will help you much.'

But a year or so farther on (May 1879) he writes on the whole somewhat more cheerfully:

'There is a great deal to be done in Oxford, for the place is *dead*. Thank God, the Holy Spirit is moving. X., a Fellow of Balliol, an ultra-Broad-Churchman, has just come out into the Truth, and I trust his conversion is the first drop of a shower of blessing. . . . I am quite settled here now, and just beginning to feel myself. Hitherto I have been leading 'a sighing life'.'

But 'sighing' or no, it was certainly strenuous. He took great trouble with his sermons, helped to do so, he would always maintain, by what he learnt in incessant pastoral visitation. 'When I was about to be ordained,' writes Dr. Sweetapple, 'he took me with him for a round of sick visiting, and I still remember his telling me of a sick woman in great pain who asked him to give this message to any other suffering ones whom he might see in the course of that day: *I know that though I may tremble on the rock, the rock can never tremble under me.*'

But a round of sick visiting with Chavasse—what an experience!

The following letter, written about this time to one of his old Holloway people, gives an insight into the heart of the young pastor, and the nature of the Gospel

on which he himself lived and which he tried to teach to simple and sorrowing people:

6 November, 1878.

My dear Mrs. Bindloss,

I am very grieved, though not surprised, to hear that your daughter has passed away to her rest. May the great and good God who comforts them that are cast down comfort you and make you to know and feel in the hour of darkness and desolation that He is at hand to succour and to cheer.

You have a bright and sure hope that your daughter is now with Christ. For her the bitterness of separation is over, pain and suffering are now past, death lies behind, and she is waiting in the rest and joy of Paradise for the glorious Resurrection and the ingathering of those whom she loves. She is still one with you. Her love is intensified, not changed; she trusts in the same Saviour, she adores the same Father, she is filled with the same Holy Spirit. She drinks of the same River of Life, only she stands higher up its course and nearer its source than you do. We do not think that a child or sister in India or America is lost to us—we regard her as still one of the family. Why should we look upon those in Paradise as lost? They are safe in our Lord's keeping, and separated from us only by a thin veil.

I think Heaven becomes more real to us and more near when peopled with our own. As our precious store in Paradise grows richer, the heart is oftener there. As the Lord Jesus gathers in our loved ones, we learn to cling to Him with more submissive and child-like faith. May your eyes be fixed more and more heavenward, and may you be able to hold fast to our blessed

Lord in the cloudy and dark days! The darkness will be but for a moment—then it will be dispersed, and pass into the light of Heaven. Let me give you one short text, 'The Lord hath need of her.' He wanted your child for a higher service in a better world, and has taken her to do it.

With kindest regards and deep sympathy,

Believe me, dear Mrs. Bindloss,

Ever faithfully,

F. J. Chavasse.

If in the spring of 1878 he had not yet, as he says, got a grip of the congregation or won his way to the citadel of their hearts, the following letter, written a little more than two years later, shows that he had made very considerable progress in that direction.

May 1880.

Rev. and dear Sir,

We, members of your congregation and classes, deeply sensible of your numerous exertions on our behalf especially respecting your late Confirmation candidates, and knowing how willingly you spend yourself on our account, and having anxiously noticed how visibly your health is failing, most affectionately beg of you to accept the accompanying, and to use it in recruiting your strength. It is a freewill offering from your people, given with grateful hearts and earnest prayers that the Almighty may bless it to your use.

We know that, through the thorough unselfishness of your nature, you would hesitate to set aside either a sufficient length of time or sum of money to do what is evidently necessary to restore you to good health; but if you value your people as they value you, you will hesitate no longer.

Please give no answer to this, as beyond ourselves, we wish the matter private; only let your people know that you intend taking a holiday of at least six weeks, and where perfect rest and quiet may be obtained. Might we venture to suggest the Continent?—But this we leave in your hands, knowing that having commended it to the Almighty, He will bring it to pass in His own good way. . . .

A holiday was taken in Switzerland with his younger brother Tom, himself the best tonic in the world for flagging spirits, and on 6 July he writes to Mr. Holroyde from Zermatt: 'It is somewhat of a trial to look at these mountains, and not to be allowed to ascend them, but God has made the deprivation a great help to me.' That such a holiday was necessary for him will readily be inferred from the following time-table which dates from about this period, and which seems to have been drawn up for the benefit of his future wife, to show her what she was in for if she consented to be married to the Rector of St. Peter-le-Bailey.

Monday.

9.0 –10.0 a.m. Day school.
10.0 –11.0 Meeting of clergy and Scripture readers.
11.0 –11.30 Arrangement of household matters for the week.
11.30– 1.0 p.m. Read and see callers.
1.0 – 2.0 Dinner.
2.0 – 3.45 Visit in parish; sometimes one hour's walk with undergraduates.
3.45– 4.0 Close mothers' meeting.
4.0 – 5.30 Visit, or, on first and third Mondays in month, prepare for Bible class.

5.30–6.30 Tea (and talk with men).
6.30–7.30 Read.
7.30–8.30 Ladies' Bible reading *or* Temperance Society. *Second Monday* sometimes free.
8.45–10.0 Take chair at Y.M.S. during winter and spring.

Tuesday.
8.45– 9.45 a.m. P.T. class.
9.45–10.0 Household.
10.0 – 1.0 p.m. Read (callers between 12 and 1).
1.0 – 2.0 Dinner.
2.0 – 5.30 Short walk and visit.
5.30– 6.30 Tea and talk.
6.30– 8.45 Read (callers between 6 and 7).
8.45–10.0 Men's Bible class.
On last Tuesday in month.
4.0 – 4.30 District visitors' meeting.
7.30– 8.30 Communicants (junior women).

Wednesday.
9.0 – 1.0 p.m. Prepare sermon (callers between 12 and 1)
1.0 – 2.0 Dinner.
2.0 – 5.30 Visit.
5.30– 6.30 Tea and talk.
6.30– 6.45 Look over sermon.
7.0 – 8.0 Service.
8.5 – 8.45 Teachers' class.

Thursday.
9.0 – 1.0 p.m. Read (callers between 12 and 1).
1.0 – 2.0 Dinner.

2.0 – 5.30 Walk with men and visit.
5.30– 6.30 Tea and talk.
6.30– 7.45 Read.
7.45– 8.15 Close Bible class (girls).
8.15–10.0 Read, and, in summer, open air service for men.

Communicants (junior men) first Thursday at 8.45.

Friday.

9.0 – 10.0 a.m. Day school.
10.0 – 1.0 Preparation (callers between 12 and 1).
1.0 – 2.0 Dinner.
2.0 – 5.30 Visit.
5.30– 6.30 Tea.
6.30– 8.0 Prepare address.
8.0 – 8.45 Service.
8.45–10.0 Read and supper.

Saturday.

9.0 – 1.0 Preparation.
1.0 – 2.0 Dinner.
2.0 – 4.0 Visit.
4.0 – 5.30 Sermon.
5.30– 6.30 Tea.
6.30– 9.0 Preparation.
9.0 – 9.30 Prayer meeting (young men).

Sunday.

8.0 a.m. H.C. Second, fourth and fifth Sunday.
9.0 –10.10 Sermon.
10.15–10.45 Sunday school.
11.0 –12.45 Service.
1.0 – 2.0 Dinner.
2.15– 3.15 Men's Bible class.

3.30– 4.10 Children's service.
4.10– 4.30 Preparation.
4.30– 5.0 Tea.
5.0 – 6.45 Preparation.
7.0 – 8.30 Service.
8.30– 9.45 Greek Testament class (in summer vacation open air service).

Note.

People call { before 9 a.m. / between 12 and 1 / „ 6 and 7 } Daily.

Letters written in morning, at odd moments after dinner and tea, and after 10 p.m.

An amazing programme! But it did not frighten the lady off, no, not even with the help of the following description of himself:

'I am not strong, and though blessed with a capital constitution, and free from disease, it is unlikely, I think, that my life will be a very long one. . . . I belong to a school of theology scorned at Oxford. . . . I am often depressed and apt to be irritable through intense wear and tear of brain.'

The lady was Miss Edith Maude, younger daughter of the late Canon Maude, Vicar of Chirk, Denbighshire, and previously of Newport, Isle of Wight, a descendant of the old Montalt family which after the Norman Conquest (as set forth in Domesday Book) received a grant of lands at Hope and Hawarden. She was then residing with her widowed mother, the author of 'Thine for ever! God of Love,' at Pen Dyffryn, Overton-on Dee, near Wrexham, where she and her husband, her

children, and even grandchildren, were destined to spend many a happy holiday, lovingly welcomed for many years by the sweetest of old ladies—she died in 1913, aged 94—and by her elder sister, the 'Family Aunt,' who could always be depended upon to answer any telegram with dispatch and in person. Her eldest brother was the Rev. Samuel Maude, Vicar of Needham Market, who, when he was at Wadham, had often met his future brother-in-law at Mr. Christopher's gatherings, while another, Joseph Hooper Maude, was Fellow and Dean of Hertford. The marriage was almost literally 'made in heaven,' inasmuch as they had apparently only met twice before his letter came to her on Ascension Day, 1881, asking her to be his wife. Miss Maude had been greatly interested in the education of an Indian missionary's daughter, and, on taking her to Oxford, put her (by recommendation) into the care of Mr. Chavasse. But evidently the intercourse so occasioned was enough, and the wedding took place at Overton on the bridegroom's thirty-fifth birthday, 27 September, 1881, Dean Howson of Chester, the Rev. Samuel Maude, the Rev. Ludovic Chavasse, the bridegroom's brother, Vicar of Camberwell, and the Dean's son, the Rev. (now Archdeacon) G. J. Howson, then rector of the village, officiating. The bride was well known there as a Christian worker, and, years afterwards, in an address to the Sunday school teachers of his diocese, her husband told them of 'a lady near and dear to me' who once taught an infants' class in a village Sunday school. 'To-day,' he added, 'when I am sitting in a railway carriage or walking along busy streets, I am frequently hailed by some one who, thrusting a big, bony hand into mine will say, 'I was in your missus's Sunday school fifty years ago.''

The marriage was a blessing to both. Never was clergyman better seconded in everything he attempted to do. The cares of a household and the claims and difficulties of an unlimited hospitality never found or left the bride of that day anything other than the calm unruffled Christian lady in whom the heart of her husband safely trusted, and whose children rise up and call her blessed. How many housewives, for example, after entertaining a crowd of undergraduates to tea, would stand the turning out of the drawing-room furniture every Sunday evening on to the landing and into the spare room, in order that forty-nine chairs (they could *not* manage fifty, try as they would) might be packed in for the Greek Testament class, a condition of affairs which remained till Monday evening for the ladies' Bible class, while the household squeezed along the encumbered passage as best they might?

Added to all the cares of entertaining and her parochial responsibilities, which included such duties as a girls' Bible class, a mothers' meeting, and the post of deputy-organist, the rapid appearance of a large family engrossed her attention, yet seemed no whit to lessen her other activities. Two sets of twins (first boys and then girls) quickly made their appearance after the birth of the eldest daughter Dorothea, who when four years old startled an Oxford shopkeeper by informing him in a loud voice that she was the eldest of five! The small rectory burst, and a door was knocked through the wall into the top floor of the next house, where dwelt Mr. Stroud, St. Peter's famous churchwarden. ('Who is this Mr. Stroud?' asked a visitor grown familiar with his name. 'Mr. Stroud is St. Peter-le-Bailey' was the Rector's grave reply.) Even then it was a marvel how

everybody and everything could pack in; and people used to make a detour down New-Inn-Hall Street in the hope of seeing two nurses with twin perambulators emerge out of the little front door (there was no back door or garden entrance), followed by a nursemaid with a mail-cart. The advent of the twin sons just before service one Sunday morning (9 November, 1884) brought much comfort to their father, who in the previous few months had buried both his parents, and he sang with a new appreciation the promise in the Psalm for the day, 'Instead of thy fathers thou shalt have children.'[1] Neither is it forgotten how the curate who, in those days, preached every other Sunday morning, all unconscious of the happy event, encouraged his Rector by announcing as his text, 'Two are better than one.' Oxford was tickled too by the names bestowed upon the twins at baptism. As they were weakly infants this event was deferred till St. John's Day, and the parents chose the Christmas-sounding names of Christopher and Noel. But their friends discerned another reason. 'How broadminded,' they said, 'is Mr. Chavasse! He has named his sons after Mr. Christopher and Father Noel.' And such is the power of legend that there are to-day folks in Oxford who sincerely believe that they saw these well-known representatives of opposite schools of thought standing together as sponsors at St. Peter-le-Bailey font! On the birth of the twin sons their uncle Tom had telegraphed to the father his congratulations, 'Many happy returns of the day'; but even he forbore from renewing his good wishes when nearly two years later the twin daughters made their appearance on 29 August, 1886. The parish gasped

[1] *Ps.* xlv. 17.

at this amazing nursery. Their Rector had seemed a confirmed bachelor and above such worldly considerations as marriage; and now, almost before they had settled down to think of him as a husband, he was a happy man with a quiver full. No wonder the Town Hall rocked with laughter when at a celebrated 'Parish Tea' he called to a mother, tip-toeing out with a crying child, 'Don't remove the baby; it does not disturb me in the least.' Then, after a pause, 'I am used to it.'

Perhaps her noblest characteristic was Mrs. Chavasse's watchful care of her husband and children. There was never a sick nurse in the home she ruled, till she herself was well over seventy and skilled surgical nursing was required for the Bishop. But for her, all his doctors are emphatic that his prophecy of a short life would have proved true. Instead he became stronger every year, and actually outlived her, a contingency neither of them had seriously contemplated. It might have been said that she lived for him, if there were not her seven children, with their own tale to tell: without a doubt she robbed death of her twin sons by months of devoted nursing when they were stricken with typhoid fever before they were a year old. Then she let them run wild (more or less) for seven years, bestowing however constant attention upon them through a delicate childhood. She had her reward when on their twenty-first birthday she was photographed between two Oxford running 'Blues.'

But let us return.

The following letters which reached him a day or two before his marriage reveal something of the respect and affection that were already his at Oxford:

My dear Chavasse,

I have been asked, as your oldest friend in the clerical Greek Testament class, and the most recently married member thereof (I am not sure whether either plea is quite true) to beg you to accept a token of our good wishes for your approaching marriage, as well of the esteem and regard we have long entertained for you.

If I were to endeavour to tell you how much we all value you I should seem to flatter you, but it will not be wrong to say that our hands have been much strengthened by your loving sympathy, and that we all hope that your marriage, besides the rich blessings we trust it will bring to you, will tie you down more firmly to Oxford, and frustrate the designs of those who would steal you from us.

With sincerest prayers for your happiness, and a rich increase of blessings on you and yours, and on all your work of self-denying love and zeal in the Master's service,

Believe me,
Ever affectionately yours,
E. A. Knox.

Dear Mr. Chavasse,

We have been commissioned by the members of your Greek Testament class and many other University men who value your friendship, to express their very hearty congratulations to you on your approaching marriage. We hope you will allow us to give them expression in a more substantial manner, at the beginning of next term. We cannot however let this opportunity pass without thanking you most warmly, for all

the 'Quiet hours with the Greek Testament' and also for the unceasing sympathy and help which you have always so readily bestowed.

We hope that the richest blessings may attend your new life, and that you and your future wife may meet with every happiness.

We are, dear Mr. Chavasse,

Every yours affectionately,

Wm. Talbot Rice (Ch. Ch.).
Wm. Yorke Fausset (Ball. Coll.).
A. Percival Keep (Univ. Coll.).
Committee.

The Reverend Francis J. Chavasse.

An article contributed by the present Bishop of Hereford to *The Oxford Diocesan Magazine*, gives us a picture of those Sunday evenings. 'He had settled down,' he says, 'in a small but apparently elastic house, where the men sat in all the available rooms within earshot, and up the stairs, and on the landings. Before long, however, the generosity of some friends provided an Iron Room on a vacant plot next door, which became the centre of his work among undergraduates. Sunday by Sunday it was packed to its utmost capacity, by some 120 men, who listened to that quiet and persuasive voice as it expounded the epistles of St. Paul. Scholarship there was as a foundation; various readings were referred to when of importance; but it was the devotional exposition which held men. A pithy Latin comment from Bengel's *Gnomon*, or an illuminating translation from the Vulgate, would be quoted with evident appreciation, and there was the keen desire to understand the meaning of the Apostle; but then the speaker, with that occasional

slight stutter which only heightened the effectiveness of his utterances, brought the apostolical principles to bear upon the daily life and needs of his hearers, with a sympathy and insight which gripped and stirred them.' 'He made the Greek Testament a different book altogether for me,' writes another,[1] 'no longer something to be got up and learnt, but meat and drink, light and peace and useable treasure for everyday life. The exposition was closed with prayer, extempore, in which that marvellous insight into a soul's needs which the Rector had acquired was used to bring us all and our cares and burdens right up into the presence of God. I remember in particular his prayers when members of the class were in for the Schools. . . . He used to ask for just the kind of things you felt could legitimately be mentioned in prayer—peace of mind, freedom from anxiety, a spirit of 'recollectedness,' so that we should remember and be able to express what we had honestly learnt, and so on.' But not only was there teaching to be had there—there was affection as well. Testimony to this comes from one who long afterwards was to succeed him at St. Peter's, Canon Stansfield, now at work in British East Africa. 'He seemed to know us all,' he writes, 'and our names, in a remarkable way. I remember how he used to stand at the door and shake hands with us—Good-bye, Jones! Good-bye, Robinson!—every name came out pat. And there was a wealth of affection which we all felt. I know he had not much money at that time—he could not afford a proper holiday for his young children —and yet he tried to press £5 upon me, as he guessed that I was 'hard up.' I did not take the money, but I loved him for it. . . . All I can say is that Christ lived in

[1] Rev. J. Sinclair Stevenson.

Him, and the Light shone, and gave light and warmth to us all.'

'Years afterwards,' writes an Australian who, as an undergraduate, had attended his class, 'I visited Oxford for the last time. Fortunately the Bishop of Liverpool was preaching. I went into the vestry after the service. His lordship said, 'Don't tell me your name—let me think. Yes, you are old 'boomerang' Torr of St. John's.' He rarely forgot the faces of his men.'

All the time, the parochial work was going on. 'Where is the flock that was given thee, thy beautiful flock?' was the text that hung on one of the walls of his study. True, the Parish itself was not large—it contained only from eight to nine hundred people; but his congregation was drawn from all over Oxford and numbered quite as many, half of them communicants, for whom it was very difficult to find work, as a means of deepening and strengthening the spiritual life. His Report at the end of 1884 reads as follows:

'It is now seven years since Canon Linton handed on to me the spiritual oversight of St. Peter-le-Bailey. Making every allowance for the princely generosity, the ripened judgment, and the wonderful thoroughness which lifted his work far out of the reach of an average successor, I am still bound to confess that the results of these seven years have fallen far short of my reasonable hopes. There are indeed encouraging signs. The evening congregation which fills the church, the slowly growing network of Bible classes which gather some 200 members for instruction every week, the steady advance of the young women's branch of our Communicants' Union, the fair number of communi-

cants, averaging upwards of 300 each month, the size and harmony of the choir, the devotion of our workers and the unfailing forbearance and unity of our people, are marks of God's favour which call for deepest gratitude.

'But side by side with these brighter symptoms are others which can only humble and sadden. Seven years of work have failed to raise up any number of *new experienced* workers. Scarcely a middle-aged layman is to be found amongst us who will undertake direct spiritual work. The missionary spirit is dormant. The week-day congregations are stationary. A larger number of our parishioners are at present, thank God, attending some place of worship, and in one or two of our worst courts there has been a change for the better. But I am oppressed by the conviction that the *human* element in the work is far too prominent and the spiritual far too small, and that in spite of our hearty services, our 450 communicants, the £978 ungrudgingly given during 1884 for the cause of God, our condition is still very far from that of the Church of Philadelphia.

'There are causes which help to account in some measure for this state of things:

'(*a*) We, your Ministers, are distracted by a double work and cannot be thorough. The demands of the University on the parochial clergy in Oxford are growing more pressing and imperious in proportion as the secularization of the University advances. Time and thought and prayer which ought to be given to the Parish have to be allotted to the needs of those who are forced to seek outside their own College for a sympathy and a direction which they fail to find within its walls. As a consequence pastoral visitation languishes, the bond of

personal acquaintance between clergy and people grows weaker, half-hearted members drop off, the unstable drift from their moorings, impressions which at one time were strong and deep wear away. In a word we are too little of the Friend and too much of the Preacher, and the work suffers.

'(*b*) The conditions of Oxford life compress a large amount of work into certain months of the year. Everything has to be done at once. The vacations bring their own calls, but during term time fresh faces appear in church, numberless meetings claim our attention, a correspondence which grows yearly absorbs every leisure moment, and visitors from all parts of England make raids upon our time. All that is part, and an important part, of God's service in a University city, but at the very moment when the strain is greatest and calls are most pressing, we have least opportunity of doing the work well; and that which is done hurriedly and superficially will not stand.

'(*c*) And not least the social air of Oxford is repressive and suppressive. Men are afraid to speak out, afraid to commit themselves, afraid of losing the good opinion, the custom, the patronage of their fellows. We are in danger of growing artificial, full of compromise, and concealment of our real principles. We dread the imputation of narrowness, ignorance, enthusiasm. We are almost ready to apologize for being Christians at all. We are secretly ashamed of that pure and simple form of Christianity which is unfashionable and despised by the great majority. What wonder if we suffer from spiritual torpor! We are like the pilgrims in the great allegory, passing 'through a certain country whose air naturally tends to make us drowsy.'

'And where is the remedy? It lies close at hand, in simple faith, more earnest prayer, more practical self-denial. Oxford cannot be worse than Egypt, and *there* Moses 'endured as seeing Him Who is invisible.' If only the Spirit of God help us to see that Divine and eternal but unseen world which 'surrounds us as the starry heavens surround the common earth,' we shall grow careless of man's opinion, and whole-hearted in the service of our ascended Lord. Prayer brings the distant near, and helps us to grasp the invisible, and in proportion to our prayerfulness will be our holiness and our strength....'

For five years more the double work went on. A member of his Greek Testament class, the Rev. W. E. Plater,[1] records that his tutor at University College, Albert Chavasse, once told him that his cousin, the Rector of St. Peter's, knew personally 10,000 people. Along with his more public duties there was going on a hidden but equally fruitful ministry to troubled souls, of which the three following letters, addressed all of them to the Rev. J. K. Powell, are significant specimens, and tell us not a little about himself.

(On the loss of his mother):

20 July, 1881.

My dear Powell,

Your letter with its sorrowful news reached Oxford during my absence, and since my return I have been so busy wiping off arrears of work that I have not been able to write until to-night. I do most deeply sympathize with your father and with you in your deep sorrow. I know how irreparable such a loss seems, and

[1] Rector of Halstock, Yeovil.

how, for a time, all the brightness seems to fade away out of the picture of life.

What an unspeakable comfort it is in such a bereavement to have a living Christ to go to! For those who trust in Him the happy past is not gone for ever; it is only the foretaste and prophecy of a still happier future. And when your heart aches at the thought of a vanished past, take comfort in the sure and certain hope of a nearing to the glorious future. 'Heaven keeps in store what we have lost' and, my dear fellow, as you look back, and death casts its ennobling halo round your sainted dead, bringing out all the noblest traits in her character, transforming and transfiguring them, and also the words and prayers and the holy life stand out sharp and clear and burn themselves into your heart and memory, it is left to you to show your appreciation of your dear mother by carrying into practice all the holy lessons you learned from her, and by trying to battle, in the strength of God, with all the weak points in your character, to prove yourself a more useful clergyman, and the worthy son of such a mother. She waits for you in Paradise that one day you may be part of her joy, and add to the lustre of the crown which she casts at the feet of the Saviour.

May God comfort you.

Ever your affectionate friend,

F. J. Chavasse.

(On difficulties about Baptism):

12 February, 1885.

My dear Brother,

So the old foe has been tormenting you again? Well, if he assailed the Master before He entered upon His Ministry, it is not surprising if he vexes the servant.

Fear not: where He conquered, you in Him shall not be confounded. I am glad that you are realizing the vast influence the body exercises on the mind. You must take another step and cope with these difficulties as phantoms which will melt into thin air when the health recovers its tone.

It is scarcely strange if at twenty-five you have not seen your way through every hard doctrine. You must take something on trust. There is nothing in the Prayer Book as far as I can see which is contradictory to the Bible. There may be some things that appear so; but the language of Article VI is decisive on the point. If they appear so, it is because we misunderstand them.

If the Church of England taught that *every* child was born again of the Holy Spirit at Baptism, I should not belong to her. The Church of England teaches us nothing of the kind. She declares that repentance and faith are the necessary conditions of the new birth; that in the case of infants, God regards the faith of them that bring them, as of old Christ regarded the faith of those who brought to Him the man sick of the palsy. A child brought without real faith and prayer loses the full baptismal blessing. Every child is regenerated in the sense that it is born again of water and put into Christ's Church (the old meaning of regeneration); many children in virtue of faith and prayer receive the Holy Ghost. To every child are sealed individually the promises of God made to the Church at large; original sin is forgiven, and Christ's name and mark stamped upon them. To many, but not to all, is given that new spiritual life which should grow and deepen in the soul till Heaven be reached. And because we are not to judge of men's motives and are to accept their profes-

sion, our Prayer Book, throughout all our services, takes it for granted that the worshippers are true children of God, and puts on their lips words of faith and thanksgiving and assurances which none but a real Christian can use. We cannot bring down our Prayer Book to the level of the careless and indifferent; we must try to raise the indifferent to the Prayer Book level.

Be patient; you have not made a mistake in assenting to the declaration. The great Elizabethan and Caroline divines, the intellect of Hooker, the piety of Andrewes, the common sense of Bull, the spirituality of Fletcher of Madeley, were not all at fault. Wait, pray, work; light will come; difficulties will be made plain, and become the schooling by which God educates you to help the perplexed.

God bless you.

Ever your affectionate friend and brother,

F. J. Chavasse.

Write again whenever you like.

1 March, 1886.

My dear Powell,

What a dear good fellow you are to show such forbearance! Three letters of yours—and very long and interesting ones—lie before me unanswered, and yet you write without a word of complaint. Thank you very much for your goodness. I have been exceedingly busy since the beginning of the October term. I was asked to call on nearly seventy freshmen, and, what with a growing congregation and work at Exeter,[1] I have not been able to keep pace with my correspondence. To-

[1] He had been appointed Examining Chaplain to the Bishop the previous year.

[*J. Soame, Oxford.*

ST. PETER-LE-BAILEY, OXFORD.

The Rectory, Church, and in the distance 'Hannington Hall,' all of which forms the frontage of the Bishop's Memorial, 'St. Peter's Hall.'

To face page 7.

night I have a spare half-hour and will try to pay you part of your dues.

I hoped when I received your first letter to be able to send you a sum of money which I had set apart in the bank for your voyage, but God ordered it otherwise; our little lads were suddenly seized with typhoid fever, or something very like it, at Borth, and for two months or more lay between life and death in a lodging-house. Their severe and prolonged illness cost me nearly £90, and swallowed up all my spare cash. If you are still contemplating a voyage and will allow me to contribute £10 towards its cost, I shall deem myself happy. Do not hesitate to use me if help to this amount will be of service.

And now to answer your letter received last Monday. I am very sorry indeed to hear that you have been laid up. I am sure that the little time of enforced quiet will be helpful, but I hope that you are already strong enough to begin active work again. You can make fresh plans for grappling with your work and make a fresh start: self-control and method are not gained in a day, or without great effort. Do not be disheartened because you have not attained to a perfect standard. You have made progress, and every step in advance is power gained.

With regard to the old difficulties about Baptism, can you not, for the present at any rate, be content to accept the simple and, I think, commonsense view that regeneration means admission into the outward family of God, and the sealing to the individual of the promises made to the Church at large? It may mean more, but surely it means this much. While we believe that every child is baptized into the name of Christ we are not required to believe that every one is baptized 'into Christ.'

By all means go in for Priest's Orders in June if your

health can bear the strain of the examination, but defer the step if you feel unequal to it.

God bless you, my dear brother. See *Daniel* x. 19.

Ever yours affectionately,

F. J. Chavasse.

'I speak from experience (he once wrote) when I say that sickness in the home softens the heart, expands the sympathies, and helps to burn out that root of selfishness which lies hidden in us all.' There would not seem to have been much in him on which the fires of affliction could play.

Here is another letter to his former curate, the Rev. E. Holroyde:

19 July, 1886.

'Be of good cheer, my dear brother. Your present desolateness will bring great glory to God. 'No wind can hurt the tree which God has planted': all, however rough, are laden with healing and life and blessing.'

A great faith, surely, in which to live and work, and, to those who need a brother's help, how welcome and sustaining!

In 1889 the Principal of Wycliffe Hall, Canon Girdlestone, resigned, and Mr. Chavasse, who was already in possession of the undergraduates' confidence, was obviously the right man to succeed him. But that attempts were made from time to time to take him away from Oxford is clear from the following letter to his old friend, Mr. Abbott, the Vicar of Paddington:

4 June, 1888.

My dear Abbott,

I am much touched by your kindness in offering

to me such an important post. A very few lines will suffice to show that it is impossible for me to accept it.

In November 1886, the Bishop of Bedford asked me to take the Rectory of Stepney. The Bishop of Oxford and two friends who know Oxford well unanimously and independently advised me to remain in my present position. In December 1887 the Bishop of Exeter wished me to take Bishop Earle's place at the Cathedral in Exeter; I felt it would be inconsistent to refuse Stepney in 1886 and to accept Exeter in 1887, and therefore declined. During the last six months the work has not diminished but grown, both in extent and in difficulty; and to leave Oxford at present would I feel be an act of cowardice, as well as of faithlessness to God. I must therefore say to you what I did to Bishop Bickersteth: 'the door behind me has not closed, and, for the present, I believe it to be the will of God that I remain where I am.'

With kind regards to Mrs. Abbott and many thanks to you,

Ever affectionately and gratefully yours,
F. J. Chavasse.

So he held on to the task, the fruitful, if laborious, task which was to be his a short while longer—indeed in a sense for twelve years: save only that by his appointment to Wycliffe he was to be relieved of his unwearying round of parochial toil, and the opportunity was to be his of close and constant touch with young men for whom the ministry of the Gospel was to be their life's work.

To one modest but beneficent institution in his parish the removal of the Vicar and his family to Wycliffe Lodge meant a change for the better—the Home

which had been opened on Lady Day 1887 for the rearing and education of orphan and fatherless children. With characteristic generosity Mr. Chavasse now gave it his house, No. 36, rent free, and there the Home was continued until 1925 when it was closed, other provision for widows and children being now available. But many who now hold positions of trust owe both it and him a debt of gratitude.

WYCLIFFE HALL
(1889–1900)

CHAPTER V

Wycliffe Hall[1]

THE foundation of Wycliffe Hall was part of an attempt to provide for the special training of ordination candidates, as a consequence partly of certain changes which were going on in the older Universities, partly of a rising standard of clerical life and work. There were those who took so gloomy a view of the secularizing influences then at work in Oxford and Cambridge that they were almost prepared to see the clergy educated exclusively in theological colleges. Fortunately wiser counsels prevailed. As Dr. Westcott declared later on, it would be disastrous to separate clerical education generally from the highest liberal education to be found in the country. But it was not readily recognized that even if theological teaching were given in the Universities, there was much of the highest importance to candidates for Holy Orders still left to be done: indeed in the early 'seventies (and later) the very smallest amount of special preparation was considered necessary for graduates. The only condition laid down by bishops was that men should have attended two courses of lectures by the Divinity professors. There was no examination to show that men had listened diligently or assimilated anything; a certificate of attendance was sufficient. Men went to the lectures while they were reading for their ordinary 'Schools,' and in many cases

[1] For much of these earlier paragraphs I am indebted to the booklet, *Wycliffe Hall Jubilee*, 1877–1927.—Editor.

were ordained almost immediately after taking their degree, as was Bishop Chavasse himself. In 1870 the Honour School of Theology was instituted, and attracted an increasing number of men. This meant that they read a certain number of theological books: it did not mean that they received a training on the more definitely spiritual and pastoral sides of their future work. Indeed it was not always easy to persuade men that they needed any such additional training. 'The impression which generally prevailed,' said Dr. Ince, late Regius Professor of Divinity, 'was that the men who resorted to theological colleges were of a rather tarnished character, who had a difficulty in obtaining College testimonials.' Wells, however, had been founded in 1840, Cuddesdon in 1854, and 'the strong, personal, glorious influence' of Pinder at the former combined with the forces to which reference has been made to emphasize the value and raise the popular estimate of such institutions, and prepared the way for the new development. In 1876 Ely, Leeds, and St. Stephen's House at Oxford were opened: Wycliffe Hall followed in 1877, and Ridley Hall at Cambridge in 1879.

The two latter owed their foundation to a band of Evangelical clergy and laity who saw farther than some of their friends and realized the gravity of the position. 'The two leaders of this band,' wrote Bishop Chavasse, 'were Bishop Perry, who had recently retired in old age from the Bishopric of Melbourne, a former Senior Wrangler, a man of great ability and a true statesman; and the Rev. W. H. Barlow, afterwards Dean of Peterborough, one of the wisest and most unselfish and influential of the Evangelical Clergy. With them were associated Dean R. Payne Smith, of Canterbury, Dean

W. R. Fremantle, of Ripon, Canons Edward Hoare, J. C. Ryle, afterwards Bishop of Liverpool, Tristram of Durham, Edward Garbett of Surbiton, Henry Linton of Oxford, W. Carus of Winchester, the Rev. Henry Wright, Honorary Secretary of the C.M.S., and Professor Birks, of Cambridge; and Messrs. John Deacon, H. Smith Bosanquet, S. C. Bosanquet, Sydney Gedge, F. B. Wright and others. They raised a sum of £53,000, and in the spring of 1877 bought the house, then called Laleham, built for the late Mr. Thomas Arnold with a view to his taking pupils, and the Rev. R. B. Girdlestone of Christ Church was appointed the first Principal of the new Hall. He was a great Bible student, a man of real learning and wisdom, of unfeigned humility and patience, most lovable when he was known, with a saving sense of humour and of deep and manly piety.

'As might be expected, the opening of the Hall was not received with enthusiasm in a conservative University. Its definite Evangelical principles were not in accord with the prevailing tone of Church life in Oxford. The policy of planting a theological college in a University was opposed to the ideas of most of the leading Churchmen of the day, who thought it better that candidates for ordination should receive their final preparation in some quiet Cathedral city or secluded village where distractions are fewer, and where the atmosphere is less controversial. No doubt this may be true for some men, but, for many, a theological college at a University 'combines,' asDr. Ince said, 'the full,free, fresh air of University life, with a complete preparation for the Ministry.' It enables a man to supplement the lectures of his Principal and staff by those of some o

the leading theologians in England, and by keeping him in contact with a number of laymen who are training for other professions it lessens the danger of clericalism and of narrowness. While, therefore, the Theological Faculty showed the newcomer no little kindness, the College authorities who had most to do with ordination candidates by no means favoured the intruder, and advised those who were seeking to train for Holy Orders at a theological college to go elsewhere. The progress therefore of Wycliffe Hall in its early days was not rapid. But men of conviction came, and the patience, courage, sincerity and saintly life of the Principal won at least the respect, if not the favour, of the ecclesiastical Oxford of his day. The wide-hearted Bishop, Dr. Mackarness, recognized his work and high character by appointing him to an Honorary Canonry at Christ Church. He had laid a foundation, deep and strong and solid, upon which his successors have rejoiced to build. When the complete history of the Hall comes to be written, he will be honoured as the man who persevered through great difficulties, disappointments, and secret opposition, held on his way with serene faith and dauntless courage, and made success possible for those who came after him.'

The first of these was Mr. Chavasse himself. He had, as we have seen, a very considerable acquaintance with those undergraduate members of the University who were likely to take Holy Orders, and the continued rise in the number of students took its start from this fact, aided no doubt by the attractiveness of his own character, and, as one of them has said, by his sympathy for men who, on the question of inspiration and the like, were feeling their way to a position which was not quite his own, and certainly not that of men who were re-

garded as the stalwarts of the Evangelical party. He would no doubt himself have attributed any success that attended the Hall to the services of his staff—such was ever his way; anyhow their names are worth recording. As Vice-Principals he had the Rev. J. Hewetson (1887–1893), the Rev. J. Walmsley (1893–1898), afterwards Bishop of Sierra Leone: the Rev. F. W. M. Woodward, D.D. (1898–1900); as Chaplains, the Rev. F. J. Dyson (1890–1892), the Rev. H. H. Gibbon (1892–1893), afterwards Fellow and Chaplain of Balliol; the Rev. A. H. Plumptre (1894–1897), now Canon in Toronto Cathedral; and the Rev. H. E. H. Probyn (1897–1900), now Prebendary of Hereford and Vicar of St. Andrew's, Oxford, who went with his chief to Liverpool and served him there for two years as Domestic Chaplain. For the work of all these he was unstinted in his gratitude: 'a staff whose influence is felt to-day in a hundred English parishes, and in the mission field.'

Laymen may be interested to have some details of the kind of life lived at a theological college. Here is a specimen week-day at Wycliffe: All resident students were expected to attend morning prayer at 7.30; this was followed by a brief Greek Testament reading taken by the Principal himself, partly as a daily reminder to them that whatever books they might be reading, they could not afford to neglect the best books of all, partly as a hint of how much could be done by the diligent use of odd minutes. (Very like Mr. Chavasse, this: he knew.) Breakfast followed at 8 o'clock. Then came lectures and study. Luncheon was at 1.15, preceded by a brief service of intercession. The early afternoon was usually given up to exercise. On Fridays at 5.45 there was a devotional

address in chapel which men were asked on no account to miss; some who heard Mr. Chavasse on such occasions have not forgotten his counsels on life and service, and never will. Dinner was at 6.45, Evening Prayer in chapel at 10.15. Generally men were urged and helped to remember that they were there to form and practise habits of devotion, study, and self-discipline; they were therefore to lay aside all pursuits and habits which were calculated needlessly to increase personal expenses, or to break in upon time which ought to be given to reading, and, above all things, were urged to maintain the solitary communion of their souls with God. It was all very orderly, very wholesome. The men came, too, from a variety of sources—Cambridge contributed a few from the very start; this tended to save them from that narrowness of outlook and belief in the infallibility of their own opinions with which the products of a theological seminary are sometimes charged.

Mr. Chavasse's Principalship was a period of growth—in numbers, in buildings, in financial strength, in prestige. The last was reflected in the recognition bestowed upon him personally by both of the ancient Universities. He was made Select Preacher at Oxford in 1889, at Cambridge in 1893, and Lecturer in Pastoral Theology at Cambridge in 1898. While he was still at St. Peter's, he had been appointed Examining Chaplain to the Bishop of Exeter (Dr. Bickersteth) and this work he continued throughout the Wycliffe Hall days. The average entry of new men for some years before his arrival had been rather under a dozen; in the four years which followed it it rose to eighteen, and in his last year of all it was as high as thirty-two. For one year only was there a heavy drop, consequent upon his own serious

illness (1893). 'The pressure of work at this time,' writes the Bishop of Hereford, 'was overwhelming. I well remember Mrs. Chavasse confiding to me in June that she was sure her husband was heading for a breakdown, for he was working every night till 2 a.m., and insisted on rising every morning at 6 a.m. to secure a quiet time for devotion. Her anxieties were only too well founded. A serious illness followed, and for a while his life was in grave danger. Yet in the matter of work he remained incorrigible. Not long after this he returned from his holiday during the Long Vacation, and disclosed the fact that in that supposed time of rest he had written 2,000 letters! The present chapel is the fruit of that escapade.' As at St. Peter's, so at the Hall, he lived by rule. He was always an early riser, and each half-hour had its appointed duty. So he found time to read, and did it, as some one once remarked, sitting at his desk, like a grown-up schoolboy! The dedication of the Chapel, 13 October, 1896, was one of the outstanding events of his regime. It was indeed far from complete at the time, and only three years afterwards were the walls panelled with oak, and the chairs removed to make way for seats to match. Shortly afterwards—January 1897—the opening of the new wing extended the accommodation to twenty-six sets of rooms, while a temporary hostel was opened in the Bradmore Road. For men were coming in larger numbers and (what was equally important both for themselves and the finances of the Hall) were staying longer; but notable gifts in money also came from time to time, e.g., £1,000 from Miss M. C. Chavasse, in memory of her father, the late Vicar of Rushall, for the Exhibition Fund, £500 from Mr. W. D. Cruddas, M.P., and £100 from an old

Wycliffe man, which enabled the Council to close the twenty-first year of the Hall's history entirely free of debt.

But, competent as he was in dealing with 'bricks and mortar' and with matters of finance, it was in personal touch that he was supreme. To his men he was 'guide, philosopher, and friend': 'it is not what Chavasse says,' remarked one, 'but that *he* says it.' His help neither then nor later could they ever invoke in vain. One of his first batch of students was the Rev. A. Herbert Duxbury, now Vicar of Wembury, Plymouth, to whom the following letters were written: they are given here as samples of the many scores of such letters he must have written but which have not been so lovingly and carefully preserved.

26 July, 1890.

The men came back yesterday and I have been unable to answer your letter until to-day. I trust you are, and always will be, evangelical in the true sense of the word—a humble follower of Jesus Christ, and a loyal disciple of His teaching as contained in the Gospels. I should be sorry to see you with a pronounced Broad Churchman, and a decided Low Churchman would irritate and upset you. But there are many wide-hearted and wise men of the Evangelical school with whom you could work with pleasure. I do not think you are hard to please; a first curacy is too important a matter to be 'rushed.' I should advise you to keep in the North. You understand the people and that is a great matter. If a London curacy were to be offered to you, it would be wise to think of it, but I should not seek for one. I will write again if I hear of anything eligible.

We have twelve men in residence this term and one

non-resident; two others are coming up for part of the term.

Think of me sometimes.

Ever yours affectionately,

F. J. Chavasse.

2 August, 1890.

I am very glad to hear that you have found a curacy which if not exactly after your own *head*, is certainly one after your own *heart*. With less preaching you will be able to compass the work and may prove a real blessing to S. and to its rector, whose experience, sympathy, and unfeigned piety will make up for many deficiencies; you will learn to venerate and to love him as a father. You need not be constantly bringing to the front the points on which you disagree, nor grieve him by preaching on difficult and disputed points. On all fundamentals you are one, and in God's light you will see light. I will gladly act as one of your clerical references if you want me.

Do not let the memory of our Sheffield friend irritate you. There are narrow men in all schools of thought, religious and political.

Be careful, and do not overwork. You are sure to pass the Bishop's examination with credit. Spend as much time as you can in quiet communion with God. Read over, devotionally, and in the Greek, the Pastoral Epistles, 1 *Thessalonians*, 2 *Cor.* i. to vii., the messages to the Seven Churches. They contain a body of practical theology which will help you in the ministry if you assimilate it. God greatly bless and use you.

Ever affectionately yours,

F. J. Chavasse.

17 September, 1890.

I was on the point of writing to you when your letter came. I supposed that your ordination would take place on Sunday. We have been praying daily for you in chapel for some time past, and now think of you twice a day. You must expect to be helped and to receive from God the very ministerial gift that you need.

It is certainly better to separate the examination from the ordination; but where, as in your case and in mine twenty years ago, the two come together, we can confidently expect God's special help to calm and strengthen us, and keep the mind in perfect peace. I do not think my ministry has suffered through my being examined up to the Saturday, the very eve of ordination.

You must go up expecting to receive the χάρισμα which God gives to His true ministers. No great ordinance of the Christian Church is merely outward in its effect. To baptism, confirmation, holy communion, ordination attaches a special gift which the faithful and lowly heart may confidently hope to receive. Let me give you *Joshua* i. 9, as an ordination text. It was given to me twenty years ago and it has gone with me ever since. God greatly bless you. I shall often think of you and try to write again next week.

Ever yours affectionately,

F. J. Chavasse.

2 October, 1890.

I was very glad to get your letter.

You are now fairly launched in the ministerial life. May you never fall lower in zeal and love and faith than you are at present. You are really only at the foot of the

Wycliffe Hall and Lodge, Oxford

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hill. Above you and within your reach lie possibilities of holiness, usefulness, and faith beyond your highest hopes. Only be faithful to the living Christ and honour the Holy Spirit, and keep yourself in the love of God, and you shall reach them.

I was preaching at Cumnor on Sunday and thought much of you.

You will find visiting the most difficult part of your work. Do not be disheartened if at first it requires a very great effort. It will repay you one day and is the surest way of reaching individuals.

Remember, Wycliffe must be a second home to you. We shall always have a welcome for you whenever you like to come to us.

Ever affectionately yours,

F. J. Chavasse.

19 January, 1891.

Your letter reached me in the midst of a conference on training candidates for Holy Orders, and the work it involved, followed by the return of the men on Friday, made it impossible for me to send an earlier reply to your letter.

God schools some of His best servants by difficulties, and there can be no doubt that you have been led to a difficult post. But if the Hand of God has placed you where you are, your duty is plain—quietly and bravely and patiently to try to do your very best.

I will try to answer your questions in order:

(1) Strive hard to be loyal to your vicar. Refuse to pass judgment on his acts past and present. Tell the people it is not your business to criticize him but to help them. Make the best of things as they are. Carry

out the Vicar's wishes to the best of your ability; only refuse when principle is involved. After a time, when he learns to trust you, he will allow you to make suggestions and will carry them out. If your differences develop into division the work of God must suffer.

(2) Do not attempt to visit all the 5,000 people. Carefully look after the sick. Call on those who bring children to baptism, or who send them to the schools, or those who come to be married, or churched, on all mourners and on those in sorrow. Throw your strength into special cases. Set the earnest people to work as much as you can. Say 'Our Vicar is old, and has done good work in his day and cannot visit much. I will try to do my best, and shall look to you to help. Tell me of sick cases, of special cases where a visit would be useful, and bear with me if I do not come often to see you.' It is better to do a little thoroughly than too much superficially.

(3) Do not think of preaching two original sermons and of giving two original Bible lessons every week. It cannot be done. Throw your strength into one sermon and one Bible class. Use the thoughts of others for the rest, clothing them in your own words.

(4) If your vicar desires you to prepare candidates for confirmation at so short a notice and for so short time, do so. The responsibility is not yours but his. But ask him first whether there is no confirmation later in the year to which your candidates might go. If it be a matter of necessity take them twice a week, and ask them to come to you after the confirmation for further instruction.

God bless you. Keep up a brave heart. Let worries and perplexities cast you on God. You are His Servant.

He is pledged to help you. 'Lord, I am oppressed: undertake for me.'

Every affectionately yours,
F. J. Chavasse.

14 May, 1897.

I must write one line to wish you every happiness in your married life. This letter will, I hope, meet you on your return home. The best wish that I can have for you both is that your home may be as happy as mine: your marriage as great a spiritual help to you as mine has been to me—a wing to carry you nearer God, not a fetter to bind you to the earth. Make Christ your Guest. Let the Risen Lord abide with you, and He will make every meal a Sacrament, and your home a foretaste of Heaven. Mrs. Duxbury's maiden name brings back to me many happy and grateful memories of Holloway days and of the help I then received from Mrs. B. and her daughters. I specially remember a bright sailor boy, and a sweet girl who married Mr. H. and is now at rest.

Ever affectionately yours,
F. J. Chavasse.

But though his duty was to his students, both present and past, other friends were not forgotten, certainly not old friends who were in trouble, as the following letter to the Rev. W. Abbott bears witness:

Wycliffe Lodge,
Oxford.
15 June, 1890.

My dear Abbott,

My heart has bled for you and Mrs. Abbott

ever since your letter reached me. None but our Divine Lord can comfort you in such a sorrow, and comfort you He will. Sorrow attracts Him. He is nearer than ever to you both. Your dear child is with Him and He is with you.

Be sure that the all-merciful Father tempered the wind to the shorn lamb; that he assuaged the keenness of the thirst and made bearable the long anguish of enforced silence; that in a hundred ways unknown to you now, but all to be known some day, He Himself ministered to His own sweet child when love of father and of mother was powerless. 'Such ever is love's way.' Thirty years ago when quite a child I was supposed to be dying at Torquay. To my father and mother who nursed me most tenderly, I seemed to be suffering agony, yet beyond the feeling of great weakness I suffered comparatively little. I did not even know how ill I was, and I think that my very weakness prevented me from feeling pain. I believe in the *alleviative* Providence of God and that to the sick and dying He mercifully tempers the fierceness of the fire. Be of good comfort; our good Father never forgot His child, and now His child and yours has forgotten all the fury of the storm in the calm and light of His Saviour's Presence. 'He maketh the storm a calm, so that the waves thereof are still. Then are they glad because they be quiet; so He bringeth them into the haven where they would be.' Through that fiery baptism he has passed to some higher ministry in the life of the world to come.

In the first lesson for yesterday morning (14 June) God gave me the message, 'Behold it was for my peace that I had great bitterness' (*Is.* xxxviii. 17, R.V.). Perhaps He gave it me for you. I think he did. You are

drinking at Marah, only as a preparation for Elim. The Tree of Life will sweeten the bitter waters. There God is proving you, and there you shall learn a new name for God, 'Jehovah Rophi,' 'The Lord the healer.' In the knowledge of that new Name you shall have a deeper peace and a renewed strength. Your home, parish, and church, shall feel the tide of the new blessing. Your dear child shall know one day in glory that if in his short bright life God made him a sunbeam in your house, He has made him in his death a spring of blessing to his parents and to the Church of God for ever and ever.

You have my heartfelt sympathy and my continual prayers, and the sympathy and prayers of hundreds of others. In time it will be given you to say with our Master 'The cup which my Father hath given me shall I not drink it?' May I come and see his little body laid to rest? I was present at his baptism on St. Simon's and St. Jude's Day. If you will send me a post card stating time and place, I will be there.

Yours in the deepest sympathy and truest affection,

F. J. Chavasse.

Clearly the pastor's heart and the faith of the simple Christian are not being lost beneath the Principal's gown, just as, years afterwards, when they saw him in episcopal habit, men felt that these nevertheless were the essential things about him; the robes mattered nothing at all.

But having put his hand to the Wycliffe Hall plough, he would not look elsewhere until he could believe that in the Providence of God he had reached the end of the furrow. To this the following letters bear witness.

The first is from the Bishop of Exeter, Dr. Bickersteth; the second is Chavasse's reply to it: the third, of similar import, is his reply to his old friend, Mr. Abbott, the Vicar of Paddington, who had evidently written to him on behalf of a body of trustees.

The Palace,
Exeter.
26 October, 1890.

DEAREST CHAVASSE,

I must venture to bring before you two thoughts, which after much prayer have been borne in upon my mind.

(1) Many of my friends have urged upon me to ask the Queen to allow me to have the aid of a suffragan Bishop. For Devon is one of the largest dioceses in extent, and has 511 parishes and 615 churches and mission chapels—and the parish is the unit—and it is the number of parishes which measures to a great extent the Bishop's work. For example, I have about 116 confirmations every year. I have no doubt that the Queen, if asked, would grant me this aid. Still I had not thought of seeking it at present; but now it has pleased God to take to His rest our dearly beloved Archdeacon Barnes, who resigned his archdeaconry last year and accepted a residentiary canonry with the special object of promoting pastoral theology among the clergy, and he told me some six months ago his whole day was sometimes taken up from morning till night in answering letters from the younger clergy regarding their sermons, or courses of study, or pastoral visitation.... Now

(2) His 'home-call' supplies the means for a suffragan Bishop, for the canonry is £1,000 a year and a house in

Exeter, and if I delay seeking a suffragan now, I may never again have the opportunity of providing the necessary income. Now, dear friend, there is no one in the world I know of, whom I would like to work with so much as my colleague as with yourself. It is not only that my heart has always been drawn to your heart, but we see wonderfully eye to eye in staunch adherence to Evangelical truth, with wide sympathies to true men of other schools. I should feel as happy, if you were holding a Confirmation for me, or ordaining candidates for Holy Orders, as if I were doing it myself. And I do not know any one of whom I could exactly say this except yourself. The diocese seems to me, as far as I can gauge it, full of fresh life. . . . I know well how warmly and fraternally they would all welcome you and Mrs. Chavasse. . . . Do you, dear brother, think that this is a call to transfer your work from Oxford to Devon? Will you commit it to the Lord in prayer? I know what you felt in 1888 and 1889. But I think this opening is different from the others. To be one of the episcopal fathers in Christ's Church has opportunities of influence and an intense interest all its own. And then you have now launched Wycliffe Hall, and possibly, though I do not know the man, God will raise up another to carry on your work there.

Perhaps I may add that Exeter would be a delightful city for the education of your children; it is all alive with intellectual interests, good schools, etc. And I need not say that all the episcopal expenses of my brother bishop, such as travelling, would be borne by me.

You see with what perfect freedom I have written. But indeed I cannot express how much I value your help in the ordinations, and to have you near me always

would be a greater blessing than I had ventured to hope for, since you declined the canonry eighteen months ago.

I must ask you and Mrs. Chavasse to hold this confidential or to consult any friend in strictest secrecy, as the Queen is very jealous of any one taking that she will exercise her Royal prerogative for granted.

Ever yours in our one dear Lord,

E. H. Exon.

P.S. When the Queen grants her permission for a suffragan bishop, the Bishop of the diocese nominates two men. She almost invariably accepts the name which stands first—which of course yours would do. The title would be Bishop of Crediton.

30 October, 1890.

My dear Lord Bishop,

The subject of your letter almost overwhelmed me and I could only spread it before God. Setting aside all personal feelings, I have endeavoured to look at the matter dispassionately and to ask what is my duty to our Lord and the Church.

Two objections at once occurred to me:

(1) That the appointment of an outsider to such a post might create an unpleasant feeling in the diocese. Even if the Bishop of London contemplates another act of episcopal felony and wishes to carry off Archdeacon Sandford, should you not be justified in offering the post first to him, or failing him to Canon Trefusis? They have passed the greater part of their clerical life in the diocese; they are known, trusted, and honoured by the clergy. They are men of tried Christian character, of judgment, of loyalty, and of ability. Would it not

create uneasiness to place a stranger and a junior over them, and one who has no known public gifts?

(2) That the work of Wycliffe Hall has for the present the first claim upon me. God is blessing it. We are full, and have men in lodgings. The attendance at lectures is growing. Our little chapel is crowded. The Greek Testament reading on Sunday evening is beginning to recover from the effects of my move to the north of Oxford, and is growing in interest and numbers, and I trust in usefulness. I am again able to preach at St. Peter-le-Bailey on Sunday evenings during term. Added to this the Council have told me frankly that in the case of my resignation they know of no man at liberty to take my place, and to enter at once upon a work which is the growth of twelve years' labour. The door does not seem to be closing behind me. I may be wrong, but I think that the possibilities of usefulness appear greater here than even in such a high office as you suggest. Moreover, I think that my leaving Wycliffe Hall after only a year's work would look like an act of desertion. It would grieve and perhaps unsettle some of the younger clergy and some of the men in residence They would think not unnaturally that I left a post of usefulness which involves some degree of cross-bearing for another more lucrative and honourable. . . .

22 February, 1897.

My dear Abbott,

'*Aliquando bonus dormitat Homerus.*' I most fully appreciate the great kindness of yourself and Sir Emilius, but if you knew me better you would never dream of making such a proposal. One who knows me well and lives in Birmingham, heard, I know not how,

a rumour in that city that I was to come. He instantly wrote to me a strong letter telling me that I was in no way strong enough for the post. And he is right. A man several sizes larger than I am in every way is needed.

But apart from that, I cannot leave Wycliffe unless my health gives way.

(1) We have just spent £5,000 on the Hall, of which the Council have borrowed £1,300 on an assurance from me that we can pay it off in four or five years. I must see, if I am spared, the Hall safely through this debt. Besides, at the present moment, the freehold is being offered us at a long figure, and my departure at this point might check the negotiations. 'God loves finished work,' and it looks as if my work here were not finished.

(2) I persuaded the Council to add on a new wing. The very term it was ready for occupation, our numbers fell. . . . This was in January. Our near prospects are brightening, but I must stick to the ship. My leaving at this moment would check the flow of applications for admission, and greatly embarrass the Council.

(3) At present, as must be the case with new ventures, there are many and large claims on the Principal. No one could take this post without considerable private means. After a time financial matters will be much better, for we are gradually raising funds to meet expenses for which the Principal is at present responsible.

(4) Though I do not think I have the same hold on the junior members of the University as I had when I lived in New-Inn-Hall Street, yet the Oxford pastoral work[1] is developing excellently, and I think I ought to remain to help it forward. Our Sunday Greek Testament reading is now held in the new Hannington Hall

[1] i.e., of Evangelical Chaplains working amongst undergraduates.

and grows; we had over one hundred men there last night.[1] While the numbers keep up, I ought to stay where I am.

(5) I feel very strongly that a man of greater intellectual power than I have ought to be at Wycliffe. In a few years, please God, such a man will be ready, and then it will be the time for me to give up my present post, and either to work on the staff of the Oxford pastorate, or to return to parochial work.

The man who, with a numerous young family to educate—and two more sons had been born to him at Wycliffe—could write letters such as these had something in him which only the grace of God could give. His heart was in the Hall; that was his heritage. Yet a little outside work he would very occasionally take. The letter, for instance, to which the following, addressed to one who like himself was at one time curate of St. Paul's, Preston, is the reply, was the outcome of a 'Quiet Day' which he had conducted at Kendal for the clergy of the rural deanery. It not only illustrates his industry—'it makes me ashamed,' a friend once said, 'to see all that little man gets through'—but indicates the attitude he took towards that 'Higher Criticism' which was then disturbing people's minds:

Harlech,
9 July, 1896.

Dear Mr. Clarke,

I am utilizing my holiday to answer a number of

[1] Just as once they had burst the confines of his wife's drawing-room and built the Iron Room (see p. 88), so now, with their increased numbers, they had recourse to this, a part of the old New Inn Hall, gallantly secured, after the death of its last Principal, by the (then) Rector of St. Peter-le-Bailey (The Hon. W. Talbot Rice), and now forming part of the proposed St. Peter's Hall scheme.

important letters which reached me during the summer term, but which, amidst the pressure of work at Oxford, I was unable to deal with.

(1) I thoroughly agree with you that our Lord's fasting for forty days had a supernatural element in it. It is recorded by three of the Evangelists as a fact, in the midst of a series of facts, and I cannot see how it can be explained away without injuring the credibility of the Gospels in which it is recorded. No doubt fasting is easier in an Eastern land than in a Western, but making every allowance, a forty days' fast partakes of the miraculous. We are not, it seems to me, called upon to explain how it can be done; we are not called to imitate Him in the letter but in the spirit.

(2) With regard to the Higher Criticism I think it is our wisdom at present to suspend our final judgment. To deny the Davidic authorship of all the Psalms but one is extraordinarily rash. It is likely enough that some of the Psalms which have been attributed to David were not written by him, but I should say that internal and external evidence strongly favour the old-fashioned opinion that many of them were. I think you would find much that is helpful on the subject in Professor Kirkpatrick's *Commentary on the Psalms* in the Cambridge Bible series.

You must have come to St. Paul's, Preston, some seven or eight years after I left. Some of my happiest days were spent there, and some of my best lessons learnt amongst its people.

With every good wish,

Believe me, Ever faithfully yours,

F. J. Chavasse.

But it was on the Hall and its men, and those Sunday evening sermons at his old church of St. Peter's which helped to fill both Church and Hall, that he spent his strength, and the tributes to his work which have come from his students—six of whom have become bishops—all emphasize the thoroughness of his pastoral care, as well as the exceeding value of his lectures and sermons. 'In St. Peter's pulpit at this period,' writes one who often heard him, Canon French of Clonfert, 'he was at his best. The sermon always lasted just half-an-hour and never seemed long. It almost always followed a particular plan. First there would be a short pithy sentence which would arrest attention; then a sentence or two to picture the scene or elucidate the context. The subject would then be treated under three (or four) heads. At the close would occur some words which would recall the brief introduction. This orderly arrangement made his sermons easy to store in the mind. He always preached in the extempore manner, but used a few notes. We of the University had the advantage of hearing now and then the greatest preachers of the English Church, e.g., Bishop Boyd-Carpenter and others. No one would place Chavasse on a level with some of these as a pulpit orator, but as a preacher to an ordinary mixed congregation in a parish church he appeared to many to be without a rival. His simplicity of style and language was not due to ignorance, but to careful preparation. It is probable that this simplicity, coupled with his humility, often veiled from others his fine intellect and sound learning.' So another[1], in exactly similar strain: 'He was not a great preacher like Magee or

[1]Rev. W. G. D. Fletcher, M.A., F.S.A., Curate of Holy Trinity, Oxford, 1878–1882.

Liddon, but excellent for an ordinary parish congregation, and his sermons went home to men's hearts.'

But it was in the more personal work, after all, that his influence was most vivid. 'It fell to my lot,' writes the Rev. J. Sinclair Stevenson, a former member of the Greek Testament class, 'as an aspirant to the ministry in the Presbyterian Church to exchange Oxford for Edinburgh, a University then at the height of its glory in matters theological. Flint, Rainy, Marcus Dods, A. B. Davidson—you could hardly have asked for a more distinguished or more inspiring galaxy of teachers. Yet there was one student there who somehow felt spiritually lonely. It was wonderful but it was not Oxford, not the Oxford at all events of that Greek Testament room. Everything appealed in the most convincing and illuminating way to the head, but somehow one's heart was left hungry. . . . Then, how exactly the miracle came about I do not know, but for one precious and unforgettable summer term, I, a Presbyterian, was allowed to be numbered among the Wycliffe men as the Principal's guest. . . . I went back to a very different Edinburgh, for I was changed myself; the lectures, never lacking in ability or interest seemed to take on a new spiritual glow. That Wycliffe term had coloured (for me) the whole grey study of theology with the bright hues of the 'rainbow-coloured grace of God'. . . . He walked with God, and he had the power of making others conscious that in his presence God Himself was near.' . . . What he thus did for one he must have done for many. The influence of a life utterly surrendered to the Divine message cannot be measured. So his 'Good-night' was 'a veritable benediction.' His counsels, too, sank deep, for under all his humility

men recognized the practical sagacity of his outlook. Here are a few, gathered from the note-books of pupils[1] who revered the man, and treasured his insight and his wisdom: 'God's bidding is God's enabling.' 'We are men of power as we are men of prayer.' 'It is far easier to preach than to pray.' 'Praying will keep you from sinning, or sinning will keep you from praying.' 'If you preach exactly the same sermons as you did ten years ago, there is something wrong.' 'In preaching do not be like Abraham who went out not knowing whither he went.' 'Aim at preaching extempore, but not till you are master of the situation.' 'Let your sermon come out of the text. Don't be like Rowland Hill who once said to his people, 'First I will go outside my subject, then I will go round my subject, then I will go into my subject'.' 'A sermon should not be a spoonful of thought in a riverful of words.' 'Avoid curious texts, avoid Scripture conjuring.' 'Sermons should not come out of the factory but out of life.' 'A good extempore preacher knows what he is going to say, but does not know how he is going to say it.' 'The best cure for pride in a popular preacher is to visit from house to house.' 'You will learn some of your best lessons in the homes of your people.' 'Visiting is the best of all Church defences.' 'Visit at all times, in all weathers, and in all states of health.' 'Don't be a smileless man in black. We Christians too often lack the grace of gladness. A glad heart makes work easier, attracts our people, commends our religion, and, I believe, adds to our spiritual and physical health.' 'Do not emulate the Hall.' 'The doubtful novel will find no place on your table.' 'Be moderate in your wearing of jewellery *if* you see fit to

[1]Especially the Rev. W. Dinsdale Young.

wear any.' 'Throw your strength into a few things.' 'Be the child of your age, not its slave.' Last of all, here is a self-revealing sentence from one of his lectures on the Ordinal—'One great need of the Church to-day, and especially of the Evangelical section, is Reverence. It is *that awe which steps back in the presence of God*.' Was this in his mind when later on he came to give his consent to plans for a cathedral which should be, so far as Art could make it, not merely a place for great preaching, but a home of reverent prayer?

After an interval of more than a quarter of a century since his last official lecture had been delivered in the Hall, he was called upon to render it one more service, and preach at the Jubilee on 2 June, 1927. It was the last 'occasion' on which he preached, and his sermon may fitly form the conclusion to this chapter. The text was an apt one—*Job* viii. 7, '*Though thy beginning was small, yet thy latter end should greatly increase*, and the sermon itself was in structure of the usual three-fold type:

'On this red-letter day when we meet, as a band of brothers, round God's Board to praise Him for the opening of Wycliffe Hall fifty years ago, for its half-century of usefulness and for the part it has played in the life of each of us, and to beseech Him that its future may be even greater than its past, let me remind you of three of the great objects for which Wycliffe Hall stands, and of the manner of clergy which our founders wished *us* to be, who have lived and learnt or taught within its walls.

'Three of the objects for which Wycliffe Hall stands are these: (1) The maintenance of evangelical truth; (2)

A Holiday and Youthful Caricature by his son, Noel

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The upholding of primitive faith and order; and (3) The extension of Christ's Kingdom at home and abroad.

I

'Wycliffe Hall stands for the guarding and proclaiming of evangelical truth.

'It is customary in these days to insist that the great and vital, and sometimes the *only*, difference between the Church of England and the Church of Rome lies in the fact that the Church of England refuses to acknowledge the supremacy of the Pope. No doubt this is a vital difference, but it is not the only one, nor is it the most vital. That 'the Bishop of Rome hath no jurisdiction in this realm of England' is affirmed in Article XXXVII, but if it were the only point of cleavage I question if our Church could justify its existence as a separate body for the past nearly 400 years. The repudiation of the Papal supremacy might flatter our national pride, and correspond with the sturdy independence of the English character, but I doubt if it would, of itself alone, have fully vindicated the rupture at the Reformation; nor would it be sufficient to account for the tremendous forces which were then brought into play. It was not mainly a question of jurisdiction, but a question of truth which led to the repudiation of Rome by the Church of England. 'Greece' in Dean Stanley's picturesque phrase, 'had risen from the grave with the Greek Testament in her hand.' The study of the sources of Christianity in the language in which they had been originally written, had led men of God in various parts of Europe to note the divergences between the doctrinal teaching of the Apostolic writings and many parts of the creed of the Church at this time. They

learnt to regard the New Testament as the great final court of appeal in all matters of faith and conduct. Amongst all the great truths won back at the Reformation surely the greatest was not the falseness of the Papal claims, but the assured supremacy of Holy Scripture in credal and ethical questions. The sheet anchor of the English Church is not Article XXXVII, which rejects the claims of Rome, but Article VI, which asserts the supremacy of the Word of God, which is the well-spring of Evangelical Truth. More than forty years ago a Roman Catholic lady of education and ability asked one of the clergy of this city to receive her into the Church of England. Questioned as to her reason for wishing to take so grave a step, she immediately replied, 'Your Church tells me that I need believe nothing as necessary to salvation but what can be proved by Holy Scripture. My Church tells me that I must also accept what is taught by tradition. Now I know that the Bible comes from God, but I cannot be sure that all that tradition teaches is of God; and I feel as if I had one foot on the rock of Holy Scripture and the other on the sand of tradition, and I wish to have both my feet upon the rock.' She had grasped, as I believe, the fundamental difference between the two Churches. Wycliffe Hall, in its Trust Deed, emphatically lays hold on this vital point, and without compromise, apology, or hesitation, affirms as one of the great principles upon which the Hall is founded: 'that the Holy Scriptures were written by inspiration of God, and are to be taken as the sole standard of religious truth in the plain sense of Article VI of the Church of England.'

'From the Bible, as interpreted by the Thirty-nine Articles, the Trust Deed of our Hall lays down four

other great principles for which it stands, with reference to matters in controversy at the present time. In the forefront it places the great central fact of the Atonement, 'that the offering of Christ once made is that perfect redemption, propitiation, and satisfaction for all the sins of the whole world, and that there is no other satisfaction for sin but that alone' (Article XXXI). The Old and New Testaments alike insist upon the fact of the Atonement, but nowhere, as Bishop Butler points out, explain it. The ministry that ignores the Atonement cannot touch the deepest cravings of the human heart.

'Next, it insists on the fact of justification by faith, 'that we are accounted righteous before God only for the merit of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ, by faith, and not for our own works and deservings.' And it adds a pregnant sentence from the Homily on the Salvation of Mankind that 'faith doth not shut out repentance, hope, love, dread, and fear of God, to be joined with faith in every man that is justified, but it shutteth them out from the office of justifying.' 'Faith alone saves, but not a faith that is alone.'

'Then, turning to the two Sacraments of the Gospel, the Trust Deed reiterates the teaching of our Articles that they convey grace but do not contain it; that grace is not to be looked for in the consecrated water of Baptism, nor in the consecrated bread and wine at the Holy Communion. 'The Body and Blood of Christ are taken and received by believing communicants alone, and by them only after a spiritual manner.'

'Lastly, turning to the Ministry, we are reminded that the office of the ministers of God, as laid down in the Ordinal, is that 'of messengers, watchmen, and

stewards of the Lord, and that they are not authorized to offer propitiatory sacrifices, or to pronounce in any judicial sense the absolution and remission of sins, as if they stood in the place of God, but only in a declaratory and precatory sense.'

'Thus clearly and positively, because it believes that these things are part of Evangelical Truth as taught by the Bible, the Trust Deed of Wycliffe Hall lays down the lines upon which its sons are to be trained for the ministry of the Church of England, as regards matters in controversy at the present day.

II

'Wycliffe Hall stands also for the maintenance of primitive faith and order in the Church.

'While it is not *ashamed* to speak of the Church of England as Protestant and Reformed, it is equally not *afraid* to affirm its Catholicity, and to thank God for our Catholic inheritance. It emphatically declares its unity with the Primitive Church. It repudiates, as historically untrue, the statement that the Church of England was born at the Reformation; that it is the creation of any King or Parliament. At the great religious upheaval in the sixteenth century it was not called into being, but it was purified and reformed. It is far older than the State. It stood at the cradle of Parliament. It has grown with our national growth, and is interwoven with the whole of our national history. At the Reformation, while it cast out many errors and superstitions, it retained Episcopacy and the three orders of the Christian Ministry as necessary for the *bene esse*, if not for the *esse* of a Church. It preserved the ancient prayers, services, and customs of the Church which were untainted by error

and superstition, and placed them in a new setting. Canon Garbett, one of the founders of Wycliffe Hall, in his Bampton Lectures on 'The Dogmatic Faith,' has likened the Church to a stream which he who will can track up to its source. You may turn your boat's head up the turbid and polluted river which was cleansed at the Reformation. You will pass many a great landmark, and traverse many a long and winding reach until you sight Nicæa. It is still the same river. You note from time to time how the waters which were once pure have become defiled by the inflow of streams of error. You may press up beyond Nicæa. 'It yet flows on, a river of truth, deep, broad, and strong, only the swifter because its banks have narrowed on either side. Still you trace it back—the faith of our own Church and the faith of the Nicene Fathers flowing together, a stream of truth, one and indistinguishable.' You press on till you reach the spot where the river, scarcely more than a brook, rises amongst the hills of Palestine, and you stand awed and spellbound where its waters well out in all their freshness and purity from their primal source, which is God. Of that river, Wycliffe Hall, like Canon Garbett, teaches the men whom it sends forth that the Church of England, to-day, is a part; that, to drop the figure, it is a true and pure branch of that One, Holy, Catholic, and Apostolic Church founded by our Lord Himself, œcumenical in its range, all-embracing in its truth, and lasting until its Divine Founder comes again.

III

'Wycliffe Hall stands, lastly, for the extension of Christ's Kingdom at home and abroad.

'It was founded by men who belonged to that section

of the Church of England which, with all its many grave faults, and mistakes, and shortcomings, has ever been fired in the past by a passionate love for the souls and bodies of those for whom Christ died. These were the men who, when the great Industrial Revolution suddenly transformed little villages into huge towns, and darkened with the smoke of tens of thousands of chimneys, not only the clear light of the sun, but for a time God and the eternal World, did so much to evangelize the shrewd, sturdy, independent workers of the land with the Gospel of our Lord. They were the men who brought about the abolition of slavery, and passed the Factory Acts, the charter of the child and the oppressed working men and women of these days. They were the men who first started, and for a time worked almost unaided, great schemes for temperance, and purity, and social reform. They were the men who brought back to the Church of our forefathers a burning zeal for the evangelization of the heathen, the Moslem, and the Jew. In this work Wycliffe Hall has played its little part at home and abroad. It has sent out 600 men, of whom not a few have fallen asleep, but the great majority are still toiling for souls in God's vineyard. Sixty of its members have gone into the mission field. Three of its sons have fallen as Bishops in heathen lands: Bishop Pym at Bombay, Bishops Elwin and Walmsley in West Africa. William Fremantle and Harry Rowlands, 'dead ere their prime,' hold India with their dead bodies for Christ; and John Callis, William Cox, and Arthur Pilson lie waiting in Africa, amongst the people for whom they laid down their lives, till the trumpet shall sound. To-day, some of the best-known living English missionaries are men who received their

training in Wycliffe Hall. And still the apostolic succession goes on.

'In the great and difficult days which lie before the Church we love so dearly, the sons of Wycliffe Hall will have their part to play. And they will only play it effectually so far as they bear in mind that they are guardians both of evangelical and catholic truth; that they are no mere mass priests, but the commissioned prophets of the God of Righteousness and Truth and Love, and the representatives and witnesses of the Ascended Christ, Who, as at this time, sent His Holy Spirit to abide with His Church and with them.

'The tide of religious apathy is, I believe, beginning to turn, and history teaches us that with days of controversy, upheaval, and distress there come, almost always, days of spiritual revival. The cloud no larger than a man's hand is seen far away upon the horizon, and we pray that soon our Ascended Lord will make the heavens black with the wind of His Spirit and with the rain of spiritual blessing. In the expectation of that great and nearing day, may we, the sons of this Hall, so live and pray and toil and preach that when a troubled and dissatisfied nation looks upon its ancient Church, and demands an account of its stewardship, and when hostile and heated voices repeat the stern old cry, *Delenda est Carthago*, a far greater company which that Church has helped, in its hour of need, may rise up and reply in gratitude and love, 'Destroy it not, for a blessing is in it.' May God's Spirit help us to play our part as men that wait for their Lord, that when He cometh and knocketh we may open to Him immediately.'

THE EPISCOPATE
(1900–1923)

CHAPTER VI

The Episcopate

THE START

IT may be that in making and training men who should also be able ministers of the Gospel, Mr. Chavasse did his most fruitful work. But there were those who designed for him a more conspicuous post and a wider range of activity, and on 3 March, 1900, a letter came from Lord Salisbury, the Prime Minister of the day, announcing that he had the Queen's permission to offer him the See of Liverpool. The letter was short, but it affirmed the writer's belief that the nomination would be satisfactory to the people of that city, valuable to the Church, and offered a field of action which would be sympathetic to himself. His answer was as follows:

Wycliffe Lodge,
Oxford.
7 March, 1900.

My Lord,

I have consulted nine of my friends, and yesterday and to-day have received their answers. They tell me with one accord that I ought not to shrink from the responsibilities even of such a bishopric as Liverpool. There is, therefore, no course open to me but to accept your Lordship's offer. I do so with a very heavy heart, and with many strong misgivings. I can only try, by God's help, to do my duty. I humbly hope that I may

never give you reason to regret your choice, and may never cause the Church we love so well to take any hurt or hindrance.

I remain,
Your Lordship's faithful servant,
F. J. CHAVASSE.

One of the nine friends was Mr. Abbott, who had been instrumental in bringing him from Preston to London, and to him he opens his heart.

MY DEAR ABBOTT,

I am in real perplexity and distress. Will you give your prayers and advice? Lord Salisbury has asked me to go to Liverpool. The prospect of such a step appals me, yet if it be a call from God I must go. The decision depends, I think, on the point, Where can I be more useful, in Oxford or in Liverpool? My own judgment and inclination lead me to say, In Oxford. A man with my feeble body, average ability, and temperament, can hardly be intended by God to such a diocese. God is blessing Wycliffe, and ought I to leave it at present? Can I not do more good by training Bishops than by becoming one? . . . . .

But it was no choice of alternatives, really. In his new home, as we shall see, he not only continued his work of preparing men for ordination, but actually trained Bishops by setting an example of what episcopacy might mean to the half-dozen or more of his clergy who have since reached episcopal rank, and who would be first to acknowledge the blessing of his influence. When the appointment became known letters poured in. To Walter Lock he replied as follows:

Wycliffe Lodge,
Oxford,
24 March, 1900.

My dear Lock,

Your letter was a real help and encouragement. Heart and flesh fail at the prospect before me. The more I think about the matter the more I am perplexed and amazed that I should be called to such a work. Never was a weaker man bidden to undertake a greater task. My own comfort is that, so far as I can see, I am bidden, and if God bids He enables. Give me a niche in your prayers. Nothing helps me like the knowledge that friends are pleading with God for me. . . . .

Gifts of plate and furniture came to him from old Wycliffe men, to whom he replied with characteristic modesty, 'The best return I can make is to try to carry out in Liverpool the lessons which you taught me in Oxford.' In almost any other man it would be regarded as a pose were he so to speak, but Chavasse meant it. So again:

Wycliffe Lodge,
Oxford.
14 March, 1900.

Your sympathy and love have cheered me more than I can express. I go forward to meet the unknown future and all its difficulties with a trustful if with a trembling heart. From the new work which is opening before me a far stronger and abler man than I am might well shrink. It was its very difficulty which led me first to think that the call must come from God. The life at Wycliffe Hall was exceedingly happy. Many initial difficulties seemed things of the past. God was blessing

our labours; and our prospects were still brightening. Then came the offer. Friends on whose judgment I could rely with one voice declared it was my duty to accept it: and I did so.

I have three boons to ask of you:

(1) Do not cease your prayers on my behalf. They are greatly needed.

(2) Pray that the right man may be sent to Wycliffe Hall as Principal.

(3) Hold together, and support the Hall as you have done in the past. If the work go back the labours of my honoured predecessor and of myself have failed. Help, as you have helped, to lift Wycliffe Hall to a still higher level of usefulness and to make it a far greater power in the Church of Christ.

May He, Who has used you to strengthen me in the hour of my need, uphold and strengthen you.

He was consecrated on 25 April, St. Mark's Day, in the nave of York Minster which was so used for the first time—such was the crowd both of old Oxford men and of Liverpool Churchmen who desired to be present. As there was then no Chapter at Liverpool, the *congé d'élire* did not take place, and a considerable time was saved. But he secured a month of quiet: 'These Arabias of one's life before entering upon a great work are very precious to us and very necessary' wrote the Archbishop (Maclagan) to him when the date of consecration was being fixed. The Bishops of Oxford (Stubbs) and Exeter (Bickersteth) presented him, the anthem was 'Be thou faithful unto death'—the words were a kind of motto to him ever afterwards—and the sermon was preached by Dr. Handley Moule, who in a letter had already

bidden him to feel 'all the peace and power that lie in the fact of a perfectly clear and perfectly unsought call from the Chief Shepherd.' In the light of that self-sacrificing life which the great city was soon to know and appreciate, the preacher's quotation of St. Bernard's letter to Eugenius was exquisitely apposite:

'If Christ hath sent me, I have come not to be ministered unto but to minister: I have come to give my very life in service for many. Am I Paul's true successor? Then am I no lord over their faith, but helper of their joy. Am I Peter's heir? Then am I no lord over God's heritage, but an example to the flock. Let me learn not only not to grasp my own but not to be my own at all.'

If 'with a heavy heart and with many misgivings' he had consented to take Dr. Ryle's place, he now (we may be sure) went forward with courage and with hope. 'If God bids He enables.' But 'Be patient with me' he asked in his first message to the diocese. 'Confidence and sympathy are not the creation of a day, but the growth of months or years. I do not ask for them at first. I shall make mistakes. I shall have much to learn. But till confidence and sympathy come, give me a patient trial.' A man who so appeals does not usually go unrewarded.

His enthronement followed on Thursday, 31 May, and a luncheon at the Town Hall, where the new Bishop spoke of himself as coming 'from the South which grows stock, to the North which grows men,' from stripling Thames to the mighty Mersey, and paid a generous tribute to his predecessor, Dr. Ryle, 'that man of granite with the heart of a child, the man whose name is better known throughout that part of Christendom where the

English language is spoken than that of any other except Charles Spurgeon.' Then on the Sunday, Whit-Sunday, he preached his first sermon in his Cathedral church. The text was 'Not by might nor by power but by My Spirit, saith the Lord of hosts,' and towards the end he 'broke through the reserve of the pulpit,' as he himself put it, and said a word about himself.

'Nothing but the great truth enshrined in the old words of the great Eastern Creed, *I believe in the Holy Ghost, the Lord and Giver of Life*, would have emboldened me to come amongst you as your Bishop. When a man enters upon any new work, if he think at all, his thoughts wander to that solemn account which he must one day give. None will have to give so solemn an account as the bishops of Christ's Church: none have higher responsibilities and none have greater opportunities. When in the prospect of this awful and all-searching judgment flesh and blood fail, where can a man find strength to go forward and face the work to which God has called him? Only in two great facts of the Church's history—in the sacrifice of Calvary, perfected by the Resurrection and Ascension, and in the descent of the Holy Spirit on the day of Pentecost. He looks to Calvary, and with one of old he cries, Lord Jesus, Thy wounds are my righteousness. He looks to the day of Pentecost, and remembers that the Crucified lives still to give to him the power He gave to men of old, the power which made the weak strong, the inexperienced wise, the coward brave, and which transformed the fishermen and publicans of Galilee into preachers, the first preachers of Christ's Gospel. It is to that ever present Spirit that he turns and cries as but this moment we have sung,

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Spirit of purity and grace,
My weakness pitying see:
Oh make my heart Thy dwelling place
And meet for Thee.'

So began his preaching ministry with insistence on two themes of which he never tired.

The Diocese over which the new Bishop had been called to preside embraces that part of South-West Lancashire which is bounded by a line drawn from a little north of Southport to the east of Warrington, and includes not only these towns, but St. Helens, Wigan, Bootle, Ormskirk, and Widnes, in addition of course to Liverpool itself. If country parishes are few, there is, nevertheless, considerable variety about it, and this great advantage that the Bishop need never sleep out of his own house. Liverpool is its geographical and commercial centre, and though Manchester has a certain hold upon some of its inhabitants and the Diocese of Chester claims the support of many who sleep 'across the river' but spend their working life in Liverpool, yet there is a unity and compactness about the area which must make its bishop an object of envy to many of his brethren. The great city itself with its teeming life and varied interests must always remain the principal theatre of its bishop's operations, and so rich was it at the opening of the new century, not only in material resources, but in civic pride, that not content with adding to its docks and providing, *inter alia*, better accommodation for the teaching of Art and technology, it set itself to build a University with one hand and a Cathedral with the other. In the multifarious activities of this high-spirited community, the Bishop was now to take his part, and so untiring was his industry that soon no

gathering ever seemed quite complete without him, and so wise his oratory that the *Liverpool Post* before long began a leading article with the remark that the Bishop had never yet made a speech in the city without saying something that everyone had afterwards felt to be the one thing that needed to be said. The blend in him of humility and courage won men's admiration and confidence, while his words, clear and concise, touched with an emotion always well under control, with just a little undercurrent of quite spontaneous humour, always found their mark. Besides, he was quick and ready. 'Where shall we find wind to drive the good ship of our new proposals along,' asked the Minister of Education at a public meeting. 'Make it a steamer,' cried the Bishop. It was inevitable that the first month or two should be crowded with engagements, for he wanted to know his people and they him, but the pressure on his brain and heart must have been immense. Within a few weeks he had spoken at some length on such subjects as Sunday schools, Church music, Missionary work, the war in South Africa, the training of children, the relative merits of day and boarding schools, evening communion—all this in addition to the burden of those three Sunday sermons which he at once imposed on himself and carried gallantly to the very end. Would he have done more good, in the long run, if he had stayed sometimes after lunch, and listened to a lonely clergyman's tale of mingled success and failure, and not sped away to an afternoon service at a neighbouring parish, and then, after a hurried tea, to a third service elsewhere? To some it would seem so. But he knew best what he could do well, and the people and not the clergy only were his care and charge. Never, anyhow, did he allow a kindness

shown him in his journeyings to pass unnoticed. This brief letter, addressed to the wife of a Birkdale churchwarden, is typical alike of his gratitude and of his labours:

'I must write one line to thank you and Mr. H. for your generous hospitality, and great kindness to me on Sunday. I greatly enjoyed my visit, and in a great measure owing to the rest I had in your house, and your thoughtful care of me, I was able to address a large gathering of men in Ormskirk Church without feeling tired. I am indeed most grateful. We had another helpful service at Maghull, and I reached home at 9 p.m. after a very happy day. I trust that God's best blessing will rest on you both, and on your sons and daughter.'

Such letters—and he must have written hundreds—contributed not a little to the spread of his influence, and had their reward in the generosity of lay-folk whenever he made an appeal. Small wonder is it that he became irresistible.

On 23 October he met his Diocesan Conference for the first time. His address was something of a manifesto. It began, as was right, with a reference to Dr. Ryle, a man who had 'lived so as to be missed.' 'I look back,' said his successor, 'with great thankfulness on my last interview with him in 1897, when after an address to his priests I bade him farewell in his own house. Laying his hand upon my shoulder he said, 'Come, let us pray for Oxford before you go.' My last view of him as he rose from his knees with the light of God's presence in his face will never be forgotten.' He went on to refer to the Church House, 'the first embodiment in stone of our diocesan life,' and the Ryle Library where the first

bishop's books, bequeathed by him to the Diocese, were to be housed. He then spoke of his own past, and the lines of theological thought that were his by inheritance, by education, and by conviction, and from which he was not likely to stray. 'Born,' he said, 'of old-fashioned evangelical parents whose lives beautified and illuminated their teaching; reared under an evangelical ministry where nobility of character, saintliness of life, and self-sacrifice to duty made religion an attraction and an inspiration; proving the strength and sufficiency of what I had been taught in times of sickness, sorrow, and bereavement, and in the face of death itself; finding the faith of my childhood growing, strengthening, deepening, and widening in a ministry of thirty years, twenty-two of which were passed in a University city, where contact with the finest examples of other schools of thought, won my reverence and admiration, but not my allegiance; and lecturing for eleven years in a theological college on the Gospels and Epistles, the Prayer Book, Articles, and Ecclesiastical History, and becoming more convinced than ever as I lectured of the truth and reasonableness of my position, I am not likely to cast off convictions so deeply rooted, when, in the providence of God, I find myself in this great Northern city as a chief pastor.'

Yet, he added, while he held his own principles with all his might—and there was iron in that gentle frame—he trusted that he was not intolerant. We knew 'in part,' and there were many whose bent of mind, education, and environment had led them to think differently, and he would strive not to be the Bishop of a party but of the Church, 'to be very little of the lord and very much of the father.' Then he went on: 'But since there must be some

limit to which I can go, and since I desire that that limit should be as clear and as obvious and as just as possible, I shall naturally look to the Lambeth Judgment and to the Archbishops' decisions on Incense and Reservation as the limit of my toleration. Where they are ignored and disobeyed, however painful the course may be—and it will be most painful—I can neither preach, confirm, license any assistant clergy, nor lend countenance or support, direct or indirect. For the lawlessness which sets up a Church authority of its own, which on the one side refuses to obey in spiritual matters a secular court because it is secular, and on the other side a spiritual court because it is not constituted according to its own liking, or because its decisions do not coincide with the laws of a 'catholic church' which it is most difficult to define and still more difficult to discover, not only brings confusion into the flock of Christ, which He has purchased with His own Blood, but lowers throughout the community that respect for the majesty of law and authority, without which no Church and no Commonwealth can possibly hold together, and which we as clergy ought to be the foremost to evidence in our lives. A lawless Church will soon lead to a lawless State; and the swift Nemesis of lawlessness is ruin.' This was clear and strong and courageous, fair to the men who were likely not to conform—and there were, as it turned out, one or two—and creditable to himself. Having made his decision, he kept to it all the years of his episcopate.

Next followed a survey of needs, and, first of all, more clergy. To add to the supply of these he informed his hearers that he had taken the house next door to the Palace where he hoped shortly to have five or six graduates in training. This venture he spoke of as a 'de-

light' to himself; it must also have been an added toil to Mrs. Chavasse and an outlet for the Bishop's generosity. 'Where is your son now?' he once asked one of his clergy, and, in reply to the information, the answer came at once, 'Send him here: it shall cost you nothing.' He spoke with hope, too, of a Church hostel in connection with University College; this remains a task for the future. Then came references to an increase of lay help; lay readers, church councillors, diocesan readers, lady workers, deaconesses, all received recognition, together with a plea for the extension of their work. The Diocese had indeed always been rich in this respect. Within its borders there were several influential families, loyal rather to the old Anglican tradition than to the prevailing type of Liverpool churchmanship, yet able and ready to give their new Bishop the most generous assistance. The majority of his hearers had been trained in a different school of thought, by men like McNeile, Lefroy, and Falloon, but from them had learnt themselves to undertake work for the Master's cause; others again were the product of the Moody and Sankey Missions of 1873 and 1883. In all these their new Bishop's appeal for fuller lay co-operation struck a responsive chord, and the foundations of their confidence in him were well and truly laid. Last came the need of a Cathedral. Bishop Ryle, he said, had worked up to it, and there was a widespread expectation that a Cathedral both should and would be built. But, he went on, 'if a cathedral is to be built certain important conditions must be borne in mind:

'(1) The building must be worthy of Liverpool and of the Church of England. A poor Cathedral which costs

the Diocese nothing in the way of self-sacrifice and which is very little superior to some of the new parish churches which have recently sprung up in Lancashire and Cheshire would create wide-spread disappointment. The stranger visiting this great and wealthy port, and eager to see for himself our new Cathedral, would turn aside with something like contempt from a cheap and inadequate structure which was all that Liverpool, which built St. George's Hall and the Municipal Buildings, could offer to the praise and glory of God. It must be an

immense
and glorious work of fine intelligence.

'(2) If the whole of such a building cannot be erected at once it must be built, as the cathedrals of the Middle Ages were built, piecemeal. If our generation can only raise £100,000, let it put up the choir or part of it, and let those who come after us complete it. We owe much to the past; let us repay it by making the future our debtor. Let us do our best, and leave it for our children and our children's children to crown the work.

'(3) It should be built by the whole of the Diocese; not merely by the large and generous donations of the rich, which indeed will be needed, but also by the smaller gifts of the poor; not by one school of thought in the Church, but by all. The men that go down to the sea in ships and who have made Liverpool rich; the hardy labourers in our docks and in our streets; the miners who hew the path 'which no bird of prey knoweth, and which the falcon's eye hath not seen'; the tillers of the soil, who week by week bring their produce to the Liverpool market; the workers in our factories; the children in our schools; the servants in our homes, must

all be able to say, as they look up to its 'silent cross,' or worship beneath its soaring roofs, or walk round its stately walls, 'we helped to build it.' It must be the Cathedral of the people, built by them, loved by them, thronged by them—their pride, their glory, their spiritual home, their protest against the blind materialism of a money-loving age, the expression of their undying faith in the Living God for Whose Glory nothing is too magnificent, and for the honour of Whose Name they have freely denied themselves to give of their very best. There are at least 750,000 Church people in the Diocese. If everyone will do his utmost, if every parish will contribute its quota, not only will a vast sum of money be raised, but the interest felt in the new Cathedral will quicken the enthusiasm of the masses for the cause of Christ. Men feel but a languid interest in that which is done for them, but the liveliest interest in that which they help to do themselves, and which costs them something in doing it.

'(4) It must be adapted to the needs of the times. The age requires something more than a large parish church with seating accommodation for thousands of people. In the Cathedral of which I dream there would be daily services of the best and most reverent kind for the rich and the poor, at hours suited to both. There would be smaller chapels where Quiet Days for Clergy and Laity would be held, and where lectures on Church questions would be delivered. Attached to it would be a staff of Cathedral clergy, not holding other benefices, but living and working entirely for the Diocese. There would be Canons to whom would be entrusted, as at Exeter, the oversight of religious education, the management of Parochial Missions, the supervision of junior clergy,

the fostering of an interest in the spread of the Gospel at home and abroad. There would be clergy able to look after vacant parishes, and to go to the help of sick vicars. There would be others, with special gifts for preaching, who would assist the clergy by taking courses of sermons in Lent and Advent, and by lecturing throughout the Diocese on Christian evidences, Biblical criticism, Church history, and the best methods of Church work. There would be something like a central school of Church music, which, while seeking to make our singing more congregational than it is at present, would set the tone of a high-class and devotional service.

'Such an undertaking is a great one, but its accomplishment would mean for this Diocese cohesion, life, progress, spirituality and reverence.

'(5) It must not be built at the cost of our present Church and philanthropic work. Our schools, our poor, our hospitals, our many and great institutions, our social ventures must not be starved. The great populations of Orrell, Fazakerley, Wavertree, Mossley Hill, Skelmersdale and Walton, which now cry out for new churches, must not be allowed to cry in vain. We Churchmen of the Liverpool Diocese must show that we can deny ourselves for Christ and His cause, and we must learn something of the strength and joy of self-sacrifice. Our future Cathedral must be such a building that some future Wordsworth may be able to sing of it:

'Give all thou can'st; high Heaven rejects the lore
Of nicely calculated less or more;
So deemed the men who fashioned for the sense
These lofty pillars, spread that branching roof
Self poised, and scooped into ten thousand cells,

Where light and shade repose, where music dwells
Lingering—and wandering on as loth to die;
Like thoughts whose very sweetness yieldeth proof
That they were born for Immortality.'

It was all well and convincingly said. In a true sense the speech laid the foundation of the Cathedral. In the following month, the Sites' Committee met. On 3 June, 1901, they were able to present a unanimous report, together with promises amounting to £125,000. A fortnight later came a great meeting at the Town Hall, addressed (amongst others) by the Earl of Derby, Sir William Forwood, Sir Edward Russell, and the Bishop himself, who in the judgment of many was *facile princeps* on the occasion. 'In future ages,' he declared, 'men will say of the present time that it was a period when faith was growing dim. Our children in those days will point to our Cathedral standing aloft on St. James's Mount—and that will be their answer.' This was followed by a Pastoral Letter from the Bishop in which he announced the decision to the Diocese, and urged that the effort must be great, united, and sustained:

'My brethren in the Lord, I commend this work to your faith and prayers, to your sympathy and alms. It is no small honour that we should be called by God to build for His glory a Cathedral which shall witness for Him long after we are dead, in the midst of a great community where the temptation is so great to make gold our god and pleasure the chief end of life. To us, as to the builders of old, comes the message of God's prophet, 'Be strong all the people of the land and work, for I am with you, saith the Lord of hosts.' Let us reply as they did, 'The God of Heaven He will pros-

per us; therefore we His servants will arise and build.'

The foundation-stone was laid by King Edward VII on 19 July, 1904. It was the fitting climax to the first period of a notable episcopate. By his comity, his good sense and his sympathy, the new Bishop had steered the project through the shoals of a vexatious quarrel over sites, softened the asperities of local ecclesiastical life, and united men of widely different views and temperament in the joy of a common and united effort.

THE EARLIER YEARS

The warm-hearted people of South-West Lancashire now had a Bishop after their own heart. Only two years after his appointment an article on 'Our Bishop' in the *Liverpool Post* by 'An Oxford Man' gave the prevailing opinion:

'When the announcement was made in the papers that the Queen had been pleased to sanction the appointment of the Rev. F. J. Chavasse to the Bishopric of Liverpool, most people were surprised. Who was Mr. Chavasse? What had he done? Was he a great preacher? Was he a writer—a scholar? Who was he? Many prominent names had been mentioned in connection with the appointment; his was not among them. What were his qualifications? Few people knew. There was, however, in the Diocese a small band of Oxford men—not all clergymen—who did know, and who were beyond measure delighted. Strange that they had never thought of him before—the one man of all others most eminently fitted to take up the reins of government in this difficult Diocese. Strange that his name had never even been sug-

gested! It was a fine appointment—a clever appointment—and in many ways the best possible appointment. So they said, and so they believed. They had known something of the power of his quiet but wonderful influence at Oxford, and they felt certain that that same power would draw together in this Diocese all who were proud to call themselves members of the Church of England.

'Nor have they been disappointed. The Bishop, who came to us two years ago almost unknown, is now probably the best known and most respected public man in the Diocese. Quietly, but surely, the influence so powerful at Oxford is making itself felt here. Already controversy is less bitter, party hostility is less cruel, than of old. Already Churchmen of different shades of thought are beginning to work together, cordially and harmoniously, forgetting past antagonism in their mutual desire for the prosperity and welfare of the Church; and tokens are not wanting of the dawn of a new and glorious epoch in the history of the Diocese of Liverpool. What, then, is the secret of this influence? Simply that all persons, clergy and laity alike, recognize in Bishop Chavasse not so much the 'Lord Bishop' as the 'Father in God.'

'In the old days at Oxford, hundreds of undergraduates were attracted by the magnetic personality of the then Rector of St. Peter-le-Bailey. Many of those who went to his church on Sunday evenings, or attended his classes and meetings, held entirely different theological views from Mr. Chavasse. Not a few were High Churchmen. Some were almost Unitarians. But whether they agreed or differed with him in their ideas of doctrine, they held him in the same esteem. Whatever might be said of other men, no one was ever heard to say a bitter

word of Mr. Chavasse. Those who knew him loved him. Those who knew him not had heard of him, and respected him because of what they had heard. Quiet, unassuming, simple, and candid, he was a distinct power for good in the University, and the High Church leaders themselves were readiest to acknowledge it. But what made him a power? Not his preaching; there were greater preachers than he in Oxford then. Not his doctrinal teaching; that was too Evangelical for many. Not his scholarship; there were many greater scholars than he. No, none of these. It was the man himself; his wonderful sympathy, his intense earnestness, his manifest simple sincerity, his interest in everything which concerned the men. That is what drew us to him then. That is what is drawing men in the Diocese of Liverpool to him now. I once heard a man—not a particularly religious man either—say that 'of all the men in Oxford, if I were in a hole, I should go to Chavasse.' There are many in this Diocese to-day who would re-echo the sentiment sincerely.

'Indeed, that is just what one feels about the Bishop. One may go to consult him upon any matter, assured of his sympathetic interest, kindly advice, and, if possible, practical assistance. Nothing is too trivial for him. Every little thing brought before him receives his earnest consideration. Where he can help, he does so. Where he cannot, he always makes you feel that he wishes he could. If he has to disagree with you he seems genuinely sorry that he cannot do otherwise, and you know that it is so. The Bishop, too, has one rare gift—that of remembering the names, features, and circumstances of the people he meets. He is almost always able to address his clergy by name—a point of some sig-

nificance; and any matter once discussed with him is generally remembered and inquired about afterwards. Names, dates, incidents, and localities are borne in mind in a remarkable manner, and no parish in the Diocese is so remote but the Bishop seems to know everything about it. The result is that the clergy feel not only that the Bishop takes an interest in them and their work, but that that interest is essentially a fatherly interest.

'And as he is to his clergy, so is he to the laity. Anyone who will carefully peruse his weekly list of engagements will see at once the comprehensiveness of his interests. The Bishop is one of the hardest worked men in the Diocese. Solicitous and considerate on behalf of others, he never spares himself. No invitation would seem to be ever refused where his presence and voice can be of any assistance in promoting the bodily or spiritual welfare of the people; and the variety and multiplicity of those invitations are in themselves sufficient proof of the hold which the Bishop has already obtained over the affections of the laymen in the Diocese. Seldom a day or two passes but some speech of his is reported in the columns of our papers, and wherever he speaks, whatever be the subject, he has something to say worth listening to. It is given to few men to obtain, in so short a time, the love and confidence both of those over whom they are set to rule and those to whom they are sent to serve, and it is to be hoped that the Diocese of Liverpool may long be permitted to retain the wise, tolerant, and sympathetic administration which has thus far characterized the episcopacy of Dr. Chavasse.'

The history of the succeeding middle years is largely an illustration of the justice of this tribute. To more and

more he was steadily becoming 'Father in God,' the ideal and ever-helpful Christian minister, but there were also public occasions which he used to the full for the revelation of his wisdom and the guidance of his flock. In September 1903, he is addressing members of the British Association at Southport, and showing himself quite alive to modern ways of thinking, and the gains to theology from the thorough and reverent study of Nature. Once, he said, they thought of creation as an act: now they knew that it was a process, and the immanence of God in His universe was brought home to their minds. No obscurantist, then, this Evangelical Bishop, but a reader and thinker, ever ready to learn. But the value of facts as taught him by the scientist led him to emphasize that series of facts with which the Christian faith was concerned. For Nature-study had its limitations; what about sin and sorrow and the hunger of the soul? On such matters there was One Who could speak, though Nature was dumb—and His credentials? His sinless life, His triumphant resurrection, His deathless influence. Let them only be earnest and patient and humble in their search for truth, and to them would be given in due time without fail the vision of God in Christ.

But while (unlike some of his school) he claimed to do his own thinking on such matters as the relations between Religion and Science, he could be rigid on the fundamentals of faith. He spoke once of 'the darkness of Unitarianism,' and on being asked for an explanation replied as follows:

'Any religious system which denies the Godhead of our Lord Jesus Christ is, in my opinion, dark, for it rejects the great central truth which for nineteen cen-

turies has been the accepted belief of the vast majority of those who profess and call themselves Christians, which has cast a flood of light on the sins, sorrows, and problems of life, which has been the secret of all the triumphs of Christianity in the past, and which we regard as the plain teaching of the New Testament.

'Most happily, many who are called Unitarians, and whose lives of devotion and labour for the welfare of their fellow-creatures constrain the admiration of us all, are often, as I well know, consciously or unconsciously approximating to this great central truth of Christianity which intellectual difficulties for the time prevent them from grasping in its fulness. Between the system and the individual there is in very many cases a great gulf. Those who 'are willing to do God's will,' as far as they know it, learn to 'know of the doctrine.' But their pure and beautiful lives do not in the least reconcile me to the thought of rearing our English children in a Christless Christianity, which I believe to be darkness.'

So years afterwards (in 1921) he writes to the Rev. T. R. Dann:

'May I venture to say how thankful I feel that the Free Church Council has decided not to include members of the Unitarian body? Many of them are most high-minded and excellent men, and justly are regarded with sincere respect by us all. We can work with them in social matters, but the division between those who believe in the Godhead of our Lord and those who do not is too great to allow of union in things religious and spiritual.'

And again:

'I am increasingly thankful for the line which your Free Church Council and the Council of your central body are taking with regard to the Godhead of our Lord, especially at such a time as this. There is at present a widespread spirit of semi-Arianism. It is a point on which we must not and cannot compromise. The Church that falters here is doomed.'

The outstanding event of 1904 (after the foundation-stone laying) was the meeting of the Church Congress. It was a highly successful gathering, with over four thousand members, and it drew speakers and readers of distinction from all parts, no fewer than 175 in all. The subjects were many, and things were said which must have jarred sharply on the feelings of some of those who heard them. But on the whole the tone was excellent throughout, and the spirit of tolerance exhibited was perhaps the most encouraging sign of the Congress. The President himself was apt and ready in his little speeches, at the beginning and close of the various sessions, while his inaugural address had all the clearness of thought, arrangement, and language which Liverpool audiences had learnt to expect. The Church of England, he said, was unique in history, in position, in duty. She was set to bless the nation, Christendom, and the world. (He was proverbial for his three's.) The formation of national character was her work, the reunion of Christendom might be her praise, the conversion of the world should be her mission. It was her business to see that in the entrancing vision of wealth and power and pleasure our people did not lose the vision of God, but tempered and illuminated their national energy, enterprise, and endurance with faith and self-

sacrifice. In the earlier part there were some short crisp sentences which served to make his own ecclesiastical position perfectly clear, as, for instance: 'The Church is English, and not foreign. The State did not make her. She is older than the State, and stood at its cradle. . . . Her continuity has remained unbroken. At the Reformation she did not start into being nor part company with the past. The Church of Matthew Parker was still the Catholic Church, only more truly Catholic for its Protestantism. . . . Destroy her, and nothing can take her place.' The concluding sentences were an appeal for charity, courtesy, fairness, and self-restraint. 'There is that speaketh rashly like the piercings of a sword, but the tongue of the wise is health.'

It was at the Congress that the Bishop came into collision with that violent Protestantism which was due, partly at least, to the presence in Liverpool of a large Irish Roman Catholic population. There was a noisy demonstration against an Anglo-Catholic speaker at the men's meeting. The Bishop had lost his voice through much speaking, but his small figure vibrating with indignation seemed to dominate the uproar as he cried out, 'I am a Protestant and I am ashamed of you.' The disturbers sat quiet and ashamed, nor was there much doubt about the love and contrition of their response at the close of the meeting when he leant over the chairman's table, and said with tears in his voice, 'Good night, my brothers.' Shortly afterwards a like unseemly demonstration took place at an S.P.G. meeting. This time his voice was in full force and the room rang with the indictment, 'You make the good name of Protestantism to stink in the land.' It is good to think that under his firm but trusted leadership a

peculiar and unpleasant feature of Liverpool Church life has now largely abated.

One of the subjects discussed at the Congress was Intemperance. A remark about brewers' money made by a casual speaker led to a correspondence in the course of which the Bishop made his own position clear:

'Although I have been a total abstainer for thirty-three years, I agree with you that the cause of temperance is somewhat discredited by the intemperate language of those who advocate it. The line I have always taken myself is, that there is nothing wrong in drinking alcoholic drinks in strict moderation, nor is the calling of those who produce and distribute them in any way sinful, but that on grounds of health, economy, and Christian love, it is better to leave strong drink alone. At the same time I am persuaded that the 'trade' needs to be regulated strictly and watched carefully. The awful state of a large number of people in our slums, the vast sums spent every year in strong drink, the fearful prevalence of drunkenness, the rapid growth of intemperance among women, make the heart of anyone who loves Christ and cares for his country quake. Although I was strongly opposed to the Licensing Bill, now that it has become an Act of Parliament, as a loyal citizen I am bound to accept it; but as a citizen I claim my right to help to amend it in the future; and I strongly deprecate the action of those (if there be any) who try to make the Act unworkable.

'I cannot think it wrong for a clergyman to accept a contribution for God's cause from those who are engaged in the 'trade' if they are known to be men of

probity who endeavour to conduct their business upon lines of which God and their conscience can approve; but for myself I could not accept a farthing from a man whose fortune was made out of the misery and degradation of our great slum parishes.'

And then again:

'I do not consider the calling of a brewer wrong in itself. There are men known to me of the greatest honour and nobility of character who carry on a legitimate trade on righteous lines. From such men, if I were a parochial clergyman, I should have no scruple in accepting a subscription for Church purposes. But from a brewer whose tied houses are planted in the slums, who not only supplies beer but arranges for its sale, and whose fortune is largely made out of the sins and misery of the wretched people around his houses, I could not with a clear conscience accept money. Houses of public refreshment there must be, and, in the present condition of things, most of them must sell alcoholic drinks. If only beer, and nothing but pure beer, were supplied and sold, the evil of intemperance would be lessened. If the licensed victualler, who is now in most cases the brewer, would only follow the example of his ancestors, and sell food as well as drink, a further great step in advance would be taken. But when in crowded and poor neighbourhoods the public-house is simply a drink shop, and helps to swell, as undoubtedly it does, the volume of pauperism, misery, crime, and lunacy in this country, it is, in my opinion, the duty of every brewer, as a Christian man and a citizen, to endeavour to reform such a state of things, and of every clergyman to discountenance it.'

One of the Bishop's most unpleasant experiences—the only one, it may be hoped, of the sort—was in connection with the same topic, when in April 1908 he presided at a meeting in the Philharmonic Hall in favour of a Licensing Bill which was then before Parliament. The 'trade' was not, at that time, short of supporters in the city; a gang of these entered and by hissing and uproar did their best to spoil the meeting. But the Bishop held on and said his say. A day or two afterwards he received the following letter:

My dear Lord Bishop,

I regret to notice that your action in support of the Licensing Bill is likely to cause some falling off in subscriptions to the Diocesan funds.

I deeply sympathize with your action, and as a life-long Nonconformist I desire at this time to show my appreciation by enclosing a cheque for £500, to be used by your lordship for such Diocesan funds as may suffer from lack of support.

I am, my Lord Bishop,
Yours truly,
W. P. Hartley.

Speaking later on the desirability of fixed endowments in addition to voluntary offerings for clergy maintenance, he made humorous reference to himself. 'If,' he said, 'my own income had been entirely dependent upon the Diocese, I fear that by this time I might have been a pauper, for my views on the licensing question would probably have deprived me of one-half of my income, and my views on the evil of dis-

establishment and of the abolition of definite Church teaching in our schools would have lost me the remainder.'

It may perhaps here be added that in the year 1880 the city had possessed no fewer than 1,906 fully licensed public houses. In this respect it was 'the black spot on the Mersey.' Though area and population had greatly increased, the number in 1907 was reduced by nearly three hundred.

During 1905, the year in which he lost the services as assistant bishop of Bishop Royston, 'a gracious and saintly personality who by his courtesy, his scholarly attainments, his gentleness, and his unselfish devotion to work, commended his Master to men of all schools of thought,' he was busy with a visitation of the Deaneries, and took occasion to refer more than once to matters of current controversy. It was the truest reverence, he said, for instance, to welcome every fresh accession of real knowledge about the Bible from whatever quarter it might come. Its writers were God's penmen, not His pens, children of their own time, inspired nevertheless, though the Church of England had nowhere defined inspiration, and while they recognized the human element in Holy Scripture they must not forget the Divine. There were critics and critics, and it would be as unfair to condemn the so-called 'Higher Criticism' in itself because of the vain speculations of some of its exponents, as to condemn Protestantism or Catholicism because of the wild talk and unhappy methods of some who called themselves by those great names. Pray, study, read—so he begged the clergy, but let them beware how they handled such matters in the pulpit; that was only for the grain, and their studies must be used

for the threshing. On other occasions he would quote Professor Shairp with approval:

> I have a life with Christ to live,
> But, ere I live it, must I wait
> Till learning can clear answer give
> Of this or that book's date ?

So in his tribute (in 1921) to Canon Harford, Vicar of Mossley Hill, one of the most scholarly men in the Church of England and joint-author of books on the Hexateuch and of *The Prayer Book Dictionary*, he declared that through all the mazes and the labyrinth of Biblical criticism into which he had plunged so deeply, he had the 'Ariadne' thread of personal faith in a Living and Risen Lord; this brought him safely through, as it would many another. Such men, he once said, might be swinging somewhat with the many currents of religious thought, but they had not dragged their anchorage.

In another Deanery he dealt with the proposed withdrawal from public use of the Athanasian Creed, a course which he approved, while at the same time he staunchly defended the two articles of faith then prominent in debate—the Virgin Birth, the Scriptural evidence and the appropriateness of which he pointed out with his usual lucidity, and the Resurrection, which he, of course, declined to explain away. His attitude, backed by his known sincerity of character, did much, it may be believed, to reassure those whose minds were disturbed by the magazine literature of the day. In other places of his tour he dealt with 'The Church and the Masses,' 'The Church and Worship,' 'The Church and Social Questions,' 'Religious Education.' Of these questions the last-named was much to the fore during all his early

years, and he was entirely at one with the declaration of his former diocesan, Dr. Stubbs, 'I would rather support the humblest school in which the Gospel of Christ was taught according to the light of a narrow sect than the most complete system of education in which it was ignored.' Mr. Balfour's Education Act had in him a vigorous defender, and he had little sympathy for that 'passive resistance' which followed its enactment, protesting that he asked for no privilege, and desired neither to proselytize nor to offend needlessly one single conscience. But he pleaded for smaller schools, for more individual attention, more sympathetic knowledge of the pupil on the part of the teacher. 'It takes a soul to make a soul. Narrow-necked bottles must be filled singly.' Above all he pleaded for the home:—

'There are three great forces which meet an English child and help to mould his character and his career for weal or for woe. They are the home, the school, and the Church. The home is the greatest of the three. One of the most ominous signs in the national life of England at present is the decay of the home and the weakening of parental responsibility, and the eclipse of filial reverence. Of a very large number of our poor children it may be said with truth that they have no home. A house or a room in which they eat, drink and sleep they may have; but a home it is not. Of a large number of our better-class children it is equally true that they have no family life. From the tenderest age they are handed over to the care of nurse, and governess, of schoolmaster, and of college tutor. Amidst the pressing claims of modern English society the claim of the child is forgotten or ignored. School life, says the Bishop of

Manchester, is supplanting home life. Children are swept out of the circle of home influence amongst the poor at the age of three, and in the upper classes at the age of eight or nine. Their thoughts, tastes, ideals, and aims are largely formed by school. One great need of our age is a St. John the Baptist to turn the hearts of the fathers to the children, and the hearts of the children to their fathers, lest God come and smite the land with a curse—that curse which evidently comes upon a nation that forgets the righteous claims of its children to the love and guidance and watchful care of their parents. It is an awful symptom of national degeneration that men and women shrink from the pain and self-sacrifice and the anxiety involved in parenthood; that, forgetful of the privilege and joy of true motherhood, many of the women in our upper classes fail to nurse their own infants, and that fathers and mothers alike in all classes too often shift on to others the responsibility of training their own children. Every movement which tends to make the home more bright, more orderly, more cleanly, and more healthy, above all, more full of love, which helps to ennoble the privilege and the dignity of bringing up little children, which exalts marriage and family life, which teaches its divine origin and restful happiness, which makes, in a word, a parent a better parent, and a home a truer home, ensures national contentment and national greatness. If the home be weakened or corrupt, the life of a nation is poisoned at its very springs, for it is the greatest factor in the formation of the character of its people.'

Needless to add, Mr. Birrell's Bill of 1906 found in the Bishop a vigorous opponent, and one of the most suc-

cessful demonstrations of his episcopate was held in the Philharmonic Hall to protest against the measure, which was ultimately withdrawn.

About the same time (March 1906) he lost the services of the veteran Archdeacon Taylor, 'a man of stately form, of noble head and lion-like face,' above all a Protestant 'stalwart' and controversialist, with opinions based on conviction and real learning. At the funeral the Bishop himself was the preacher, and his tribute was eloquent and deserved: 'A doughty champion lies fallen. A mighty voice is hushed. A great and loving heart is still.' The good man had served the Church in Liverpool, as an incumbent, for fifty-five years, and at his grave, by way of witness to the faith by which he had lived, they sang 'Rock of Ages.'

The same month saw the publication in the Press of the following letter, dealing with the generous offer of a well-known Liverpool Churchman:

THE CATHEDRAL REREDOS

(To the Editor of *The Liverpool Post and Mercury*.)

SIR,

While the Liverpool Cathedral Committee appreciated most highly the generosity which prompted Mr. Douglas Horsfall to offer £5,000 for the erection of the reredos, the condition with which his offer was acccompanied—that the subject must be the Crucifixion scene—made it difficult for them to accept it. And the difficulty was further increased by the very fine design submitted, at his instance, by Mr. Bodley, and drawn up, as it was understood, in accordance with instructions, in which the prominent feature was a very large crucifix, which, though part of a Crucifixion scene, gave a

character of its own to the whole work, and would be the outstanding object as seen from the choir. The reredos, it must be remembered, will be fifty feet high, and the central figure proportionately large. It was felt that such a reredos would traverse the principles upon which the committee have acted from the beginning—that the Cathedral was to be built by all and for all, and that no ornament was to be introduced likely to give needless offence. And, inasmuch as the very heart of Christianity is not a dead but a living Christ, and as such a scene as the Ascension more fully and forcibly expresses this great fact, Mr. Horsfall was invited to allow the Ascension scene to take the central place, and the Crucifixion scene to stand among the carved pictures illustrating the Life of our Lord, which were to be placed below. This, so we understood, he was unable to do.

As, in the last resort, it rests with the Bishop to decide the character of the ornaments to be introduced into a cathedral such as that of Liverpool, I am prepared to accept all responsibility for the action of the committee. The very great regard that I have for Mr. Horsfall increases my deep regret that I cannot consent to the erection in our new Cathedral of a reredos likely to wound the feelings of some of our best Churchpeople. If every donor had insisted on his own special mark, and that of his own school of thought, being stamped on its walls, or on its ornaments, the great building on St. James's Mount would never have been begun.

Yours, etc.,

F. J. Liverpool.

It was widely felt that the Bishop had been wise, and

a letter to the *Guardian* over the signature 'Paganus' expressed the feelings of many:

'My personal taste (he said) is altogether in that direction, but when it comes to putting a large crucifix over the high altar in the Cathedral, in Liverpool of all places, one has to stop and think of others and of the Diocese at large,as well as oneself and one's friends. And looking at the thing in this way, I feel sure that the Bishop is right. As a matter of fact we High Churchmen are getting a very great deal in the new Cathedral, and we shall be well advised not to attempt to grasp too much.'

In a real sense the Bishop himself was their friend and advocate. 'Remember, gentlemen,' he would say to the committee, 'we are building a great Cathedral and not a parish church.'

There was trouble with the same earnest and zealous Churchman later on (1910) over the patronage of a new church to be erected at Wavertree. There is little to be said for reviving 'old unhappy far-off things and battles long ago,' but if the layman was eager for the cause which he had espoused, viz., the spread of 'Catholic' faith and principles, the Bishop was equally tenacious of his ground, though, in the opinion of some, he should not have agreed to any patronage but his own. The following letters explain the matter sufficiently:

(To the Editor of *The Liverpool Post and Mercury*.)

Sir,

I shall be glad if you will print in your next issue the enclosed copy of the reply which I wrote to Mr. Douglas Horsfall when he offered to build a church in Queen's Drive, Wavertree, out of the proceeds of the sale of the site of St. Paul's Church, Liverpool.

I may add that Mr. Horsfall declined to entertain a subsequent proposal made to him both by Lord Salisbury and the Rector of Wavertree, to which I agreed, that the patronage of the new church should be placed in the hands of Lord Salisbury, the Rector of Wavertree (representing the Bishop), and Mr. Horsfall himself. The trustees to whom he desired the new church to be transferred were Lord Halifax, Sir Walter Phillimore, and Messrs. H. Douglas Horsfall, R. E. Horsfall, and F. Tobin.

Yours, etc.

Liverpool, F. J. Liverpool.
4 January, 1911.

Liverpool,
29 September, 1910.

My dear Mr. Horsfall,

I have thought carefully over your proposal to erect a church out of the proceeds of the sale of St. Paul, Liverpool, on the site given by the Marquis of Salisbury in Queen's Drive.

As the proposed new parish which the church would serve is taken entirely or mainly out of the parish of Holy Trinity, Wavertree, which is one of the very few livings in the gift of the See of Liverpool, and as the patronage of the new church would pass into the hands of trustees, I do not feel justified in alienating any part of the very limited patronage now held by this See, and I must therefore decline your offer.

Churches are badly needed in the following parishes, and in them, I think, you would find both vicars and patrons glad to accept your offer: Grassendale, Garston,

West Derby, Stanley, St. Anne's (Knotty Ash), St. John's (Tuebrook).

I am sorry to disappoint you, but I am bound in such a case to consider the highest interests of the bishopric, and of the people who are specially entrusted to my care as patron.

Yours ever faithfully,

F. J. Liverpool.

In July 1906 the evidence given by him before the Royal Commission on ritualistic practices was published, and it was noted with pleasure that he had been able to speak warmly of the loyalty of his diocese—two cases only excepted; a letter, he said, or an interview, usually brought any illegality to an end. In the September following he and Mrs. Chavasse celebrated their silver wedding and the Bishop his sixtieth birthday. The loyalty and affection of his clergy found expression in a gift of silver plate and of a fine old English clock with cathedral chimes. After a reference in his reply to the motor-car which the Diocese had given him the previous year and which had not yet succeeded in slaying any recalcitrant clergyman, as Archdeacon Madden humorously suggested it might, he spoke of the twenty-five years of his married life :—

'Eight of those years were spent in a very small house in a narrow street in Oxford. I often think that one of the greatest proofs of my wife's love is this—that she left her own beautiful home, and was content to come and share what was, after all, little more than a cottage, because we both felt it was right we should live near our church and in the midst of our people. For that act of self-sacrifice I never cease to thank her. To me it was no

sacrifice, because in a small house I am as happy as in a large one—perhaps happier. Eleven of those twenty-five years were spent in Wycliffe Lodge, and how she devoted herself to that work and helped me in carrying it on, there are many here and in other parts of England who know full well. Now for a little more than six years—six happy years—we have lived in the palatial mansion in Abercromby Square, and my only complaint is that the house is so large that when I want her it takes me a considerable time to discover in what room she is. With all my heart I thank God for these twenty-five years, and I can say of my wife what Tennyson said of his mother: 'She is a queen of marriage and a perfect wife.' '

January 1907 saw the inauguration of the Bishop of Liverpool's Fund. It began as an appeal for £100,000 to be raised in five years—a pecuniary reservoir from which various agencies were to draw benefit. At the first annual meeting the Bishop was able to report the receipt of £24,000. The development of Diocesan funds is part of the Church history of our time, and in it, Liverpool, in spite often of strong parochial and congregational attachments, has played a not unworthy part. It was in 1913 that the new departure of an *annual* Diocesan budget was made, and £10,000 named as the sum. The printed information laid before the Conference was, it was complained, somewhat meagre; it was consequently all the more striking that the verdict was favourable, and proved the loyalty and goodfellowship which had clearly begun to prevail. From the first the Bishop kept the living agent who was doing the work steadily in view, and clerical stipends—all honour to him—were the constant subject of his appeal. One result

of his episcopate is that in this respect, from one source and another, the Diocese does more than compare favourably with any diocese in the kingdom. One-half of the stipends are now £400 a year and upwards, while comparatively few are under £350. This result the bishop, shortly before he resigned, declared to be due in part to the liberality of the Ecclesiastical Commissioners, but still more to the splendid generosity of laymen whose hearts were touched, as we now see, by the sincerity and simplicity of his own reiterated appeals. One day, for instance, he received an anonymous gift of £5,000 for the purpose. How many presents too were sent out by him at Christmas time to clergy homes both from his own and from the purses of others, will never be known, though he never ceased to declare that the *certainty* of an income of over £350 would be preferable to a precarious £10 or £20 extra at the end of the year. It has been computed that during his episcopate the capital value of the Diocesan property and holdings increased by over two million pounds.

The years which followed were filled to the full with untiring and self-forgetful labour. In addition to preaching engagements, he undertook, for instance, visits to parishes, where he inspected the buildings, talked with the incumbents about their special difficulties, visited the sick, met people at a social gathering, and addressed them in church. Valuable work it was, all of it, and long remembered, giving him a grip of his Diocese, and his people the sense that he was indeed a 'Father in God.' But week in, week out, people read in their Saturday newspaper the list of the Bishop's engagements of which the following, taken at random, is a specimen:—

MRS. CHAVASSE, aged 55

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'The official engagements of the Bishop of Liverpool from to-day (November 17) until Sunday, 24 November inclusive, are as follows:

'Sunday: 10.30, preach at St. Nathaniel, Windsor; 3 p.m., confirm at St. Anne, Liverpool; 6.30 p.m., preach at St. Timothy, Everton. Monday: 3 p.m., opening of new wing of the Training College, Warrington. Tuesday: 2 p.m., admission of lay readers; 7.45 p.m., distribute prizes at Mechanics' Institute, Crewe. Wednesday: 4 p.m., Committee of Bishop of Liverpool's Fund; 7.30 p.m., confirm at Ainsdale; ordination examination. Thursday: 7.30 p.m., confirm at St. Mary, Kirkdale; ordination examination. Friday: Ordination examination. Saturday: 3 p.m., confirm at St. John, Hindley; 5.30 p.m., confirm at St. Mary, Ince. Sunday, November 24th: 11 a.m., preach at Huyton; 3 p.m., confirm at St. George, Everton; 6.30 p.m., preach at St. Lawrence, Kirkdale.'

Note, 'the official engagements': but how many he made for himself besides! Was a clergyman ill? He visited him. Did he die? He addressed the mourners at his funeral.[1] Was any one (as the undergraduate said) 'in a hole'? It was, as likely as not, to the Bishop that he turned. In one item the list given above is peculiar in that it records an engagement *outside* the Diocese. He might,

[1]The Rev. G. H. E. Howell writes: The following may be of some use to you. It shows how in the midst of a strenuous life he could make time, and never spared himself, in order to show sympathy and kindness to those in trouble. When my father, Canon Howell, passed away at Burwardsley, the Bishop conducted the service at Christ Church, Everton. Some would have thought this recognition sufficient, but no, some days after the funeral the Bishop and Mrs. Chavasse called on us at Burwardsley, some eleven miles south of Chester, to express their sympathy. Before leaving us he asked us to join with him in prayer, and the beauty and helpfulness of that simple service will ever be remembered by those present.

almost, have lived and worked outside it, so many were the invitations he received; but no, he stuck to his post. An honest man—and the Bishop was always that—is careful to do the work for which he is paid.

A word or two may here be permitted about his Charges. In 1902 he was content to address the clergy at St. Peter's; in 1905 (as we have noted) he addressed gatherings of clergy and laity in eight different centres; in 1909 he again addressed the clergy at St. Peter's. On this occasion he put in a plea for the permissive use of a white vestment, under safeguards, at the administration of Holy Communion, predicting that, just as the controversy over the use of the surplice in the pulpit had died down, so in fifty years' time men would be content to accept the mystery of sacramental grace without inquiring too curiously into the exact nature of the blessing. It satisfied him to affirm with Hooker[1] that bishops were 'they without whom the exercise of true religion cannot well and long continue:' yet he would not, he said, try to hasten reunion by ill-considered haste or by compromise of principle. He asserted too that in our dread of the confessional some of us had neglected too much the guidance and helping of individual souls. On another subject which is still with us he spoke in careful terms, declaring that while a sale of work, properly managed, might be a real blessing, lotteries and raffles ought to be entirely forbidden; they were illegal, and they helped to foster that spirit of gambling which was one of the greatest curses of our people. Whatever view they might take individually of dancing, theatricals, and whist drives, their employment for Church purposes wounded the consciences of a large number of our best Church-

[1] E.P., VII. xviii, 1.

people, and gave a handle to the adversary to find fault. On a later occasion (1914) he affirmed that Confirmations were to him a real cordial, and sent him home full of hope and thankfulness; at the same time he urged the extreme importance of the weeks of preparation, and the duty of seeing all the candidates separately at least once.

So the hard early middle years wore on. All the time however, while, deep below, the foundations of the great Cathedral were being securely laid, on the eminence[1] close by there was quietly rising a small building which was to be the delight of his later years—the Lady Chapel, the gift (in the main) of two honoured Liverpool families, and itself one of the most beautiful ecclesiastical buildings in England. Welcome as he was everywhere, here now he was to have a home, and some there are who have so given their hearts to that hallowed shrine, adorned, as it often was, and beautified by his presence, that the larger glories of the Cathedral leave

[1]St. James's Mount is partially artificial, and the useful result of the efforts of a charitably-minded Council. The earth and rubbish excavated from the quarry now occupied by the St. James's Cemetery formed, Picton tells us in his *Memorials*, large unsightly heaps. In the winter of 1767 there was great unemployment and distress in Liverpool. The then Mayor, Mr. Thomas Johnson, had the idea of dealing with these heaps of rubbish, and persuaded the Council to set an army of labourers to the task. In this way the mount was formed. It was then called Mount Zion, and was partly laid out as pleasure gardens, commanding, as the new Cathedral of course does, a fine view over the town, the estuaries of the Mersey and Dee, and of the Welsh mountains. After the erection of St. James's Church in 1774 it took the name of St. James's Walk. Whether in the choice of a site too much importance was not attached to quietness and visibility from the river rather than to actual use by worshippers; whether, too, a smaller though not less beautiful building set in the very heart and centre of the city's life would not have exercised a deeper influence upon it, are questions which it is now useless to discuss. But there are many who regret the entire disappearance of St. Peter's. The Liverpool Cathedral Act provided for the demolition of the church—shops the probable sequel; but a garden, with a tiny chapel in one corner, would not only have been a veritable oasis to many but far more in keeping with the sacred and historical associations of the site.

them sometimes almost cold. The consecration of this Chapel on 29 June, 1910, was a fitting close to the second period of the episcopate.

The central point of the episcopate is now all but reached. Let us pause for a brief space, and, before the anxieties and sorrows of the Great War descend on him and his family, take a glimpse of them as they were in the quieter times that preceded it. His children were: (1) Dorothea, born 13 February, 1883; (2) Christopher Maude and (3) Noel Godfrey, born 9 November, 1884; (4) Edith Marjorie, and (5) Mary Laeta, born 29 August, 1886; (6) Francis Bernard, born 2 December, 1889; and (7) Aidan, born 29 July, 1892.

What was he like as a father? Affectionate, grave, sensible—of this we may be sure; but what of his lighter moments? In particular, how did he spend his holidays? How far did the family come in? In reply to an enquiry his eldest son (the Rev. Christopher M. Chavasse) wrote as follows:

'My father, I fear, had no hobbies except his work. But he had a real passion for scenery and places of historic interest. This is why the succession of motor-cars presented by the Diocese were such a joy to him, and why Northumberland became his favourite resort, as combining both views and history. He was a great collector of maps and guide-books, which he would study with the liveliest pleasure. To see him sitting in the car with a map on his knees and pointing out places and scenes of interest was to see him really enjoying himself. Few people knew England and its story better than he, and he was quite the most entertaining companion even by train that I have ever met.

'He was a great reader of the old-fashioned English classics, of which he possessed pocket editions, and especially of Shakespeare. Several of these he always took with him when he went for a holiday, with one in his pocket to read on the journey. . . .'

The Bishop of Hereford has recorded a clever use of the knowledge thus acquired, and shown at the same time how his humour could occasionally be exercised in what he calls a mischievous and almost impish though never malicious kind of way. Scene: a presentation to a greatly-beloved clergyman of the High Church school, the Bishop in the chair. He opened his speech by declaring that the character in English history to whom he could best compare the object of their regard that day was Archbishop Cranmer! The temperature of the meeting fell perceptibly, for most of those present were not among the warmest admirers of the Reformation. But he then went on with two quotations, one from Shakespeare's *King Henry VIII*:

'Do my Lord of Canterbury
A shrewd turn, and he is your friend for ever.'

And the other, in like vein, from Tennyson's *Queen Mary*:

'To do him any wrong was to beget
A kindness from him, for his heart was rich,
Of such fine mould, that if you sow'd therein
The seed of hate, it blossom'd charity.'

No more delicate compliment or indeed truer tribute could have been paid to its recipient. But only one with Dr. Chavasse's sense of humour, and, be it added, wide knowledge of standard English literature, could have turned it so neatly.

'But,' his son goes on, 'his holidays were really devoted to us children. He never travelled abroad after he married, but gave himself up to us, to win our confidence and affection. Of course as we grew older many of our days were spent on pursuits into which he could not enter, yet never by word or look did he seek to keep us by his side; but there was an understanding among us that we took it in turns to be his companion—a position to which we all looked forward with secret but very real pleasure. Generally for the first week he was almost prostrate with exhaustion, kept mostly to himself, and retired to bed at 8.30 or 9 p.m., quoting Archbishop Temple with sympathy, how he would spend the first part of his holidays in sleep, and found that this period lengthened with the years. After that his day would be: Letters till 12 noon, and then a short walk. After lunch he would read aloud for half-an-hour, and I shall never forget how he used to lean back speechless with laughter at some comic passage in the book. Then, after a very early tea, we would all go off on some short expedition. When a car was his, these excursions would begin earlier and we generally went somewhere for tea, and even very occasionally spent the whole day on the road. But he was generally tied down by letters every morning of his life. As vigour returned, he became full of fun, and would 'pull all our legs.' Once, in a Long Vacation, when I was supposed to be reading hard, I left my table of books in the garden and went for a short stroll. When I returned, across my note-book I saw written, *Much study is a weariness to the flesh*—and then heard him explode with laughter from a window behind me. Occasionally he would hit off our weak spots with impromptu verses: once, for instance,

when we were very small, and were staying at the seaside in North Wales (a favourite resort) and were all out for a walk (except the two babies, Bernard and Aidan), he suddenly came out with the following:

'Whene'er I take my walks abroad,
With wife and children five,
I often wonder how it is
That I get back alive.

'Dear Dorothy she lags behind,
She's lost! and back we rush
To find her feasting, full of bliss,
Behind a blackberry bush.

'Dear Christie he runs on in front
To find a brook that bickers:
He wets his shoes, he spoils his socks,
And tears his little knickers.

'Dear Noel he climbs up a tree
And bumps his well-patched crown;
He rubs his head, he rubs his eyes,
And then he can't get down.[1]

Dear Marjorie sheds floods of tears,
May's lips pout mountains high:
And who can tell my agony
When *both* begin to cry!

'And when at last my home I reach
With racked and aching head,
I seize them all, both great and small,
And pack them off to bed.

[1]One of his early school reports reads as follows: 'He is far too much interested in other boys' mischief.' And then another: 'Rather an imp of mischief: when he settles down to his work he can do quite well.' He was his father's son!

'When he was at Wycliffe he made a yearly pilgrimage to Exeter, as examining chaplain, for the Advent ordination. As the Christmas season was imminent, it became a tradition for him to bring home a present for every member of the family, and in consequence he was welcomed back with uproarious delight. Excitement was stimulated by such letters as the following, which mark the growth of a 'modernist' spirit in his family:—

(1895)

'In Exeter I met your Sire,
His words removed my rising ire:
He told me that with justest cause
You all believed in Santa Klaus.
Therefore to you I gladly send
Such tokens as befit a friend.
A thing that spins and sings a song,
A thing that puffs and runs along,
That which your father loved to do,
That which your mother longs to view,
That which will go if you but screw;
And so prepare your little paws.
From your true friend,
Old Santa Klaus.

(1896)

'Old Santa Klaus his greeting sends
To all his unbelieving friends
Who live at Wycliffe Hall;
Divers things which cut and run,
Pictures painted by the sun,
That which bilious people shun,

What will give tremendous fun,
He sends for each and all.
He shakes, in fancy, all your paws,
And signs himself, OLD SANTA KLAUS.

Apparently, next year, scepticism had deepened, and there only came a postcard:

'Your unbelief I've heard with anger and with pity;
No presents will I send you from this famous city.

But his bag was not rifled in vain.

'No one, then, who did not know his sense of fun could ever fully appreciate his character.[1] Yet if he was by nature something of a 'tease,' he nevertheless enjoyed the jokes which he always allowed his family to aim at him. He was immensely tickled for instance, when on returning home one Sunday evening with one of my sisters a gushing visitor asked her, 'And did you have a beautiful sermon?' to which she replied, 'Yes, one of my favourites.' But we children can never be too grateful that in his holidays he gave himself so unreservedly to us, for he felt that he did not see enough of us. As the same irreverent sister replied to another 'gusher' who asked, 'Do you ever see your dear father?' 'Yes! we meet sometimes upon the stairs.' But not one of us, if away from home, ever missed receiving a letter from him once a week, at any rate till we married and settled down.'

[1]His gaiety would break out sometimes even in letters to his clergy, e.g., 'Mind you date your letters and so save your biographer endless trouble when he sits down to write your life.' 'What an extravagant fellow you are, using a four-paged sheet of paper to write one line, and thereby depriving me of half a sheet of perfectly clean paper upon which I could have typed this reply. I will not report you this time to Mrs. F., but I trust it will never happen again. P.S. You also paid 2d. for postage when 1½d. would have been sufficient.' But there are other qualities revealed here as well as gaiety.

But it was not always easy to make him enjoy a holiday, except in his own way. Here is the record of a Sunday spent in the Sussex parish of one of the four original students of Wycliffe Hall, the Rev. A. F. Thornhill:

'I impressed upon my curate (whom the Bishop humorously described as 'despotic') that on no account was he to be allowed to do more than to take the early communion and preach at morning service. This he did, but unfortunately he heard of an out-door service to be held in the afternoon at a hamlet three miles away. He begged to attend, and on the drive down expressed a great wish to speak to the people. It was a truly primitive scene. Some forty people, each carrying a chair, emerged from the lanes and assembled under a central wide-spreading tree, where the Bishop spoke to them, standing on a chair. Another misfortune was to happen. There was a little daughter church, one and a half miles away, and a steep hill into the bargain. But go he would, and the curate-in-charge was confronted unexpectedly with a live Bishop who said he would preach, if he might be allowed to do so! This was his happy holiday Sunday.'

To the children of the clergy he and Mrs. Chavasse were extraordinarily kind. Every Christmas there was their great party at the Palace. And here is the story of a clerical break-down and its sequel: 'When you go away for your rest, I suppose, that Mrs. W. is going with you?' said the Bishop. 'No, my lord.' 'But you are not fit to go alone.' 'There are five excellent reasons why she cannot go—five babies.' Promptly he replied, 'We will take two of them; we are fond of children and have a few of our own.' And a girl and a boy (now buried near Ypres),

children of a man then little known to him and decidedly High Church, had a happy time at the Palace for nearly three months. But what a risk, and how readily and cheerfully undertaken! Later on when he visited that vicarage it was after a call at the chocolate shop, and only a few months before his death, the Bishop sent a message to the father, 'Give my love to your girls. I only hope that you are as well looked after by them as I am by mine.'

His servants, we may be sure, found in him one of the most considerate of masters. His chauffeur writes: 'I can never forget his kindness, nor the daily services in the house which did us great good. When he heard that I was going to be married to the parlourmaid, he at once put in his plea: 'Might he have the privilege of marrying us?''Privilege,yes,—it was so that he regarded it, just as he is known to have *thanked* a man who wanted a favour for having come and had lunch with him. Needless to add, the happy pair were married from the Palace, where a 'reception' was given in their honour.

It was, then, the memory of a home life that was eminently happy and wholesome that his four sons carried with them to the War. How the mingled gravity and playfulness of its central figure, his letters and counsels, helped them both there and at Oxford, two are with us to declare, did not the sacredness of so intimate a matter forbid, and two 'are not.' But this sorrow must be left for another chapter.

THE GREAT WAR

In a well-known passage, the Greek historian, Thucydides, tells us how, before the final conflict, the Athenian commander at Syracuse sought to raise the spirits of his men. First he harangued the whole force in words of lofty patriotism and courage. Yet that done, he felt that he had not, could not, say enough. Then he called his captains and begged them not to discredit their own previous achievements, or the virtues of their forefathers; reminded them, too, of their country and other things which, at a time now so critical, men would not fear to mention—old and hackneyed topics, like wives and children and their country's gods, whose appeal is simple and universal. So was it with the Bishop in the years immediately preceding the Great War. He did not spare his warnings, but again and again in sermons and addresses he strikes the same note. 'Invasion,' he said, 'is possible. Your country may need you. What are you doing to prepare yourselves for the day of trial? At the very least see to the discipline of your homes, for there is the foundation of national security.'

If there was a man of peace in South-West Lancashire, that man was the Bishop, but he did not shirk facts. During the South African War he had been plain-spoken and his attitude had met with some criticism, but he was not the man to cherish illusions. So in 1911 we find him addressing Territorials in these terms:

'We indulge in no idle vaunts; we refrain from words of threatening, words of defiance, words of idle vapouring. We love not war—we hate it as one of the greatest scourges that can afflict humanity: we believe that peace has her victories, and that those victories are

greater than the victories of war. We welcome every hope of arbitration. We listen with passionate interest and delight to such statements as that lately made by the President of the United States, and by our own Foreign Secretary. We rejoice to think it may be possible to avert war, but we deem it the wisest, the most merciful plan, to be ready, for we believe that as an unlocked and unbarred door of a house invites the unscrupulous burglar, so the undefended shore and the unprepared nation invites the attack of some unscrupulous enemy. You have the satisfaction of knowing to-day, on this Palm Sunday, that the Christ Who wept over Jerusalem was a patriot, and that Jesus Christ would have you love your country and love it to the death. Do you believe that the British nation and the British Empire have been raised up for their own self-aggrandizement? God has a part for us to fill, a work for us to do, and if we as citizens or as an Empire are content merely to seek to have a good time, to pile up our riches, to make ourselves a mighty name, then the doom which followed Jerusalem must sooner or later overtake us, in spite of the mightiest army we can gather, and the greatest fleet that may crowd our waters.'

A similar note had been struck even earlier. 'Times have changed,' he said in a sermon at the Cathedral, to the 5th Battalion of the King's Liverpool Regiment, of which he was chaplain, 'though the masses of our people are supine and the aversion of many to anything like a military system amounts almost to fanaticism.' Then came the familiar three headings: 'Take care of your bodies. Men softened by luxury will never be able to stand fast in the day of trial. . . . Learn to endure hardness. . . . In the march of the relief column to Lady-

smith it was not the big men or the little men, not the tall men or the short men who fell out, but the drinkers.... I appeal to you as patriots—be clean living and sober men for the sake of your people. Then, take care of your minds. In the war of the future the soldier will not be a mere machine but a thinking machine. . . . Above all, have the fear of God in your souls. That made men fearless.... and unselfish.'

And so again:

'How can we help England? Not by losing our heads, not by listening to alarmist rumours, but by forming a great citizen army.... If every man in England who could shoulder a rifle were trained and equipped and drilled and ready at the first voice of danger to rally round the standard of his country, we should have an army to be numbered by millions.... Service in the Territorials meant hardness, self-denial . . . but it meant, above all, this, that they were setting their fellow countrymen an example which, if followed, would keep our country safe in the hour of peril.'

So spoke this 'man of God' who in boyhood had wanted to be a soldier and who retained to the end the soldier's heart. But 'England has been invaded already,' he went on one day, 'by excessive drinking, uncleanness, gambling, the gross materialism which shuts out the view of that other world which was life indeed . . . a swarm of sins.... Brother men, we must seek in our business life to sweep away for ever those thousand tricks of knavery and dishonesty which are making commerce in some quarters a byword. We must bring God back into our political life; we must carry on our political struggle as Christian men and not as pagans; we

must do away with those terrible personalities which irritate and do not convince. We must hold our vote as a sacred thing given to us by a country to be used for that country's honour, not for our own selfish interests or the interests of a class to which we belong; not to be bought and sold, but to be given as our conscience in the sight of God dictates.'

These extracts have been given, though many may deem them commonplace, but they contain things which needed to be said, and said repeatedly: said, as they were, by a man whose hold upon the community was due above all else to his gentle piety, they had, we may hope, the greater influence upon those who listened to or read his words. They certainly revealed a side of his nature which his friends already knew to be there, and showed him to be a man who, if he lived in 'heavenly places,' yet had his feet firmly planted on earth, on the soil of a country that he loved, and for which he would himself make the greatest sacrifices—the father of a son who was singled out later on by the military distinctions conferred upon him as 'the bravest man in the British army.'

So in an address before a great gathering of football players, while he thanked them for promoting soberness, honesty, and strenuousness among the young men of the community, he begged them not to let their game interfere with the duties of patriotism and citizenship. At the end of July 1913, we find him spending a long 'week-end' with his battalion in camp on the Denbighshire moors. The Sunday was no holiday. He addressed the men in the morning, preached at a neighbouring church in the afternoon, spoke at the Y.M.C.A. headquarters in the evening. Then on Monday came a route march, bivouac overnight, a march back the next after-

noon—no small undertaking for a man who was nearly sixty-seven. But it gave the troops a foretaste of the spirit of self-sacrifice and fortitude which he was to display in the years that were coming, and which helped many a stricken family to be patient and to endure.

Of course he had misgivings from time to time. The 'week-end' habit, the neglect of family religion, the fascination of hotel life, decay of parental control, all troubled him, though he maintained that his countrymen were essentially sound at heart, and that if we were invaded tens of thousands would show a self-sacrificing heroism which would command the admiration of the world. But how would the masses behave, those who had no home training, no depth of character, the hysterical, emotional, fickle? Hence, on one occasion, a vigorous appeal on behalf of the Mothers' Union, a society which owed much to his own and Mrs. Chavasse's encouragement. It glorified motherhood, he said, and called upon mothers to teach in the home those lessons of unselfishness which were the root and ground of all true patriotism. Religious education might do much to preserve the old traditions of English life which were threatened at the moment by the growth of superficiality, selfishness, and scepticism, but home religion would do a great deal more. 'An ounce of mother,' he often said, quoting the Spanish proverb, 'is worth a ton of priest.'

At last it came—that ordeal by battle which many had pooh-poohed, others feared and quietly prepared for. The present writer well remembers a gathering of undergraduates at Oxford in May 1914, at which the talk was all about the 'impossibility' of war, and so on. There was at the time much youthful idealism current,

Rev. C. M. Chavasse, M.C., D.A.G.G.

Capt. F. B. Chavasse, M.C., R.A.M.C.

Capt. N. G. Chavasse, V.C. & bar, M.C., R.A.M.C.

Dorothea Foster-Carter.

Marjorie Chavasse.

Lieut. Aidan Chavasse.

May Chavasse (Liverpool Merchants' Mobile Hospital.)

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doomed alas! to a rude awakening. But only in very rare cases did the theories of 'pacifists' prevail over the stern demands of loyalty and service. The Bishop's four sons were soon at work, one as a chaplain, two as doctors, the youngest in the King's Liverpool Regiment. So he gave freely, and his courage, his anxieties, his noble fortitude under bereavement, all added new links to the loving devotion which bound his people to him. In his book on *The English Constitution*, Mr. Bagehot points out how valuable is the asset of a Royal *family*, in the lives and doings and sorrows of which every loyal English family can feel an interest and a care. To his Diocese the Bishop now became for a time above all else *the father of boys*, the head of a family which, like so many, lived continually 'under the shadow of anxiety, and might, any day, be lying under the darker clouds of sorrow and death.'

The war laid new burdens upon the Bishop as it did upon everybody. His reputation had been high at all times as a writer of kind and grateful though really unexpected and unnecessary letters, and he now did his very utmost to maintain it. But 150 messages in the course of a day from all sorts and conditions of men were not unusual, and he was driven to use post-cards. But at this ministry of his—and how valuable and important it was, no one can say—he toiled on, with unwearying industry and patience. Of his public utterances his 'Spital' sermon before the Lord Mayor and Corporation of London (14 April, 1915) was a stern and manly pronouncement; indeed, at his best, he was equal to any prophet in the vigour and plainness of his language. It is given below as a fair sample of many such addresses given in the earlier period of the war:

'The Bishop said that this Easter we looked out upon a world whose foundations seemed out of course. We saw the appalling sight of Christendom locked in a deadly conflict. We saw a great nation, a powerful nation, an intellectual nation, a nation which had done much for mankind, gone mad with the lust of conquest and with the overwhelming sense of its own greatness and the mission it had to fulfil in the world. We saw it, or a section of it, forsaking the ideal, the teaching, and the example of Jesus Christ. It was promulgating a new law and a new creed out of which had sprung a policy of frightfulness which sought to paralyze into subjection the people of the earth—a policy of ruthless slaughter and cruel extermination, of devastation of great stretches of country which once smiled with vineyards and corn-fields, the repudiation of solemn treaties as mere scraps of paper, and the widespread propaganda of barefaced lies. As we looked upon that, we were ready to despair of mankind and its future, and to think that evil had mastered good.

'Looking nearer home, we saw the hideous selfishness which sought to squeeze a more abundant gain out of the very lives and life-blood of its own people, and, side by side with it, the shameless callousness of men ready to rise and drink themselves drunk, while their own kith and kin were facing death, wounds, and hardships in the trenches ; seeming almost to despise the very blood that was being shed by the defenders of their own homes, the honour of their women, the love of their little children, and preferring rather to strike for the addition of a penny per hour, or even less, to their daily wage. As they looked upon that, his lordship went on, they were ready to despair of mankind and its future.

'Easter told us, however, that the final victory of God was absolutely certain, that this awful nightmare would soon pass like a dream before the dawn. The heavy smoke of battle which hung over the battlefields of Flanders, of France, of Poland, and of the Dardanelles were revealing God to us. The thunder of the guns across the seas was awakening in us the dormant or the dead instinct of prayer. The cry of our country had revived the ancient spirit of patriotism, self-sacrifice, and courage which seemed to have died out, and which had made our country great. 'Who has had no thrill within him,' asked the Bishop, 'when he has heard, for instance, of the brave soldier who bore a wounded companion through a hail of bullets and staggered and fell at last with his burden unhurt, but himself mortally wounded, among his friends, and in his dying delirium was heard to repeat again and again the words, 'I brought him through'? Who feels no thrill within him when he hears such a story as that which a chaplain told me first hand, of a mere boy of nineteen brought into the clearing hospital bleeding inwardly to death. As the chaplain bent over him he opened his eyes and gasped out, 'How did we do?' When he heard of the magnificent charge of his regiment which had driven back the enemy, he whispered, 'Then it's all right,' and died on the spot. Is there no thrill when we hear of a mother—and she is only one in hundreds of thousands of British mothers—who, when her son came to her and said, 'Mother, shall I go?' replied: 'I don't want you to go, but if I were in your place I should go.' Or of that other mother to whom they tenderly broke the tidings that her son was killed, and she, amidst her tears, said, 'It is good so to die. I would not have my son shelter himself

behind other mothers' sons.' These are like the first rays of light which tell us of the dawning of a new day in which, please God, there shall be a regenerated England and a regenerated Empire.'

Here is some more plain-speaking:

'On Saturday evening I was travelling down from London. The train was crowded, and I was travelling third class. There were seven soldiers with me in the carriage. Of these seven soldiers three were the worse for drink. One was just coming to his senses, and I was able to have a talk with him. Another was so drunk that I don't think he uttered a word, but simply slept until we reached Edgehill. The third sat opposite me, and he was argumentatively drunk. He at once began to argue with me and to use somewhat abusive language. One of my own Liverpool boys, recognizing me, gave him a shake and said, 'Do you know you are speaking to the Bishop of Liverpool?' I never saw such a change in a man in my life. And the woe-begone expression he wore when I got out at Edgehill and said good-bye to him, shaking him by the hand, lives in my memory to-day. And what about the young man? He was a Canadian. For eight years, he told me, he had never touched a drop of drink, but coming back to the old country had proved too much for him. One more illustration. On Sunday last I was preaching in one of the dockside parishes, and I had to pass through some of the slums of Liverpool. Again and again I passed drunken soldiers, some so drunk that they could hardly hold each other up. I fully believe that our Army and Navy were never so sober as they are at present, but it is on behalf of this drinking minority, who do not seem able to help themselves, that you and I

ought to take some measures to save them from their friends.

'They could open rest and recreation rooms; but those were only palliatives, which touched merely the fringe of the evil. They could, by way of example, keep away from strong drink themselves. But these things were not enough. They must put pressure—first on the Government and then on the municipal authorities. Mr. Lloyd George, in the splendid speech for which the whole country ought to thank him, spoke as if the Government had great powers in reserve. Could they not make them use these great powers, not merely threaten to use them, for the safety and well-being of the country? And the municipal authorities, surely they could do a little more than they were doing. We Englishmen were so timid, so afraid of one another. We wanted a man like Oliver Cromwell, a man who did not fear the face of man, who would do what he thought right if the whole world was against him. If God would raise up such a man we should be able to check this terrible evil.'

At another time his cry was, 'Save the girls'. Speaking at St. Helens to the wives and parents of soldiers he said:

'Keep your homes together by looking after your children, especially after the girls. They do not mean to get into mischief, they are not really wicked or vicious; but the sight of a man in khaki seems to turn their brains. They are full of romance and the love of adventure and desire for companionship; and so, almost before they know it, our children, our girls, are finding their feet set in slippery paths and are in danger of going over the brink. I speak to mothers and sisters of what I know

when I say that to-day in this diocese there are scores of girls under the age of sixteen who curse the day when they met a soldier, and that because they have not been warned, and because their parents have been too indulgent and too slack.'

At Southport, preaching in the church where Archdeacon Madden was vicar, and whose only son had just fallen at Neuve Chapelle, he declared that when he heard of junketings, of balls and parties, his heart failed him. He besought the women of the town to be among the angels of comfort in the sad days which were to come, in a war which (in 1915) had barely begun. A Bishop who from the platform of his knowledge, experience, and well-recognized saintliness of character could so address his fellow-countrymen was a real asset to England at this period. And all the time his prayers were incessant. 'In praying for others lately,' he wrote somewhere, 'I find myself using the words of the Confirmation Service—Let Thy fatherly Hand, we beseech Thee, ever be over them, let Thy Holy Spirit ever be with them, and so lead them in the knowledge and obedience of Thy Word that in the end they may obtain everlasting life'—so rich did he find the Book of Common Prayer to supply all his need. But, far more than the right word, grace and strength were now the supreme requirements both of himself and his, for to him and to his clergy and people anguish, more anguish was on the way, and he was to become to them not less their leader, but more than ever the pastor and comforter who knew their sorrows. Names amongst the fallen like Plummer, Harford, Ainslie, Lomax, Hudson, Jones, Windle, Wickham, remind us of stricken Lancashire

vicarages. Twice over to the Palace itself came the fatal message. The youngest boy, Aidan, was reported 'wounded and missing,' one month before his more famous brother passed away. The death of Noel, sole winner in this war of the V.C. with bar,[1] is referred to more particularly in the following circular letter:

20 August, 1917.

It is quite impossible for us to reply with our own hand to the many hundreds of friends who have written with such wonderful kindness to express their sympathy, and to assure us of their prayers in our present great sorrow. We can only send a printed letter of heartfelt gratitude; which seems a cold and poor return for such a wealth of affection and comfort as we have received.

In the assurance that our most dear boy is with Christ, that he laid down his life for others, and that God cannot make a mistake, lie our strength and our hope. 'In God's Will is our Peace.' We know that He has our son, and that one day He will place us again at his side.

A few details of his last hours on earth, as gathered by his brother Bernard, who was nearest to him in the line, may not be without interest. He died as he lived.

On 31 July he was hit on the head early in the attack,

[1]One of his replies to congratulations on the V.C. reads as follows:

Need I say how very much I appreciated your most kind letter? I think one values letters like that from one's old headmaster more perhaps than from any one else. We still feel like schoolboys before him, and long to please him more than any one. And I can assure you, Sir, that I shall do my best to be worthy of you and the old school.

Your affectionate pupil,
NOEL CHAVASSE.

'You have been known so far,' said his father to him, 'as the son of the Bishop of Liverpool: I shall be known henceforth as the father of Captain Chavasse.'

the skull being touched. The wound was bound up, and he was strongly urged to go down at once to the rear. He refused, and insisted on returning to his Battalion that he might minister to those who needed him. He could not remain away from his men. He used to tell his friends that he was not really brave, but that the thought of the men of his Battalion, whom he knew and loved, lying out in the open, bleeding to death, was more than he could stand. His aid post or dressing station was an old German dug-out with an entrance and a small window facing the German lines. The next day (1 August) he had a narrow escape. He was standing at the entrance of the dug-out tending the wounded when a large fragment of a shell flew past him into the interior, killing a patient at the bottom of the stairs. He still worked on—fetching in the wounded and ministering to them during the following day and night. On the night of 2 August, he went down into the dug-out, sitting on the chair near the little table, trying, with his orderlies and patients to snatch a little sleep during a pause in the arrival of casualties. While they were resting, about 3 a.m., a shell came in through the window, killing and wounding everyone of them. The dug-out was rather isolated and their plight might not have been discovered at once. This he realized, and managed, though severely wounded, to struggle out to obtain assistance. It came. He was taken down to a casualty clearing station. He was wounded in five or six places, but the one which mattered most was in the abdomen. This casualty clearing station is a special hospital for such cases, where the most splendid treatment is given. All that skilful surgery and devoted nursing could do, was done and at first he seemed to rally. But he was

literally worn out, and he passed away at 2 p.m. on 4 August. He was conscious throughout, though dazed, and morphia was given freely. He did not suffer any great pain. His main idea seemed to be a quiet determination to pull through, if possible. He received the Holy Communion, and to the sister in charge said more than once that 'he was going home to his mother and to his betrothed.' With a true instinct it was decided that he would like best to lie alongside his men whom he loved so well, and there in a little nook in Belgium consecrated by the brave dead, his worn and wounded body waits in sure and certain hope for the Resurrection from the dead.

He asked Life of Thee and Thou gavest him long life, even length of days for ever and ever.

Greater love hath no man than this that a man lay down his life for his friends.

Again we thank you with all our heart for your sympathy and your prayers.

Yours ever faithfully,

F. J. Liverpool.
Edith Chavasse.

The following letter written at almost exactly the same time to one of his clergy explains itself and is typical of hundreds more:

My dear Friend and Brother,

One sad heart can try to help another. We are both mourning our most dear and brave dead. Let us remember each other before God. Our Lord has our boys. They are safe in His keeping. They must be dear to Him, for like Him they laid down their lives for their friends. He gave them to us first; He will give them to us

again. Let us continually thank God for them, and look forward to renewing in the near future our intercourse with them. The happy past is all coming over again, only it will be perfect, sinless, and unending. Till then let us try to glorify God more and more, to fill their places so far as we can, and to be more worthy of them. May God fill up with Himself the blank in our lives, and give us strength to glorify Him in our day of visitation.

We are continually thinking of you and Mrs. Lomax.

Ever yours in affectionate sympathy,

F. J. Liverpool.

To Dr. Lock he wrote as follows:

My dear Old Friend,

. . . We find our anchor in the character of God. He cannot make a mistake. He will cause all things to work together for our good. Daily we praise God for giving us such a noble and loving son; for enabling him to crown a pure, strong and beautiful life with a Christ-like death, and for the sure and certain hope that he is with Christ. And we look for the Resurrection of the dead and the Life of the world to come. . . .

Ever yours affectionately,

F. J. Liverpool.

So it was that he could attend Memorial Services and preach at them, for all his own sorrow. On the Sunday after he had heard the news of his son's death, he preached in the open air in a poor neighbourhood, profoundly moving the large crowds by his faith and power, and binding them yet more closely to his heart. He took then what became his favourite text during this time of trial, 'Though He slay me yet will I trust in Him' (*Job* xiii. 15). It was soon after this that Mr.

Asquith, speaking at the Town Hall, mentioned the Bishop's loss with the sympathy of one who was himself a bereaved father, and the felicity of phrase of which he was a master. With one involuntary impulse the whole audience rose to its feet in honour of the brave son, while the father alone sat upon the platform, the tears streaming down his cheeks. When at their first post-war meeting at Cambridge the Medical Association chose the V.C. doctor as the member of their profession most worthy to be honoured for his work during the war, the Bishop travelled to Cambridge to receive the Gold Medal for merit thus posthumously conferred upon his son. Bravely mastering his emotion, he uttered his thanks in a simple speech which many who were there declared to have been the most affecting address to which they had ever listened. But, duty to his own people—he was the sort of man to go through with *that*, though his heart were broken: 'we must never let sorrow,' he said once, 'paralyse or weaken our energies, but rather quicken them into more tender and sympathetic action.' He was as good as his word.

Noel Godfrey Chavasse was born on 9 November, 1884, and baptized at St. Peter-le-Bailey. He was educated at Magdalen College School and at Liverpool College, where he was in the Rugby fifteen, gained the cup for the mile race two years and the challenge cup one year, establishing school records for the hundred yards and the quarter-mile. He entered Trinity College, Oxford, in October 1904. There he obtained his 'Blue' for the hundred yards and quarter-mile (winning the former against Cambridge in 1907), and playing lacrosse for Oxford. He also competed in the Olympian

games of 1908. He took First Class Honours in the School of Natural Science in 1907, and subsequently studied at the University of Liverpool where he gained the Derby Medal for Anatomy. He was a pupil of Sir Robert Jones at the Southern Hospital, and a bright professional future was opening before him when the war came, and he went to France as doctor with the Liverpool Scottish. There he won the M.C. at Hooge, May 1915, the V.C. at Guillemont, August 1916, the Bar to the V.C. at Wieltje, August 1917. Here he was fatally wounded, and died at Brandhoek Hospital on the fourth of that month. His body was buried in the adjoining cemetery. He hardly spoke during the three days that he was fighting for his life, but his last words were a message to the girl to whom he was engaged, to explain to her why he had 'carried on' for two days, even after his skull was fractured—*Duty called and duty must be obeyed*. No mention of him would be complete without a reference to his interest in Grafton Street Industrial School where, from the age of sixteen onwards, he was a regular worker, running a Bible class and a society, never missing the annual camp, the friend and correspondent to a host of boys who loved and worshipped him.

Aidan, his mother's 'Benjamin,' was born at Wycliffe Hall and baptized at St. Peter-le-Bailey. From babyhood he wore a somewhat pathetic wistfulness of expression which seemed almost prophetic of his tragic end. He was educated at Liverpool College where he played in the fifteen, and, like his three brothers before him, won the challenge cup at the sports. He won an exhibition in Mathematics at Corpus Christi, his father's old

College, where he took Mathematical Moderations and then History. He was about to go to Wycliffe Hall to read Theology when the war came, and he went out with the 11th Battalion of the King's Liverpool Regiment, the first battalion of Kitchener's Army to be recruited. When the 11th became a pioneer battalion, he transferred to the 17th K.L.R., to which his brother Bernard was Medical Officer. His Brigade-Major (Bernard Paget, now of Sandhurst) testified of him that he was the bravest man in the Brigade, and always volunteering for dangerous 'stunts.' It was in one of these that he lost his life. On 3 July, 1917, he was inspecting the German wire in front of Sanctuary Wood, near Ypres, when he was hit in the thigh. He sent back his patrol and was himself dragged in at dawn by the Germans and never heard of again, though his brother went out once that night and twice the night after to search for him. His mother used to dream that he was calling to her from No Man's Land on each anniversary of his death, and on the tenth anniversary, 3 July, 1927, she herself died in her sleep.

His father spoke thus of him in a letter to Canon Streatfield: 'The boy clung to his mother in a beautiful fashion, and no one knew so much about his doubts and difficulties as she did. He was naturally of a sceptical turn of mind, in the good sense of the word, and would never take anything on trust, but was always enquiring after the 'how' or the 'why.' Thank God, Oxford strengthened rather than weakened his hold on Christ, and it will ever be a comfort to me to know that he was a regular communicant, and that he and his mother knelt together at the Lord's Table on the Sunday before he went to France for the last time. We are quite

sure that if his course here is finished he is with the Lord.'

The following notes are added on the war service etc., of the Bishop's other children:—

The eldest daughter, Dorothea, married one of her father's examining chaplains, the Rev. George Foster-Carter, on 6 October, 1908. He was at the time Rector of St. Aldate's, Oxford, having succeeded Canon Christopher in 1905. In 1918 he became Vicar of Christ Church, Claughton, Birkenhead. Mrs. Foster-Carter was therefore close at hand to help her father and mother during the war years.

The eldest son, Christopher Maude, was educated at Liverpool College, and Trinity College, Oxford; along with his twin brother he represented England in the Olympian games of 1908, read for Holy Orders at his father's hostel, was ordained by him in 1909 and served as curate of St. Helens until 1913, when he became his father's chaplain. On the outbreak of war a telegram from the Bishop bidding him volunteer as an Army chaplain crossed one from his son asking for leave to do so. Before the end of the month he found himself involved in the retreat from Mons, was wounded at Cambrai in 1917, awarded the Military Cross and Croix-de-Guerre, and entered Germany with the 9th Corps in 1918, leaving the Army next year with the rank of Second Class Chaplain. Since then he has been Vicar of St. George's, Barrow-in-Furness, and of St. Aldate's, Oxford, and is now Rector of St. Peter-le-Bailey and Head of St. Peter's House.

The second surviving son, Francis Bernard, was educated at Liverpool College and at Balliol, where (like his brother Noel) he took a First Class in Natural Science and the prize for Anatomy. He was by no means undistinguished in athletics both at school and at Oxford, but his chief passion was sailing, with the Irish Sea as the scene of his exploits. When war broke out he was completing his medical course at Liverpool University. Directly he was qualified he was sent first to Egypt, then to France with the 17th Battalion of the King's Liverpool Regiment, was

wounded and awarded the Military Cross. He is now F.R.C.P. (Lond.) and in practice as an eye specialist in Liverpool.

The twin daughters, Edith Marjorie and Mary Laeta, were distinguished in the hockey field. During the war the former became chauffeur to her father, nurse to her mother (whose anxieties affected almost fatally a heart that had always been a danger), and *dea ex machina* in every crisis to the whole family, especially to the brothers who received many a parcel from her hands. Her energies have now found an outlet in work for Dr. Barnado's Homes. The younger sister served throughout the war with the Liverpool Merchants' Mobile Hospital at Étaples. Afterwards she completed her training at St. Thomas's Hospital, and is now back among her soldiers at Netley.

The whole family met together at dinner on Thursday, 20 August, 1914, to speed the departure of Christopher, the first to cross to France. High spirits and good-natured chaff were the order of the evening. But it was the last time. Perhaps the mother had a presentiment of it, for she took to her bed the next day.

THE LATER YEARS

The Diocese of Liverpool is not without its advantages, but cannot be the easiest in the world to rule. As a county Lancashire, and Lancashire people, have their well-marked characteristics, but in some ways Liverpool itself is hardly part of Lancashire at all—the Lancashire dialect, for instance, is quite unheard there. It is cosmopolitan rather. The Scottish community is strong—Noel Chavasse was an officer in the Liverpool Scottish, and during most of his father's episcopate Dr. John Watson (Ian Maclaren) was one of its most notable ministers and citizens. There are more Welshmen in Liverpool than there are in any town in North Wales, almost more than in any county. Above all, one district of the city is almost entirely Irish, and, as it is also Roman

Catholic, the presence and activity of Orange Lodges and similar institutions hard by are easily understood. In the past party spirit has often run high, and a whole neighbourhood been disgraced and terrorized by outbreaks of a very violent kind; indeed the whole city had, fifty years ago (and even more recently), a reputation for political and religious passion and prejudice unequalled anywhere in the Kingdom. There can be no doubt that to-day the tone of the place is largely different, and no small share of the credit is due to the influence of its second Bishop. In their main contentions, for instance, he was doubtless largely in sympathy with the Orangemen, but it is thus that he addresses them in 1921:

'I speak not as one appealing to your passions, or your prejudices, or emotions, but as one speaking to your consciences, your reason, your hearts, and your souls. Let me speak as your Bishop, as your Father in God speaking to his spiritual children. I speak, also, as an old man, now seventy-five, to younger men and women, from the fulness of a long life's experience. And I speak as your friend—one who earnestly desires Orangemen of Liverpool and elsewhere to play their part in their country's history and welfare. Lastly, I speak as an Englishman who loves his country and loves his Church. Your ordinances bid you be men of religion, thrift, tolerance, and loyalty, and I appeal to you all to put these splendid precepts into practice.

'We are living in days pregnant with the destinies of nations. Ireland, bloodstained and terrorized, is crying with outstretched arms for peace and security. The industrial world, torn by the vision, weakened and rent by human selfishness, is crying out for selflessness and prosperity. The nation, full of lawlessness and full

of self-seekers and covetousness and lust, is crying out for deliverance and for the dawn of a new day, when the Kingdom of God shall be set up in its midst. The Church of Christ, conscious of past defects and failures, is penitent and crying to God for grace to know what to do, longing for the revival, longing for reunion, longing for the coming of the Kingdom of Christ. You men and women can help them all. Rise up, Orangemen and Orangewomen, and help, by your lives and your services, to give Ireland peace and order, truth and righteousness, on the lines which, as I have indicated, your society has laid down. Help, I pray you, the industrial world by leavening that world with the teaching of our Lord Jesus Christ, the true panacea for all social evil. Help the Empire; go out and slay, like the knight errant of old, the hideous dragons of lust and covetousness, of superstition and unbelief. Rise up and help the Church by being true to the Bible and its teaching, by praying constantly for the Holy Spirit, and by working one and all for true unity. Thus you will fulfil your mission, and you will hand on to your children and your children's children a pure faith and regenerated world.'

The years which followed the war were very unsettled, and the Bishop gladly joined hands with leaders of the Free Churches in an attempt to call the public to a consideration of spiritual issues, and, under their auspices, the Exchange Flags, and the Exchange News Room witnessed great gatherings for prayer. The Bishop's own plea for a new temper in industry and the leavening of the industrial world with Christian principles was urged at an annual meeting of the Scripture Reader's Society in the following terms:

'One of our leading statesmen has said that we ought to take stock of our anxieties. Never, as a nation, had we greater anxiety than at the present moment. A few years ago we had war at our gates. To-day we have it within our gates.

'The industrial world seems to be divided into two great antagonistic armies, animated by a spirit of suspicion, prejudice, and bitterness. Each side tries to get the better of the other, forgetful of that Christian life which ought to animate a Christian people even in trade. It is not the duty of the Church to arbitrate in such a matter as the coal strike, because it is a most intricate and difficult problem, and it needs an expert to do it; our duty is to denounce wrong-doing and unrighteousness, whenever it is found, whether in the ranks of Capital or Labour. What we need is not a new method, but a new temper and a new spirit.

'As a nation, we must exercise self-sacrifice. The coal-owners must forego some of their profits, the miners some of their wages, the public must be willing to pay a higher rate for their coal, and the country must be willing to vote a subsidy to help the mining industry in a time of difficulty. 'Oh that's Utopian!' people would be heard to remark. Was it? Was it not the Christian course, and were we not a Christian nation? The industrial world thought that force was a mightier power than love. The sooner it repented and changed its mind the better.'

Here again, in a New Year's letter to the Diocese, we get the same appeal:

'A sudden spell of industrial depression has brought us face to face with the difficult problem of the lack of employment for the masses of our people. In this

Diocese, at any rate, the unemployed, as a whole, have faced the hard times through which they have passed with exemplary patience and courage. If we seek to place ourselves in the position of those who are thrown out of employment through no fault of their own, who see their wives failing for lack of food and their children crying for bread; or, of those who are compelled to work for less than a living wage, and to live in a bare and crowded home out of which everything which delights the eye or brings comfort to the tired body has long since gone; or, of those who see their sons turning loafers and their daughters taking to a life of sin because of poverty at home, we shall be better able to appreciate what this patience and self-control mean. The appeal to a Socialism which ignores the Commandments and does despite to the natural endowments of man is a counsel of despair. The remedy is worse than the disease, and would lead in the long run to greater disaster, and misery, and confusion. The true remedy, I am convinced, lies in that Christian Socialism which teaches us to love our neighbour as ourself, to do unto others as we would they should do unto us, and to share with our fellows whatever gifts God has lent to us. It is the appalling selfishness, extravagance, callousness, and luxury of tens of thousands around us which is goading the suffering poor to madness, and which, if unchecked, can only end in some national catastrophe. Only so far as our people become Christian in that they follow the example and precepts of our Lord Jesus Christ will that catastrophe be averted and the highest welfare of our nation be attained.'

Nothing, it may be said, very original in all this—only the teaching of the Church Catechism; and yet

very Christian, and urged by a man who was himself whole-heartedly Christian, a shrewd observer, too, of men and things, who had the courage to utter the real thoughts of his heart. What would have been said of a *Bishop* a hundred years ago whose social doctrine was so strong and pointed? But he was a servant and, as a writer put it in the daily press, had his work—the allaying of feuds, the righting of wrongs, the succouring of distress, the aiding of a great and turbulent city which needed help of every kind. Little wonder was it that with such purposes in his heart and such language upon his lips he came to be called 'the People's Bishop,' a 'democrat in gaiters.'

But he had duties of a special kind towards the members of his own communion and his clergy. These, it need hardly be said, he performed with the utmost zeal and care; nothing was too trivial for him, nothing too exacting. Confirmations which might, one thinks, so easily have become matters of routine, he kept on that high plane where he himself habitually lived. Sometimes he spoke to the candidates like a prophet inspired, at other times like the expert teacher, yet always a 'Father in God' who would fain be soul's friend to them all. At ordination times he was, as would be expected, at his very best. His carefulness over detail was most precise—not for nothing had he had a business training; his hospitality during the days of preparation overflowing, as indeed it was always, and must often have embarrassed Mrs. Chavasse and her domestic staff; his charge on the eve of ordination quite unforgettable.[1]

[1] In 1909 he addressed the bishops at a devotional meeting at Lambeth; on his return home, one of them, a man of by no means emotional temperament, told of what he had then seen and heard with quivering lips, and tears in his eyes.

'He led us to feel,' writes one of his candidates, 'that we were not just entering a profession but obeying a call to the highest service; yet while there was thus a kind of heavenly atmosphere about those Quiet Days, he himself was so human, blending delightful humour with serious intercourse. And so humble was he that he actually *thanked* us for coming to the Diocese, as though we were doing it an honour. So, in after days,' he adds, 'we found him wonderfully patient over our youthful indiscretions—and, how presumptuous and foolish we sometimes were!' But he could be stern and formidable. 'I never heard such a dressing-down in my life,' said an elderly vicar who had occasion to see him along with a refractory curate. Nor, having once weighed up a man in the balances and found him wanting, did he easily change his mind. Of course he was not infallible in such judgments; some men whom he promoted were not really quite equal to his good opinion of them, while others had merits which demanded a revision. But of whom might not the same be said?

The problem of the supply of clergy troubled him greatly all through his episcopate, as it still does all well-wishers of the Church. He dealt with the matter at a Church Congress, somewhat as follows:—

'He attributed the scarcity of men in some measure to religious unsettlement, the attraction of new and desirable openings at home and abroad, the generally small emoluments, and the absence of a guarantee of an adequate retiring pension, but most of all to the decay of home religion in the upper and middle classes. The results were the understaffing of great parishes, the crippling of Church work in almost every diocese,

prolonged vacancies of livings and curacies, the overworking of devoted clergy, and the loss of hope and enthusiasm and of the spiritual influence and power which enabled men to do their best work in the best way. The remedies lay not in lowering the qualifications for the ministry; not in removing every difficulty out of the way and in so smoothing the entrance to the ministry that it became easier to take Holy Orders than to join any other great calling; not in lowering doctrinal standards and seeking to reduce to a minimum credal difficulties by eliminating all that was supernatural or hard to be understood; not in seeking to make the ministry compete in attractiveness with the great professions or with any other line of life; but by holding up the ministry of the Church of Christ as the most difficult, the most exacting, the most responsible of all callings, thus appealing to the noblest instincts of their best men; by appealing to Christian parents to dedicate their choicest boys, and schoolmasters to bring the claims of the ministry before their confirmation candidates and pupils; by providing, if possible, a fund in every diocese through which grants might be made to carefully selected men to enable them to be trained for the work of the ministry. Above all, the Church must fall to prayer. . . . The training of the men when found needed to be deep, definite, and thorough.'

With the closely-allied pastorate of medicine he had, as might be expected, the warmest sympathy. The medical men both of Rodney Street and elsewhere were among his nearest allies. In the year after his arrival in Liverpool a doctors' service was started at St. Luke's Church, on the Sunday nearest to St. Luke's

Day, and has been continued annually ever since. He preached the first time himself. The service has since been the means not only of expressing and propagating the highest ideals of the profession, but of attracting to Liverpool preachers of the highest order who would hardly otherwise have been heard there. It goes without saying that the Bishop himself was usually their host.

Re-union with other Christian bodies was much in the air during the Bishop's later years, and found in him a warm though cautious supporter. He knew that a large number of Evangelical Churchmen were averse to interchange of pulpits, as well as men of the opposite school; accordingly he wished to move in the matter only when the other bishops moved. But he recalled in Convocation the advice given to him in the early days of his ministry, 'Do not work with Nonconformists hand in hand, but work with them side by side; in all social questions co-operate with them as much as you can,' and he rejoiced that he had lived to see that advice followed by every school of thought in the Church of England. Yet he never himself invited the help of Nonconformist ministers in the Lady Chapel. But though disposed himself to move slowly, even after the Lambeth Appeal, his brotherly spirit was quietly helping to prepare the way for a consummation which he believed to be drawing steadily nearer, though he might not himself live to see it realized. It was his 'dream,' he told the Free Churchmen of the city when, in 1920, on the occasion of his ministerial jubilee, they paid him a moving tribute of reverence and affection at the Reform Club, that one day all the Churches of the Reformation would be one; of his own indebtedness to the hymns and

devotional writings of Nonconformists he spoke in the most generous and winning terms.

Towards a larger use of the services of duly qualified women in the Church he was most sympathetic, and himself moved for a Committee of Convocation to consider the principles which should govern the exercise of the Bishop's discretion with regard to their ministrations in consecrated buildings. But here again he was cautious, and had no desire to force public opinion; while to the admission of women to the priesthood he was resolutely opposed. At the same time, his own and Mrs. Chavasse's interest in the Church Ladies' House in Liverpool was warm and incessant.

On the completion of his fiftieth year of service in the Christian ministry, his own people in the Diocese were not behind the Free Churches in doing him honour, and a second motor-car was his, for the easing of his labours. It was at the presentation in St. George's Hall that the Archbishop of York so fittingly described him in Scottish phrase as '*far ben*,' a man whose life was indeed 'hid with Christ in God.' In the following year his contact with all sorts and conditions of men was illustrated by his initiation into the mysteries of 'Buffaloism,' a working-men's freemasonry. Influential members of the Royal Antediluvian Order approached him, with the result that no fewer than 817 members gathered together to welcome him into the fellowship on the appointed evening. It says not a little either that he happened to join the Sir Moses Montefiore Lodge, where members who belong to the house of Israel are in the majority. Testimony from a very different quarter was the gift of a season ticket from the North Wales

Steamship Company, of which he was able to make very occasional use.

Anxieties, however, hung over his later years. There was his own burden, reduced somewhat by the appointment as Suffragan Bishop of one of his own clergy, Dr. Linton Smith, now Bishop of Hereford, whose one complaint was the difficulty he had in persuading his zealous chief to allow him to do some episcopal work and thus to be of real service to him; his wife's hold on life, often frail (it seemed) and uncertain, yet mercifully preserved; the state of the Church and the prospect of Prayer Book revision, with all that it might bring. He had strong convictions on the subject of clerical obedience, and wanted the service of Holy Communion conducted exactly as it is prescribed, without additions which tended to assimilate it, as he said, to the Roman Mass. The section of clergy who so offended was not large, he thought, but it was united, powerful, and aggressive, and its policy he went so far as to describe as evasive, dishonest, and corrupt. Such men's zeal, he considered, had blinded their conscience; but, 'like priest, like people,' and if such practices went on unchecked the national character must suffer. Yet he laboured for peace, and even went so far (as we have seen) as to agree to the proposed use of a 'white vestment' for the service of Holy Communion.

'Although (he said in Convocation) he had never in his life worn an Eucharistic vestment, he had put his hand to the report presented to them on three grounds. The first was the ground of what he might call Christian equity. The Ornaments Rubric was undoubtedly most ambiguous. He interpreted it in his own way, and he

believed that his interpretation was perfectly correct; but there were a large number of men, equally loyal to the Church of England, who took an entirely opposite view, who believed they were carrying out the law of the Church and fulfilling their ordination promises by using vestments. He did not therefore think it would be right to (at once) refuse to allow them the use of some distinctive vestment in the celebration of the Holy Communion, taking into consideration the past. In the second place, he signed the report because the proposal was in accordance with the spirit of Anglican tradition. It was proposed to allow distinctive vestments during Holy Communion, and he wished to point out that the Church had already allowed the use of such a vestment in the cope. The wearing of the cope, so far as he knew, involved no doctrinal meaning, and was simply worn to mark the Holy Communion as the great central act of worship in the Church. For the same reason a white vestment of a different shape might, it seemed to him, be legalized in the Church. A white vestment, chaste and dignified, was less likely to irritate and offend than a coloured vestment. The permissive use of it would correspond with the comprehensiveness and toleration for which the Church of England had been distinguished in the past, and for which he trusted it would be distinguished in ages to come. At the same time this permissive use was most strictly safeguarded, and the rights of the laity protected, because none could introduce the vestment without the sanction of the bishop of the diocese. Thirdly, he supported it, on the ground of Christian love and charity. He was aware, as the Bishop of Durham had remarked, that the taking of that line might mean the severing of some life-long friendships.

He knew he would expose himself to a great deal of misunderstanding, and might be regarded as having betrayed, in the position in which God had placed him, the highest interests of the Church, and he was aware that he might lose influence with many people whom he desired to influence for the best; but, in spite of all that, he believed that the introduction of such a vestment as was recommended might make for peace. If it did not make for peace, he should feel that as a Christian bishop he had done his best to fulfil his consecration vow to try and promote peace amongst men. As they on their side were making sacrifices—great sacrifices—in making that proposal, they earnestly hoped that the honest, loyal, and saintly men who saw differently would, for the sake of peace and unity, be willing to make sacrifices on their part.'

Such words did him honour. No mere partisan could have so spoken. But he was resolutely opposed to Reservation and to such changes as were afterwards introduced into the Consecration Prayer of the Deposited Book. Of the former he once said in Convocation (2 May, 1918):

'There were only three churches in the Diocese of Liverpool where Reservation was practised, but in each case the procedure had been the same. In the first place there had been the request that Reservation might be allowed for the sake of the sick. Then the Sacrament reserved for the sick had been allowed to be worshipped privately in a side chapel. Then lastly it had been placed in a tabernacle over the Holy Table, and in each case the Roman Service of Benediction had followed. This was only an instance of what Hooker called a 'creeping and encroaching evil.' They had to fight this, and was

the Church of England to fight it with a divided episcopate? They would never stop this 'creeping and encroaching evil' until the bishops made up their mind to act together. What was happening to-day was that although he and other bishops protested and forbade these practices and directed their discontinuance, there were certain other bishops who allowed them, and it was put to him, why could not he allow his clergy the same liberty that other bishops allowed theirs? If the English bishops would only agree upon a policy, and not alter that policy every few years but adhere to it, the 'creeping and encroaching evil' which the Bishop of Chester[1] had so well exposed would be finally crushed and the Church of England remain what it had been for the past 300 years—the great bulwark of the Church of God in his country.'

He pleaded strongly too against the other changes which for the first time gave a foothold, as he put it, to 'pious opinions' inside the Prayer Book which had been held in the Church of England ever since the Reformation but which were then excluded as being beyond the teaching of Holy Scripture. He wanted no change here at all. Accordingly on 11 February, 1920, he seconded the Bishop of Manchester's amendment 'that this House resolve to adhere to its decision not to alter the structure and sequence of the Office of Holy Communion.' This was lost by the casting vote of the President. But at a meeting of his clergy held in the Lady Chapel on 3 November, 1922, the same view was upheld by an overwhelming majority.

These were the days of the Enabling Act (1919) and the birth of the Church Assembly to which Parliament

[1]Dr. Jayne.

delegated legislative powers, subject to its own right of final sanction: thus the Church of England was to set her house in order. Measures dealing with Parochial Church Councils, Dilapidations[1], Clergy Pensions, Diocesan frontiers, and so on, were pushed forward with zeal, if not always with perfect wisdom. To the debates the Bishop was a regular listener, but in spite of private invitations from the chair he never took part in them—perhaps from a waning interest in such matters. And certainly, there was no real lack of speakers.

Meanwhile, after the interruption caused by the war, the choir of the new Cathedral was now rapidly rising, and hopes were high that the Bishop's 'threat' of resignation—the word as applied to him is almost unseemly—would again not come off (as it had failed to do in 1919), but that he would himself consecrate the great building of which in a true sense he was the Founder. But it was not to be. He was an old man, he said; but, so far as personal reasons weighed with him, probably it was Mrs. Chavasse's health that told most towards his decision, together with his own beautiful and simple modesty. Anyhow it was announced at last to the Diocese in a letter addressed to his Archdeacons (G. Hardwicke Spooner and George J. Howson):

> After much thought, I have placed my resignation of the Bishopric of Liverpool in the hands of the Archbishop of York, to take effect from 1 October.
>
> I have been led to take this serious step from the conviction that, at the age of seventy-seven, I cannot

[1]Liverpool had been early in the field with its own scheme—one-third of the cost to be borne by the incumbent, one-third by the parish, the remaining third by the Diocese. There were many clergy who did not bless the day when the scheme of the Assembly was substituted for it.

adequately carry on the work of a Diocese so populous, so important, and with such great possibilities as that of Liverpool. I have no right to retain a post which I cannot fill efficiently, or to receive the Church's money when I can no longer render due service to her people.

In July of next year there is every hope that the second part of the Cathedral will be consecrated. A younger man, whose natural force is not abated, is needed to launch successfully on its great career this venture of faith and love.

Moreover, the steady growth of population in the Diocese, as evidenced by the last census, and the consequent happy development in the building of many thousands of new houses in the suburbs of Liverpool and in its neighbourhood, will call for the raising of a very large sum of money, and a great extension in Church building and activity, which will require the full energy of a man in the prime of his life.

Not least, 'the old order changeth, yielding place to new.' The generation which I represent is passing away. A new age is dawning with new needs, new aspirations, and new methods which demand the guidance of a bishop who is well able from his own personal training and experience to understand its tendencies and to deal with its problems. Such a man, I do not doubt, in answer to many prayers, will be given to the Diocese.

I can never sufficiently thank my clergy and laity of the Church of England, and a very large number outside its borders, for having borne with me and helped me with such loyalty, patience, and sympathy for twenty-three years in times of joy and of sorrow, of difficulty and of failure, of mistakes and shortcomings; and for their unfailing wealth of personal kindness to my family

and myself. I cannot look back upon a long episcopate, spent in such a city as Liverpool with its splendid opportunities of usefulness, and amid such a vigorous and lovable people as those of South-West Lancashire, without thanking God for having permitted me to minister to such a flock, and without a humbling consciousness of my own grievous failings, and of the little which I have been able to accomplish. That God will bless the Diocese, and shine upon it more and more, will be my prayer to the end of my days.

Ever yours affectionately,
F. J. Liverpool.

The Palace,
Liverpool.
30 June, 1923.

Regret was universal, for to Liverpool he was now 'the little Bishop,' known and loved of all men. He had lived to understand and to help them—that had been his purpose, and it was to a rare degree his achievement also. On Monday, 24 September, in the Town Hall, the following gifts were presented to him—an illuminated address, a silver tea and coffee service, and a cheque for £3,807, which, as he afterwards humorously complained he had been 'bullied into accepting.' The donors were all sorts and conditions of men, indeed, as he declared, the value of the gifts was greatly enhanced in his eyes by the knowledge that so many of those who contributed were not members of the English Church. After a grateful acknowledgment, the Bishop, in his reply, went on to mention four great sources from which he had received help in carrying on the work of the Diocese. He owed more than he could say to the Town Hall. When he was

consecrated in York Minster twenty-three years ago, the then Lord Mayor of Liverpool, although a Jew, was present. 'From Alderman Cohen,' continued he, 'I received to the end of his life countless kindnesses, and the twenty-three Lord Mayors I have known since have done all they could to help me in the work of the Church. It was within these walls that the Cathedral scheme was launched; it was here that the first meeting for the formation of the Bishop of Liverpool's Fund was held. Any help which the municipality could give me has always been given lavishly, and without hesitation.'

Then he had received great help from those outside the Church of England—the Free Churches and others. One of the very first to come and see him when he took up his work in the diocese was that good and gifted man, Dr. John Watson. 'I count it as one of the privileges of the earlier days of my episcopate,' said Dr. Chavasse, 'that he was my friend. From succeeding presidents of the Free Church Council, and from their ministers, I have received from first to last many and great proofs of affectionate esteem. Mr. Dann, who is the living representative of the Free Churches in Liverpool, has been to me as a brother. In many difficult enterprises, when the Church and Nonconformity were working together, he has undertaken the labour and done for me what I could not do myself. With all my heart I thank the Nonconformists of Liverpool for all the help they have given me during the past twenty-three years. I hope that here in Liverpool they have been helping to form that atmosphere which, sooner or later, I trust, will lead, without any compromise of principle on either side, to that reunion for which we all long. I trust even more that it

may lead Nonconformists and Churchmen to stand side by side, dropping all prejudice and hostility, in seeking to fight and destroy that grim spectre of secular education in our day schools which sooner or later we shall have to meet. If only the Church and the Free Churches can work together in this respect, no Prime Minister and no Parliament will ever be able to refuse religious, and distinctive religious, education to the children of this country.

Turning next to 'my own dear people in this Diocese, both clergy and laity,' he said that when he came to the Diocese some of them were rather resentful that an unknown man should have been appointed. Some were rather dubious as to whether he was quite sound, and some were perhaps a little indignant that other far worthier men had not been selected. But clergy and laity alike dropped all opposition, received him with the utmost warmth, and enabled him to accomplish the work which, by God's grace, he had been permitted to do. He could never forget the kindness he received from such leading clergy as Archdeacon Taylor, Archdeacon Madden, Canon Stewart, and Canon Blundell—men who looked at things from different points of view, but who were all one in their desire to help the unknown bishop who had been sent to them. Of the 400 clergy who gave him so warm a welcome, only sixty remained in the diocese to-day, but he had received the same loyalty and love from their successors.

Referring to the laity, Dr. Chavasse said that one whom he loved and honoured—Sir William Forwood—wrote to him, upon his appointment, a letter which he prized to this day, expressing the hope that he would make the great aim of his episcopate the raising of the

spiritual life of the Diocese. He had tried to the utmost of his ability to follow that advice. Other noble laymen, princes of commerce and captains of industry—John Brancker, Arthur Earle, Robert Gladstone, Richard Dart, and many others—stood by his side and helped him in those earlier days, and, as they had passed away, other and younger laymen had risen up and taken their places. The secret of any work he had been able to accomplish was to be found in the abundant and ungrudging help he had received from clergy and laity.

Another source of power, quite hidden and perhaps little suspected by some, but there, nevertheless, was his home. 'For forty-two years,' continued Dr. Chavasse, 'one has shared with me the vicissitudes of life, halving its sorrows, doubling its joys, encouraging me in times of despondency, counselling me in times of perplexity, strengthening me in days of weakness, and, in times of failure, helping me with the strength of her own faith—and that is my dear wife. Wise, patient, full of love, fearing and following Christ, she never intermeddled with the things of the Diocese, but was always ready in those particular diocesan matters which appertain to women and children to tell me what, in her opinion, was the right course to take. It is to her, in a very great measure, indeed, that the work which has been done in this Diocese is due.'

Referring to his children, Dr. Chavasse said: 'They have kept me in touch with the young life of Liverpool, and I thank God from the bottom of my heart for my children. Two of them are not. With your sons they laid down their lives for their country, but, as the Lord Mayor hinted, that bereavement has been a fresh and

imperishable bond between us and the Diocese. It brought out the wonderful measure of love and sympathy for which I thank God and you.'

'My heart almost breaks at the thought that I am going to leave you,' concluded the Bishop with emotion, 'but I do rejoice in one or two things—first, that God has sent you a bishop who will more than fill my place, and who will be able from his great ability and his statesmanlike qualifications to do a work which I could never do. I ask you from the bottom of my heart to do all you can to help Dr. David to carry on the work in this dear and great Diocese. Then I hope I shall not be idle in Oxford. Will you remember me there, and pray as old Alexander Dallas used to say, that I may 'end well'? I don't want to rust out: I should like to wear out. Will you pray God that that desire may be granted? If I never see you again in the flesh, the memory of your kindness to me and mine will never die. I shall ever think of your love, your loyalty, and your patience with me in all my mistakes and misjudgments, and I shall pray God that He may be pleased to bring you and me to 'where beyond those voices, there is peace.''

So, passed into honourable and well-earned retirement, this great and good Shepherd of the souls of men. Shortly before, the University of Liverpool had honoured itself by giving him the degree of Doctor of Laws. He was presented for it in these felicitous terms:

'Reverend, beloved, rich in the mellowed wisdom of age, and holding in his heart the happy secret of youth; a man of courage undaunted and of hope undimmed, Dr. Chavasse keeps alive in our days the august tradition which unites piety and letters, religion and sound learning.'

A SKETCH BY THE REV. W. A. WICKHAM

The sketch which follows has been contributed by the Rev. W. A. Wickham, now Rector of Ampton, Bury St. Edmund's, but for thirty-eight years Vicar of St. Andrew's, Wigan. The portrait it gives of the Bishop is a very charming one, and the value of it is enhanced by the fact that the artist does not belong to the Bishop's own school. With its tender conclusion, it serves here as a link between the record of the Bishop's incessant diocesan activities and that almost equally busy and fruitful life of letter-writing into which he now passes.

'I had the great good fortune to see a good deal of Bishop Chavasse. He was the most delightful man to work with, a perfect blend of father, elder brother, and master. I served on other committees, but for eleven years I was practically sole secretary of the Benefices Augmentation Fund, in which he took the greatest interest, and for which by the mere force of his personality he obtained much money. 'Rejoice with me,' he would say, 'but keep it quiet for the present—another £1,000 for B.A.F.' We were therefore able to be adventurous, and to launch out into undreamed-of deeps in dealing with the poorer benefices, putting before them such temptations to help themselves as were generally irresistible. Of course, our very competent Committee did the work, but much had to be done beforehand in the way of preparation and invention. Here the Bishop was most helpful. He seemed to trust one entirely. 'I can always work with you,' he would say, 'because you are so frank with me.' He also seemed to give me quite a free hand, but now and then he would

say 'No, just to let you know you cannot always have it all your own way,' and he said it with that delightful smile of his. I got a letter one day telling me of some underground rumbles of discontent about B.A.F., that attempts were being made to capture it for one party in the Church. 'When complaints of this character have been made to me, I have declined to listen to them, but unless the six clergymen appointed by the Committee are equally divided between the two schools of thought in the Diocese, there will be dissatisfaction and a loss of confidence.' I was easily able to satisfy him by producing some striking facts, which could not be disputed. I added that we had had a little similar trouble from the other side, but that I was perfectly certain that the three High Churchmen who had been secretaries of B.A.F. from the beginning, Canon Penrhyn, Canon Blundell and myself, had no 'colour' when we were working for B.A.F. I think he was perfectly trustful, but he kept his eye upon me, though he signed himself for many years and until his death, 'Ever yours affectionately.' He often asked me to do little things to help him, to serve on a committee, look over a deacon's sermons, suggest any pressing subject for a charge, advise as to any matter connected with the Cathedral building which puzzled him, etc., and he always wrote such grateful letters. It was truly a delight to do anything to help him; only one felt, more and more as time went on, how utterly unworthy one was to be so treated by such a man.

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'He was very brave. I shall never forget his announcement (at a meeting of the Liverpool Church Congress) of the gift of £40,000 just received to provide, as the first

beginning of the new Cathedral, a 'Lady Chapel.' A Lady Chapel in Liverpool, of all other places! The last Lady Chapel built in England had been, I believe, Henry VII's Chapel at Westminster! But the Bishop had thought it out, had seen his way and made up his mind, had accepted the gift, and then boldly (it must have cost him much to do it) made the announcement. In the same brave way he declined the offer of a reredos, which in some respects was very tempting, because he thought it would justly give offence to many who would use the Cathedral. The same courage was clear in one of his last letters to *The Times* on the subject of the Memorial before God in Holy Communion. 'At every administration of Holy Communion we plead and present before God the Sacrifice of the atoning death of our Blessed Lord; but our Prayer Book nowhere bids us do it dramatically by spreading before God the consecrated elements of bread and wine.' Then he added, '*If many of our fellow worshippers connect that pleading with the consecrated elements they can legally do so*,' though he himself did not think they had most sure warrants of Holy Scripture. When one remembers the current teaching of so many Evangelicals on this subject, one sees at once the courage of the dear Bishop when he wrote the words which I have put in italics.

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'I always thought he had a strong 'Catholic' strain in him, though he was at the same time, in some things, an almost narrow 'Evangelical.' He would, e.g., never celebrate but at the North End. 'You are quite within the law, when you take the Eastward position, but so am I when I go to the North End, and that is my place.'

Again he would never use the words 'Celebrate' or 'Celebration.' I served on a small committee whose business it was to draw up the Service for the Consecration of the Lady Chapel, and, in spite of all our arguments and references to Prayer Books, those words were taboo. But in a far more important matter the other side came out in the ministration of Confirmation. Bishop Chavasse's whole manner of celebrating the rite showed that he regarded it as a Sacrament, though he would have stoutly refused to give it that name. In the interval for private prayer for the candidates he bid us pray, not as heretofore 'that the Ordinance might be blessed' but 'that the Holy Spirit might be given'; while the active side was properly dwelt upon, the passive side was made very prominent. Many of his confirmation addresses were models, and they were short. I used to think they might just as well have come from the lips of Bishop King of Lincoln.

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'He was a very busy man. His list of engagements in the *Diocesan Gazette* was always long, something for nearly every day. But it gave only a portion of his engagements. I was with him in his study one morning when the telephone bell rang. Someone wanted to see him. He was obliged to say that every bit of the day was filled up; but the man pressed him (may he be forgiven) and at last he made an appointment for ten minutes in the evening. I knew that that meant time stolen from his frugal dinner before going to his evening's work. He had, apparently, no hobby and no recreation except change of work. Bishop Ryle used often to be driven down to the landing stage, or to Crosse's, if some new animal had arrived. But I never heard that Bishop

Chavasse had any breaks of that sort. It seemed to be all work and no play, though he was never dull. But he must often have been very tired. He would come to one of our afternoon committee meetings looking perfectly fresh, but before the meeting had ended he betrayed his real fatigue by the slight stutter which came when he was overtired, the result, it was said, of overwork in his first curacy.

'How he found time to prepare his sermons, etc., was a puzzle. And yet when something of importance had to be said he always managed to say it perfectly. Could anything be more perfect than his words about the new Cathedral? He had a wonderful way of making time for things. I happened to know his movements on one particular day. He was apparently 'full up' from morning to night. But he managed somehow to write me a long chatty letter, which he need not have written. We used to think he preached too much, and especially that he preached too frequently in the same neighbourhood on the same Sunday, instead of putting a space of, say, ten miles between each sermon, and preaching the same sermon twice over, as Wesley and Whitfield are said to have done. He did do this to a certain extent, and he was rather fond of telling a story against himself. One of his daughters was sitting in a pew in a Liverpool church, where her father was preaching. In the pew in front of her sat two ladies. When the Bishop began his sermon one of them turned to the other and said, 'Seventh time I've heard that.' But his sermons generally seemed fresh, and he had a clever way of brightening them up, and ordinary folk loved them. His beautiful clear voice was a great asset. When tired he sometimes strained it and woke echoes.

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'His sense of humour was keen but quiet, and helped one so much in working with him: it makes things so much easier if it is possible to joke with one's master! I had built a large oak chancel screen in my church, with many figures upon it in niches, and in order to bring some of these into line with buttresses beneath, with which they were not concentric, I had introduced the Lincoln Imp, which, by sitting on the buttress and carrying the niche on his head, exactly did the trick. One day the Bishop, looking over the oakwork, as he liked to do, asked me if I thought it right to put anything so ugly in the chancel. I replied that I most certainly did, and I pointed out that the figure in the niche was St. Anselm, and that the Imp, an utterly bad lot originally as anybody could see, had become a staunch supporter of his Bishop! He laughed heartily, as he did also at another grotesque, evidently a converted person and singing most heartily. I used to send him a printed copy of our parish accounts at the end of each year. We always made a point of never having a balance either way. One day he wrote, 'your ability in making your accounts balance *to a penny* is phenomenal.' One item attracted his attention, 'Tip to dustman, 2s.' On this he wrote, 'Is there no ecclesiastical name at once ancient, expressive and dignified for 'tip'? When the archæologist of the twenty-second century looks through your church accounts and reads 'tip to dustman,' he will inevitably think that it was a form of ecclesiastical punishment, the unhappy man being suddenly shot out of his cart for some misdemeanour, for which the churchwardens paid two shillings. Surely the word is misleading, and your wide and antiquarian knowledge ought to have enabled you to use another. I am sure that Sir Wal-

ter Scott's antiquary, Mr. Oldbuck, would have been shocked at the word.' I replied in his own vein that the antiquary of the twenty-second century would not find an instance of such a punishment, even in that backward age, but that he would find that the word was used by sons in connection with certain parental dealings especially at the end of holidays, and generally for a 'gratuity,' and he would probably admire the sensible practice of the churchwardens in using language understanded of the common people. But he would also notice that after the year 1914 the word 'tip' dropped out of the St. Andrew's accounts, which at first puzzled him, until he discovered a faded type-written letter signed by the famous Bishop Francis, the founder of the cathedral in which he warned the then parish-priest to avoid for the future the word 'tip' in connection with dustmen, in order that the shade of the well-known Mr. Oldbuck might not be shocked. He would make a note of this as another instance of the ascendancy of the Scots. The Bishop replied on a postcard, 'I am greatly interested in the record of the future. God speed you.'

'It is a great thing to be able to joke with one's Bishop and at the same time to reverence him beyond expression. I could no more have taken a liberty with him than I could have flown. One venture I did make more than once, that of protesting against his passion for carrying his own bag, especially at the end of a hard day. He suffered the fool gladly, and told me he had picked up the habit from the great Bishop Fraser of Manchester. I was able to quote against him the equally great Bishop George Selwyn of Lichfield, whose bag I had sometimes carried without any objection, when a young deacon. But he held to his own way. I sometimes managed

to get my way by stealing his bag and sending it to the station, while he was thanking the choirboys, and shaking hands with 'the gentlemen of the choir,' as his manner was.

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'I was obliged to leave the Diocese in 1916, and to seek lighter work in Suffolk. His interest in me and mine seemed rather to increase. He several times told me how much he missed me, and his letters were a great solace and interest. One I should like to add here. It seems almost too intimate and sacred to print. But it is a good example of his skill in the work which some of us find so difficult, the writing of a letter of condolence.

St. Peter's House,
Oxford.
14 December, 1926.

My dear Brother and Friend,

Our hearts ache for you in your great and sudden sorrow. The news has only just reached us, and it came as a great shock. We have been continually thinking of you and your children, and praying that God may comfort you all. Her loss will be keenly felt far outside Ampton. Many in Wigan, and in the Liverpool Diocese will feel that they have lost a true friend, and that the world is poorer for her passing from it. Hundreds will be thinking of you, and prayers will be going up from countless hearts that God will comfort and sustain you, and fill up with Himself the gap He has made in the picture of your life. It is a beautiful life upon which you look back. How tender, loving and unselfish she was! How regardless of herself! How patient and brave in times of sickness and great sorrow! How full of sym-

pathy and kindly thought for everyone! She leaves behind a fragrant memory, a beautiful example, and an inspiration to all who knew her to try to follow her as she followed her Lord.

She has met Bernard[1] now, and Christ has for ever healed that deep wound in her heart, and she waits with him for you and her girls to join her. God will not fail to strengthen you, and to make your sorrow a blessing to many. Your people will be more ready to listen, and doors which nothing else could unlock will fly open at the touch of sympathy. Thank God for your dear children. They will prove an unspeakable comfort.

God bless you, my dear friend.

Ever yours in affectionate sympathy,

F. J. Chavasse,
(Bishop.)

SOME LETTERS

The following letters were written at various times during his episcopate. They usually explain themselves, and are not devoid of general interest.

To a clergyman passing through a period of domestic trouble (1904):

My dear Brother,

The news contained in your letter came as a great shock. Most deeply do I sympathize with you in such a crushing sorrow, underneath which flesh and blood might well fail were it not for the knowledge that God lives and reigns, and loves, and can overrule even such a blow as this to the glory of His Name, and the extension of His Kingdom. I know that in His strength you will play the man, and not allow your own deep and poignant distress to interfere in the long run with your work for Him.

[1] Her only son, killed in the War.

I am not at all sure that your easiest plan will not be to go to —— if you have the opportunity. In a new place, amidst new surroundings, and with a new work, you are not likely to be so much reminded of the past; and then God's great Healer, Time, may do his work more quickly. Have you any sister or near relative who can live with you? You certainly ought not to be there alone. In any case, occupy your mind as much as you can, and do not live a solitary life. Your sorrow will awaken unthought-of currents of sympathy amongst your people, and it will also help you to sympathize with, and to comfort those who are in sorrow.

God bless and comfort you, my dear brother. He will not fail you in this your hour of need.

It is quite Scriptural for a man to divorce his wife for adultery, but I question if it is expedient for a clergyman to do so.

(1) It brings the Church into discredit when a clergyman, even though he be the innocent party, appears in the Divorce Court. In some cases it may be necessary; I cannot see the necessity in yours.

(2) It is far better, in my opinion, both for the Church and the man himself, if he bear such an awful blow as yours in a spirit of dignified, self-restrained, and heroic silence. Such an attitude wins respect, sympathy, admiration, and commends the clerical office.

(3) A time of penitence may come round. Your self-control may hasten and deepen it.

To Mrs. Abbott, on the death of her husband:

It was not until yesterday evening that I read in *The Times* the story of your great sorrow. The world seems far poorer to me; what must it seem to you? I can only pray that God Himself may comfort and uphold you, and give you all the strength you need.

It was in May 1873 that I first learned to know your dear husband, and for more than thirty-one years he has been to me as a brother. I do not think I have ever made any great move—to Oxford, to Wycliffe Hall, to Liverpool—without talking or writing about it to him. His brief visit to Oxford and to Liverpool are bright spots in my life never to be forgotten.

A letter of his received last week, and which I had not answered because I wished to think over its contents, after the pressure of the ordination was over, now lies before me. How I shall miss such letters—shrewd, kindly, terse, suggestive—in the future! Yet who could wish him back, or mourn over such a death? To die without suffering on such a day, in such a place, in the act of reading God's word—

> Nothing is here for tears, nothing to wail,
> . . . Nothing but well and fair,
> And what may quiet us in a death so noble.

And you and your children have this certain hope that the happy past is only the pledge and foretaste of a far happier and an eternal future. God implants love, not to mock us by catching away those whom we love for ever; but to give us an earnest of the exceeding joy and blessedness that is to come. Let memory be your prophet, and look back only to look forward with deeper, calmer, and more assured hope. With all my heart I pray that God may comfort you. Please thank Walter for his letter . . .

To an examining chaplain, Dr. Tait (various dates):

The subject of Ordination Candidates' Exhibition Funds is a vital one at present. We are hoping to start one in this Diocese. . . . It is a crying need. . . . My little Hostel absorbs all that I am able to contribute. . . .

I have no wish to be unduly severe, but what I have to ask myself is this—Is a candidate for Ordination likely to have sufficient mental ability to take the oversight of a Parish? This is

not the time to admit men into the Ministry who are inadequately equipped mentally. . . .

I strongly approve of the scheme for affiliating our theological colleges to provincial Universities, but I do not see how men can be properly equipped for the Ministry if they endeavour to take the whole of their theological course concurrently with their University course. . . .

I am feeling painfully how far many of our younger clergy are behind the ministers of other Christian bodies. In the long run the Church with the most devoted and best equipped ministry will win the day. . . .

If they will be patient and trust me, I think I can find them good vicars with whom to begin their ministerial work. There is no need for me to tell you how important it is that they should work with the right men at first. . . .

I most heartily congratulate you on your appointment to Ridley Hall, and I equally congratulate Ridley Hall on your appointment. Flesh and blood *must* shrink from such a work. 'No true prophet is a willing prophet,' but I am sure you may have every confidence that God has called you, and God's bidding is God's enabling. Your strength must be, 'Faithful is He that calleth you.' You will not go to Cambridge alone: your Lord will be with you. . . .

The following extracts from letters to Dr. Tait illustrate

(*a*) Lancashire Churchmanship as he found it (1901):

My experience of Lancashire is that a clergyman may do whatever he likes at any other part of the service if only he wear a black gown in the pulpit and do *not* turn to the East at the Creed!

(*b*) His Busy Life (1906):

Alas, it is impossible. Flesh and blood (at least mine)

cannot undertake any more work for November than I have done already. I am exceedingly sorry.

(*c*) His Considerateness (1907):

I am very grateful for your kindness in consenting to address Ordination candidates at Trinity. But you must not allow even Bishops to kill you, and at Christmas you will be far too busy to undertake the work. Do not in any way overtax your strength or cause yourself to be unduly rushed at a time of peculiar pressure.

(*d*) Generosity in Money (1907):

I shall be quite ready to ordain Mr. X. in 1908 instead of on Trinity Sunday, but it will be necessary not only to raise the money for his fees, but also a sufficient sum to keep him and his wife and little children. I can provide the money up to Trinity, but I am too heavily pledged in other directions to be able to be responsible for more than £10 of the amount needed after Trinity. . . .

To a clergyman bereaved of a child:

My dear Friend and Brother,

You have the deep sympathy of Mrs. Chavasse and myself in your great and unexpected sorrow. May God Himself comfort you and fill up the gap He has made in the picture of your life. I know how your sensitive and affectionate nature will feel the blow, and you have been constantly in my thoughts. It is a great mystery why God has been pleased to take your dear child to Himself, but

> Take it on trust a little while;
> Soon shalt thou read the mystery right,
> In the full sunshine of His smile.

'What I do thou knowest not now but thou shalt know hereafter.'

If I can be of any service to you, do not hesitate to let me know.

God bless and keep you.

Dr. Chavasse welcomes Dr. David,
October, 1923

To face page 211

To an ordinand (1911):

One line to thank you for your letter, and to wish you with all my heart every blessing in your ministerial life. I hoped to have written earlier, but the rush of the past ten days has been great, and at present I have no chaplain to help me with my correspondence which is unusually heavy. We have been very glad to have you at the Hostel. I only wish we could have kept you for a year and secured you for the Diocese, but it is often a good thing for a man to take his first curacy a long way from home. If I may give you a last word of counsel it is this: Hold fast to a Living Christ, and seek to deal with Him as One Who is ever at your side. Honour the Holy Spirit of God and continually pray for His guidance and help. Stick to principles and not to people. People change and disappoint, but principles remain unaltered.

To Mr. W. S. Holden (1912):

It is very kind of you to write as you have done. No one I am sure enjoyed the Lay Readers' outing more than I did. Such an afternoon draws us all together and helps us to do better work for our common Master.

I have had lately two moving services for Liverpool College boys—a confirmation last Friday, and the service on Sunday morning. As I get older and the end draws near, my heart goes out more than ever to the boys and girls who are coming on.

To Mrs. Bindloss, an old Holloway friend (1912):

I am very pleased to receive your letter and to hear of your daughter's marriage. I well remember her coming to ask for work at St. Paul's, Upper Holloway, and in how many ways she helped me there. I trust that God may give her every happiness in her married life.

I am very sorry indeed to hear of your illness. May God comfort and strengthen you. My prayer often is at present 'Now

that I am old and grey-headed, O Lord, forsake me not' and the answer seems to come, 'I will never leave thee nor forsake thee.' Old age is the time for ripening. If our activities are curtailed we have more time for waiting upon God and for interceding for those whom we love. Do you ever read *Pilgrim's Progress* again? I think the account of Christian in the land of Beulah and of the pilgrims waiting with Christiana for their summons (in the second part) may help you. What a strength it is to know that we are in the hands of God, that nothing happens to us without His permission, and that all things are working together for our good! May God richly bless and strengthen you.

To Rev. Robert Sinker (1913):

You have my deep sympathy in your great trial, and that sympathy is all the keener because my own heart is sore with the loss of a brother. A great landmark in the picture of life disappears when a father dies, and though I lost mine more than twenty-seven years ago, the loss still seems recent and life shorn of some of its brightness. I shall never forget the kindness of your dear father and mother to me when I came up to Cambridge in 1898 to give the Pastoral Lectures. Occasionally we have met since, and I feel that I am a better man for having known him. He impressed me greatly with the solidity of his learning, the strength and simplicity of his character, and his genuine and unaffected piety. You are happy to be the son of such a father. As years go on the memory of his example and teaching will grow stronger and not weaker. May God comfort all of you!

To an invalid, Mr. W. Stewart Royston (1913):

On Saturday I go into camp with the Territorials at Denbigh. Will you pray that God may help me with the men, for the work is quite new, and the possibilities are great?

I am sorry to gather that you have had periods of special suffering of late. God, you may be sure, is training you for some

high ministry in the life to come. He can make no mistake. He is using you to help His Kingdom here. One day you will serve Him perfectly and without pain in His Temple. . . .

You have indeed a heavy cross to carry. That only makes you more like our Lord. I often think of the lines:

> For love's strength standeth in Love's sacrifice,
> And whoso suffers most hath most to give.

It has been to me a very helpful thought that in some way which at present we cannot understand, every pain we feel and every sorrow through which we pass is helping to fill the cup of suffering which the Church, Christ's Bride, must endure, and to hasten the coming of our Lord to banish pain and sorrow for ever. You can feel that you are doing yeoman service to Christ and His Church by the patient endurance of the cross He lays upon you.

Thank you for all that you have done for the Gratitude Fund.

To an old friend, the Rev. Oliver Puckridge (1916):

I have been so intensely busy for the last three months that I have not had time carefully to follow the correspondence which has risen round the Bishop of Oxford's *Manual of Membership*. I am hoping to read the book next week when I shall have a short breathing time. The Bishop is an excellent man, and a very advanced Churchman; but he is seriously alarmed at the action of some of the extreme men of his own school of thought, and is, I am told, actually repudiated by them.

To Rev. H. G. Thompson (1919):

I thank you most heartily for your loyalty and courage. You have my full sympathy and support in the stand that you are making to discontinue practices which are not in accordance with the Book of Common Prayer, such as the use of prayers

in the Communion office, not authorized by the Church of England, the taking of the ablutions after the Communion of the people, the use of the last Gospel, and of the *Agnus Dei* before that Communion, and the reading of the Epistle and Gospel facing East. I earnestly hope that you will stand firm. Any help that I can give you will be given gladly and without reserve. You may have to face the great sorrow of losing some of the present members of your congregation, and of seeing a few join the Roman Communion, but you will have the support of all loyal members of the Church, and of your Bishop, and the approval of your own conscience.

To his secretary, Miss Bussell (1919):

You have the heartfelt sympathy of Mrs. Chavasse and of myself in your time of sorrow. We each have only one mother, and when she passes away there is no one who can quite fill her place. But you have the true comfort of knowing that she was ready for the great change, and that she has joined your dear father in a country where there is no death or separation any more. You can praise and bless God that she has 'crossed the bar' and sees her Divine 'Pilot' face to face. You can think of her as loving you still with a perfect love, and waiting for you to join her.

You must not think of coming to help me, until you have recovered from the strain of nursing her, and of closing her eyes in death. You have done all that a good daughter can do, and in the midst of your grief this thought will help you. But a reaction will follow, and for a time you are sure to feel broken and unstrung. Get all the rest and quiet you can, and do not think of taking up your work until you are equal to it.

To various friends, donors of a motor-car (1921):

The motor-car to which you so generously subscribed to celebrate the fiftieth anniversary of my ordination has been delivered, and with all my heart I thank you for so handsome

and useful a gift. It will not only help me to get about the Diocese with greater ease and less fatigue, but it will enable me, I hope, to do better and more work. It is the crown of a long series of kindnesses of which I am quite unworthy.

To Canon Alexander (1908):

You are indeed in a difficulty, and may God guide you to a right decision. There can be no question that a canonry at St. Paul's is the more difficult post. An infusion of more moderate Churchmanship into the Chapter is most desirable, but the position of the more moderate man, for a time at any rate, will be that of the minority who are born to suffer. It is also most desirable that the preaching power of the Chapter should be strengthened. Canons Newbolt and Scott-Holland are getting older and some one is needed to take Lang's place in the pulpit. As a preacher you might, with God's help, exercise a widespread influence; and your position as a Canon of St. Paul's would add to the weight of your utterances in all parts of the country.

On the other hand, unless I am mistaken, the pastoral work in the Guildford sphere would appeal more strongly to your natural tastes, and fall in well with the experience of the past six or seven years. But, on the whole, looking at the question not from your standpoint but from that of the Church, I am inclined to think that you would do better by going to St. Paul's than to Guildford on the ground that it would be more easy for the Bishop of Winchester to find a man to succeed Boutflower than for the Prime Minister to find any one else better fitted to succeed Lang.

I shall not cease to pray that God will give you special help in this time of great perplexity.

(1915)

To my very great regret I cannot accept your kind invitation to preach at St. Paul's Cathedral on Sunday, 13 June, for I am already engaged on that day. I am the more sorry

because I remember with such great pleasure the last occasion on which I preached at St. Paul's, and the most happy Sunday that I spent with you and Mrs. Alexander. Thank you for asking me.

Mrs. Chavasse has been laid up with heart trouble since the beginning of September. We have been exceedingly anxious about her, and for some weeks the doctor would not allow me to sleep away from home. She is now, thank God, a little better and seems to be slowly mending, but she is not yet able to leave her bedroom.

I have watched with the greatest interest the fortunes of St. Paul's; the problems you have had to solve, and the great opportunities which you have used so wisely and so well. I am sure it is a great strength to all who love the Church of England to know that you are so worthily maintaining the past high tradition of recent years. May God bless you more and more!

(1920)

You are very kind. I think that I can arrange to come to London on 31 October and to preach at St. Paul's in the evening. I am not really equal to such a task; but I will do my best. It will be a real delight and help to stay with you and Mrs. Alexander; but you must allow me to come as a paying guest. Times are too hard for even Canons at St. Paul's to give unstinted hospitality.

The death of the Bishop of Durham is a great grief to me; I have known and loved him for more than forty years. . . . Thank you for your kind words about my jubilee. The people have overwhelmed me with their gifts.

To an old friend, Rev. J. K. Powell (1920):

Thank you for your most kind and affectionate letter. To-day is indeed to me a day of thankfulness, and penitence, and awe: of thankfulness that God has been pleased to spare one who never expected to live much beyond thirty to work for fifty years in His Ministry; of penitence at the remembrance of

opportunities neglected, mis-used, or ill-used; and of awe at the thought that it is now towards evening and the day far spent. Will you pray that God will help me to 'end well,' and not to outlive my usefulness?

I could have wished that I had been allowed to resign, and spend my last year or years at Oxford. The burden of the Diocese weighs heavily upon me at my age; but *Deo aliter visum*, and I cannot doubt that He knows best.

As you say the services for my three great days, namely, ordination as deacon and priest, and consecration as bishop, are wonderfully happy and appropriate, e.g., St. Philip and St. James, St. Barnabas, and St. Mark. The subject of the ordination sermon at my priest's ordination has gone with me through life. 'If you cannot be a genius like St. Paul, you can at least go about helping people as did St. Barnabas'.

There is little chance of my ever publishing any book. Whatever I could say has already been much better said by others, and my time is so taken up that I really have not the leisure for any kind of literary work.

Again I thank you warmly, and ask for a niche in your prayers.

LETTERS ABOUT HIS RESIGNATION

To Mr. Holden:

Thank you for your most kind letter. Uprooting is painful work, and my heart is very sad. When I think what I might have done, and how little I have accomplished, I feel humbled to the dust.

To Dr. Simpson (and others):

I find it impossible to reply personally to the very large number of kind friends who have written to me on my resignation of the Bishopric of Liverpool. Will you therefore, under these circumstances, forgive a printed letter? I greatly value your

words and sympathy. Uprooting is very painful, and they have been a real comfort to me because I know that you will sometimes think of me before God. I am convinced that resignation is right at my age. The Diocese needs a younger and stronger Bishop. I trust that my working days are not quite over, and that in Oxford, where we are hoping to live, I may still be able to do a little for our Lord and His Church.

To Dr. Tait:

I wished to answer your letter with my own hand, and the pressure has been so great that I have been unable to do so until to-day. It is not sickness, or any conscious failure of strength that has prompted my resignation, but the conviction that at seventy-seven I cannot hope long to work the Diocese adequately, and that it is wise for me to give up before the Church of Liverpool seriously suffers through my failure of power. Moreover a new chapter is opening in our diocesan history with the consecration of our new Cathedral choir, and the report of the Bishops' Commission. A younger man, abreast of modern thought and method, is needed, and one who is stronger in every way to meet the new situation. In Dr. David the Diocese will have a wise, strong, and capable leader who, in the main, will maintain its old traditions, and will adapt them to modern needs. Thank you, my dear brother, for all the help you have given me for twenty-three years; I have not been half so grateful as I ought to have been.

To the Rev. J. K. Powell:

We are going back to six weeks of painful work, and I am glad to know that you will sometimes think of me. My resignation takes effect on 1 October, and we move to Oxford within the next fortnight. Are you not overstating the case when you say that 'God cares very little for anything in a man, or for his views or practices or beliefs, provided his heart is full of love?' God is a God of Truth and Righteousness as well as of

love, and a man's views, beliefs and practices affect his love. While we are tolerant of the opinions of others we have still great need to pray that we 'may be replenished with truth of doctrine and innocency of life'; otherwise our spiritual vision grows blurred, our will perverted, and our power to do God's will enfeebled.

But you are right in saying that true Christian love draws us to men and women whose religious standpoint is very different from our own.

God bless you.

OXFORD AGAIN
(1923–1928)

CHAPTER VII

Oxford Again

'We are going to live in Oxford where I think I can do a little. If I cannot adequately guide a diocese, I may be able to help an undergraduate.'

So wrote the Bishop to his friend, Canon Alexander, on the eve of his resignation, in the spirit of a message he had himself once sent to Mr. Royston: 'Do not be discouraged if avenues of doing good seem to be blocked at times. God will use us if we are willing to be used, in the best way possible. There is an old saying that the stone which is fit for the wall will not be long on the road.' The new home was St. Peter's House, the old Georgian Rectory, in which he, the Rector Emeritus, was at last to live. Fortunately it was large enough for his Christmas party of children and grandchildren, and it had a garden which during the weeks of summer was a comfort and delight to the two now ageing workers. St. Aldate's Rectory, with their son and daughter-in-law and grandchildren, was not far away. His old College, too, did honour both to him and to itself by electing him to an Honorary Fellowship. But, best of all, to the Bishop, there was, at any rate in term-time, work close at hand, work that he loved and perhaps could do as no other man living: 'to help an undergraduate.'

'As I sit writing in a half-furnished room,' he says to a friend shortly after his arrival, 'while the men are unloading the vans, I feel much as I felt just fifty-eight years ago, when I came up to Oxford as a freshman, quite

strange and homesick. But I am sure that the Hand of God has brought me here, and that He has some work for me to do.'

He did it bravely, sympathetically, prayerfully. Here is a testimony to the worth of it and to the reality of his influence from one[1] who, happily for himself, came within its range:

'I came to know Bishop Chavasse quite by accident, but very well, during my time as a B.A. at Oxford, that is, in the two years preceding my ordination, and I can quite certainly say that to no person or institution do I owe so much for spiritual help. At a critical time, when my religious views were expanding and in no small degree 'in the melting-pot' as a result of reading theology for the first time in the manner necessitated by work for the Honour School of Theology at Oxford, I nevertheless found untold help and many spiritual consolations from fairly frequent intercourse with the Bishop. He enabled one to see the eternal truths of God, and one felt, after knowing him, that, numerous as are their methods of approach to the things of the Spirit, the saints, in Dr. Inge's phrase, 'do not contradict each other.' Not that Bishop Chavasse was narrow—his varied reading (and it was astonishingly so), his sympathetic nature, his truly loving heart which won for him so wide a circle of friends, prevented that; indeed, although he belonged to another and almost totally different generation, he none the less was able to 'make contact' with many a one of my own. The 'format' of his Christianity was, of course, merely the old-world (but by no means valueless) casket containing the ever-new treasure.

[1]The Rev. Clement White, of Rugby Parish Church.

'As one who had much urging to embrace other and, as the world now thinks, more honourable professions than the Ministry, and who has had to endure much discouragement and some snubs from friends on account of his ordination at a time when Holy Orders is a distinctly unfashionable vocation, I never cease to be grateful to one who, by life rather than exhortation, was so largely instrumental in my entering the Ministry.

'The period of the Bishop's later residence in Oxford after his retirement from the See of Liverpool would appear to be abundant testimony (it may be added) to the great, even if supplementary, value of extra-collegiate spiritual work among undergraduates, although this is often disputed by college chaplains.'

His own views and feelings about it are revealed in the following characteristic letter to the Rev. J. K. Powell:

28 December, 1923.

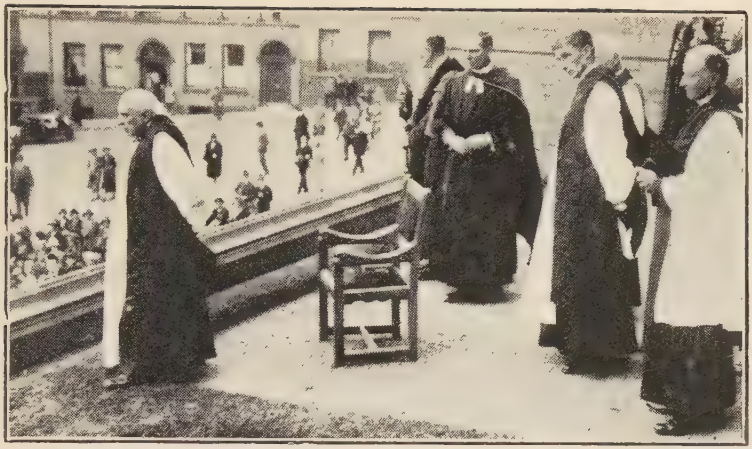
My dear old Friend,

One line to thank you for your very kind letter with its Christmas greetings, and even more for thinking of me in your prayers. I greatly need such help. A great door and effectual is opening to me here, and I sorely need God's help, spiritually and physically, to use the opportunities that I have and shall have. I have been again asked to lecture on pastoral work and to give devotional addresses at Wycliffe Hall, and to take up again the Sunday evening Greek Testament reading. My life at Liverpool seems a pleasant dream from which I have awakened to find myself in Oxford. But 'it is towards evening' and I cannot expect a long spell of work. . . .

Not that he was allowed—or allowed himself—to keep within the frontiers of this most valuable service. Determined he was 'to wear out and not to rust out,' as he used to say. He became one of the regular preachers at St. Aldate's, and was in continual request for quiet days, meetings, and sermons elsewhere. Here, for instance, is an extract from Mrs. A. L. Smith's *Life* of her husband, Master of Balliol from 1916 to 1924, which tells its own tale:

'A. L. loved a simple discourse. I have seldom seen him so much impressed as he was on the last Sunday before his final illness. The aged Bishop Chavasse was the preacher, and, regardless of Fellows and Scholars (whose presence might seem to act as a 'quencher of the spirit'), he lifted up his voice and gave us a most inspiring message. 'That's the stuff!' said one of the dons as they came out. He succeeded where many abstruse theologians had failed—perhaps they think that Balliol men must have something original and elaborate given them to think about, whereas they really require 'milk for babes,' and this the old Bishop gave them.'

But trouble was at hand. Delighted to have some episcopal work to do, he had been assisting the Bishop of Newcastle with his confirmations, but returned to Oxford for Holy Week and a course of Addresses at St. Aldate's. These he took with all his old vigour. Then came Good Friday, and the Three Hours' service, and alas, a breakdown in his first address, the root cause of it being erysipelas which had attacked his foot. He preached, however, on Easter Day to the Oxford Territorials—'I must make myself do it, or I shall lose my nerve'—and returned undaunted to the work at



'Founder's Plot,' September 19th, 1926

'Founder's Plot,' July 8th, 1927

To face page 256

Newcastle. Thence he was brought home, as many believed, to die. His old Liverpool doctors, Crawford and Macalister, came over to see him, and, in answer to many prayers, their wisdom and the devotion of his Oxford physicians triumphed, and life and strength were restored to him for a while longer. During his convalescence the Bishop of Oxford (Dr. Burge) came to see him and found him lying on a bed in the garden. After a little talk he said to him, 'Before I go I want your blessing.' 'No,' replied the aged Bishop, 'you are in office and must give me yours.' The other demurred, knelt down upon the grass, and bent low his head by the bedside. With tears running down his face the old man laid his trembling hands upon it, and prayed for him as an aged Apostle might have done. They never met again.

The day appointed for the consecration of the first part of the new Cathedral at Liverpool was now approaching. Everywhere the hope was expressed that he would be there. Chaplains were appointed for him in the procession, and almost to the last his presence was anticipated. When news came that he was unequal to the journey, many felt that half the interest was gone out of the proceedings. But as the new building came to be seen, not a mere 'tabernacle' capable of seating so many thousands of people but a 'glorious work of fine intelligence,' men realized, as some had not done before, the essential *Churchmanship* of the man who was so largely responsible for it; and as they saw represented there the strength and solidity of their old Bishop's convictions, a feeling came over many that in him and his Cathedral, taken thus together, there was portrayed a type which approached most nearly to the true ideal of the English Church.

How the Bishop himself spent the day is seen from the following letter to his old Liverpool friend, Mr. Holden:

'I am greatly touched by your kindness in writing. I was very sorry that I could not be present at the consecration of the Cathedral. But I was able to go to a communion service at a church hard by, where the Liverpool form was used; and, in the afternoon, followed the whole service sitting in our little garden and thanked God. My heart was in Liverpool all the day. I am very thankful that everything passed off so splendidly. May God make the Cathedral a great means of grace to the Diocese and the whole Church!

My heart is still in Liverpool. I see the *Post* and read the latest news, and every day I remember the Lay Readers.'

Later on that summer some weeks were spent at Rousdon Rectory, North Devon, where the Bishop was, for a short (but very happy) while, what he had never been for any length of time before, a country parson. People heard of him, and came to see and hear him from all the surrounding villages. Later on he is at Overton-on-Dee, where he spent his seventy-eighth birthday. The following letter to Mr. Powell refers to it, and to the illness which preceded it:

'Your most kind birthday letter has been sent on to me. My seventy-eighth birthday was memorable. It was in a special sense a birthday of Grace. God has brought me back from the gates of death, and given me a new lease of life. Whether that lease be long or short, may I use it for His glory. Your prayers, I am sure, helped to prolong my life. Heartily do I thank you.

You did not worry me by referring in a recent letter to disputed points of doctrine. I hope that the passage of years has widened and mellowed my heart, but it has only deepened my old convictions, and that deepening has brought with it a greater tolerance for the opinions of others. You will never offend me by your frank statements of your belief. May God give us more and more fully the light of His Truth.'

It was during this stay at Overton that one day (17 October) he drove over to Liverpool, saw the now consecrated Cathedral for the first time, and there baptized his seventh grandchild[1], Edgar Francis James Chavasse. He was always priest to his own family, and baptized all his children and grandchildren (except the last), confirmed all his children (except the eldest), and ordained his son. He even, as we shall see, performed the last sad office for his own wife.

The end of the month saw him back in Oxford like every other University worker. Though he did not resume his Greek Testament readings for some time, his heart was with the young men, to a group of whom he had from his sick bed sent the urgent message: 'Stick to the Church of England. The Church of England needs you. There is no Church like it in Christendom.' It was her ministrations, and the Collects of her Prayer-Book, that were to help him most in the dark days that were coming. But for a while the light shone, and his ministry of help to individuals, far and near, went on

[1]His grandchildren in the order of their appearance: Aylmer Francis Foster-Carter, Lois Marguerite Foster-Carter, Pamela Mary Foster-Carter, Noel Willink Chavasse (Oxford), Michael Louis Maude Chavasse (Oxford), Felicity Joan Carol Foster-Carter, Edgar Francis James Chavasse (Liverpool), John Cropper Chavasse (Oxford), Anna Chavasse (Oxford), Evadne Chavasse (Liverpool).

without ceasing. Here is a letter to a lady in bereavement who had heard him preach at St. Bede's, Liverpool—interesting for more reasons than one:

21 October, 1924.

'If any words of mine have helped you in your great sorrow, I am very thankful. I am afraid that at present I cannot send the MSS. of the sermon you mention, for I have only brief notes of it in a note book with other sermons. But (if I have any copies left) I will send you an extract from another sermon on a similar subject *which was taken down and printed without my knowledge. The perpetrator of the deed was kind enough to send me a few copies.*

Those dear ones of ours whom God has called from us are 'not dead but alive.' They are alive with Christ. They live unto God. They see His face, and His name is on their foreheads. They bear His likeness and are satisfied. They wait for us to join them. They would grieve if they knew that we mourned for them as those without hope. They desire that our thought of them should lead to closer walking with God, to greater devotion in our efforts to help others, and to utter forgetfulness of ourselves. May God Himself uphold and comfort you.'

It seems likely that the reference in the first paragraph is to the second sermon, printed in the little volume *Plain Words on some Present Day Questions*, on 'The State of the Blessed Dead.' This appears to have been issued originally without his consent, towards the end of his time at Wycliffe Hall; in a second edition, however, dated December 1898, there is a note of his own in which he expresses the hope that while the dis-

courses lay no claim to originality or completeness and were not intended for publication, they may, yet, in days of disquiet and unsettlement, be used of God. The other subjects are 'Confession,' 'The Christian Ministry,' 'The Lord's Supper,' and together they form a lucid and vigorous exposition of the Evangelical case. Later on, in 1927, he issued a small pamphlet on Holy Communion which for clearness of utterance and fidelity to long-cherished convictions is beyond all praise.

Here, too, mention may appropriately be made of his little book, *Harry George Grey, Missionary, Teacher, Saint*, printed for private circulation in 1926, but now obtainable from the Publishing Department of the Church Missionary Society. It contains six addresses and sermons by that good and scholarly man who had twice over followed him as Principal of Wycliffe Hall, from 1900 to 1905 and from 1910 to 1918, together with an Introduction by the Bishop of some dozen beautifully written pages. In the deep things of life the two men must have been singularly alike. Throughout his varied and interesting career in England and in India, we read that Mr. Grey, deeply loved by Indians and Englishmen alike, displayed those great 'characteristics of utter self-effacement, profound humility, and whole-hearted devotion to the service of God' which men have learnt to associate with the name of Dr. Chavasse.

The following letters date from the autumn and winter of 1924–1925. He himself received many, and quietly complains: 'As I cannot now afford a typist, it takes me a long time to answer them.' But his serenity is

unbroken. 'In this life there is a thorn on every rose, and a shadow on our brightest things. If only we can believe that our place is chosen for us by God, the result is patience and contentment.'

To Canon Alexander.

12 November, 1924.

'I am very grieved to hear of your temporary breakdown. I sincerely hope you will obey your doctor, and take a long and complete rest. A period of enforced idleness will do good in many ways. It will restore your bodily health, renew and increase your mental freshness, quicken your spiritual force and vision, and teach those in authority how needful you are at present for the well-being of St. Paul's and of the Church of England. For a time give Mrs. Alexander plenipotential powers, and do as she bids. These are great days for Church and for State alike, and I pray God that you may be spared to play a great part in them.

For six months, since Easter Week, I have been laid aside. I can now get about with elbow crutches, which I hope to put away in a few weeks. I am slowly creeping back to work, and spoke for the first time on Monday for ten minutes. I have been at the gate of death, but now hope to do a little work before the sun sets.

To Mr. C. H. Hagger.

24 December, 1924.

'Thank you for your card and greetings. As I grow older I value increasingly such tokens of affection. One of the trials of advanced age is the loss of old friends;

one of its compensations the love of a younger generation.'

But not long afterwards he is able to write: 'I am getting stronger, I am thankful to say. Yesterday to my great joy, I began again to write my letters *standing* at my old desk.'

To Rev. J. K. Powell.

26 February, 1925.

'I am still mending, thank God. I have resumed the Greek Testament readings this term to my great thankfulness, and preach once or twice a week; but I still soon tire, and cannot yet face big functions. I hope to do so in the near future, if God gives me strength.

We must not lose heart. Matters in the Church and out of it give rise to serious anxiety. But God reigns and His Spirit is still with us. There are some very hopeful signs in Oxford. Who would have dreamed forty years ago of forty dons meeting weekly in each other's rooms, in five groups, for prayer during term?'

(The invitation to the Greek Testament class reads as follows:

Members of the University (men) will be welcomed to these readings, which are held by Bishop Chavasse in St. Peter's House, 19 New-Inn-Hall Street, on Sunday afternoons during term.
Tea 4.30 p.m. Reading 4.45 p.m. Close 5.30 p.m.

As many as fifty men came from time to time, some of them sons of men who had themselves sat at his feet.)

To Rev. J. K. Powell.

28 September, 1925.

'Thank you for your loving birthday letter. On Sunday I entered on my eightieth year. It is very wonderful that one who in his early days was so weakly should be spared so long. Thank God, I am still able to preach twice on Sunday, and can do a fair, if not a full day's work. We must both of us pray, as Alexander Dallas did, that we may 'end well.' *Psalm lxxi*, 'the old man's psalm' as it has been called, is a great comfort to me. . . .'

To Mr. Hagger.

22 October, 1925.

'I am very grieved to hear that you are not well, and trust that God will shortly restore you. The spiritual life needs cloud as well as sunshine for its full development.

'Waterland is very clear and able. His treatise on the Holy Communion is one of the very best on the subject. . . .'

His life at this time he thus describes in a letter to another correspondent: 'I am only a half-timer. I can still speak twice on a Sunday, take the chair at small meetings, visit a few sick and old people, and do a little amongst undergraduates.' But during his illness and afterwards, a plan of great importance had slowly been forming itself in his mind, and at the Islington Conference, in January 1926, he gave it public expression. He pointed out that the Evangelicals held a strategic site quite close to the centre of Oxford, and suggested that

St. Peter-le-Bailey Church, with the Rectory on one side and Hannington Hall on the other, might form the nucleus of a new college; the rectory garden would remain, while beyond it were the disused school buildings and playground, and a prospect of further room for extension if and when it were needed. The scheme has been so far successful that a hostel for non-collegiate students called St. Peter's House has already been opened under the charge of the Bishop's eldest son; this, in time, with strong financial support from friends in the country, and the University authorities' recognition,[1] should become a Hall or even a College parallel with Keble, 'to maintain and diffuse the Reformed Teaching of the Church of England as set forth in the Book of Common Prayer of 1662.' It is greatly to be hoped that his plan may be carried through. The number of undergraduates, largely increased since the war, offers scope for fresh collegiate life; it seems only right, too, that the place which enjoyed nearly one-half of the Bishop's ministerial life and provided his last earthly home should possess some worthy and permanent memorial of him.

Some letters dating from the following spring are preserved:

To Mr. Holden.

16 March, 1926.

'I am thankful that you and Canon Copner are on the new Boards, and I trust that you will not only be able to counsel and strengthen the new Directors, but that you will be able to infuse into the new much of the great spirit of the old. Most warmly do I thank you for the

[1]The sanction of Convocation was given on 29 January, 1929.

invaluable help you gave me during the happy years I worked in Liverpool. The mantle of our dear friend, Robert Norris, fell upon you, and you nobly carried on his work. His photograph hangs in my dressing room to call forth my thanks to God for him, and to lead me to try to follow him. I am wonderfully well, thank God, but I am now only a half-timer.'

His Easter holiday he spends once more at Overton-on-Dee. The two following letters were written there.

To Mr. E. Lewis, Rhosneigr, who had been his host on a holiday:

7 April, 1926.

'Thank you for your letter. I am very pleased to hear that you have been confirmed in the Church of England. May God strengthen you more and more and keep you steadfast to the end. You will be interested to know that your little friend Aylmer [the Bishop's eldest grandson] was also confirmed on 21 March, at Bournemouth where his father and mother now live.'

To the Rev. J. K. Powell.

9 April, 1926.

'Thank you for your letter and for the assurance of your prayers. The latter I greatly need.

Do not imagine that I undervalue the Holy Communion. I do not, but I deprecate a present tendency to refer to it in every sermon, and on all occasions, as if it were the very centre of the Christian life. After all, the very heart of Christianity is a *Person* and not a *Rite*, however sacred; and the Rite must never be allowed to take the place of the Person, or to be spoken of as if it

were the only means of feeding on Him. Last year I listened to a sermon from a devout and popular Anglo-Catholic in which he explained 'coming to Christ' as coming to a Priest for Confession and to the Holy Communion. How extraordinarily different is such teaching from that of the New Testament! It is pathetic evidence of the tendency of the human heart to long for the material—that which we can see and feel and handle, rather than to hold fast by the spiritual. 'Blessed are they that have not seen and yet have believed.' 'The blessing of blessings is that the Faith which triumphs over the things seen and temporal brings into every life the presence of the unseen Lord.' God bless you and thank you for so patiently bearing with my frankness.'

The Summer term finds him at Oxford again.

To the Rev. O. Puckridge.

16 April, 1926.

'I am glad to hear of your election as President of the Exeter Clerical Society. I trust that you will help the members and be helped yourself. *St. John* is, I think, the most difficult of all the Gospels, because it is so deep. Westcott and Godet will be useful to you and Bishop J. C. Ryle's notes and homiletic teaching are illuminating. God's bidding is God's enabling, and your best help will come from above.

Forgive this scrawl: I write with a tired hand.'

And later:

'I am watching with deep interest the very gradual return of modern critical New Testament scholarship to a belief in the Johannine authorship of

St. John's Gospel. Let us be content to wait. The last word has not been said.'

To Mr. W. Stewart Royston.

6 May, 1926.

'I am not surprised that you feel so acutely the loss of your dear mother, for she was one in a thousand: but I am sure that you will not allow your great sorrow to paralyse, but rather to quicken your schemes and efforts to alleviate the miseries of others, and to advance our Lord's Kingdom. This is what your mother would especially desire. Do you remember how in Mrs. Ewing's *Jan of the Windmill* she speaks of Master Swift the National schoolmaster who had lost his wife and only boy, and he says, 'Folks say, How do you keep on schooling? If I were in your place I could hardly abide the sight of a boy. They are wrong; the thought of my boy seems to give me a kind of love for every lad I look upon.' So I know the thought of your dear mother will give you 'a kind of love' for every one you think of. Nothing will rejoice her more than the thought that her passing into our Lord's nearer presence has given you a fresh impulse in your life of unselfish thought for others. . . . You can plead with God for England at present; we are passing through a great calamity.' [General Strike.]

The Long Vacation allows him to be busy once more as a country parson, and, he modestly says, 'learning much.'

To the Rev. T. H. Senior.

20 August, 1926.

'To my dismay I find that I have never replied to your letter of 18 June. It reached me at the end of term,

and in the pressure of the moment it was laid on one side and forgotten until to-day. Now that I am old and have no secretary, I find it hard to answer all my letters by return of post, and the result is fatal. If ever my income increases I must get in a typewriter. Old age makes a man slow at work. Forgive my carelessness. I hope that your application may be successful. An old Wycliffe man has just been appointed to a country living, mainly, I think, because he has private means and can take a small income. Such things ought not to be.

'I greatly deprecate uniting parishes in towns with a considerable population. I think the process needs careful watching too in the case of small parishes in the country. As a rule church attendance suffers, and much soreness and friction arise. It is proposed to unite St. Saviour's and St. Bride's in Liverpool. Each has a big population, St. Bride's of 6,000 and St. Saviour's of 4,000. Such a union means a weakened Church in the heart of the city and the destruction of a centre of Church influence.

'I hope you are getting a holiday. I am taking charge for nine Sundays of a remote parish of 390 people on the lower slopes of the Cheviots, and am learning much. The splendid air and the absolute quiet have done great things for Mrs. Chavasse. She had not been able to get to church since Lent. Now she goes twice and plays the organ in the little church. I am very thankful.'

Re-invigorated by this holiday he made his way home *via* Liverpool and, on the eve of his eightieth birthday, preached for the first and only time in the Cathedral. It was a great occasion, and crowds gathered to hear him, many of them unable to get inside. These, however, he addressed when the service was over from the Founders'

Plot. The effort did not exhaust him, for in the evening of the same day (19 September) he preached at his own suggestion at St. Martin's-in-the-Fields, a great church in a poor part of the city, with a seating capacity for two thousand. The scene was without parallel in its history, for so crowded was it that people were content to stand throughout wherever there was room, and the stillness was such as could be felt. The Bishop preached what is called 'a simple Gospel sermon,' his voice strong, pleading, and persuasive as ever; the three divisions appeared as of old, punctuated by simple illustration and reminiscence. Men and women crowded round him as he left the church, to shake hands with him if they could; they felt that it was the last time, and that they would see his face no more.

A day or two after his return to Oxford he writes to a Liverpool friend, Mr. J. G. Wallbridge:

'Your letter came to cheer me at a time when like St. Paul at Corinth I was 'in weakness and in fear and in much trembling.' It was humbling and yet a great joy to visit Liverpool again, and to meet the people whom I love so dearly. The memory of their great kindness will go with me as long as I live, and help me in the work I am still permitted to do.'

His eightieth birthday he spent at home, surrounded by his family, and congratulated by friends both far and near. Here is his reply to one of them (Mr. Holden), with a reference in it to his recent visit to Liverpool:

28 September, 1926.

My dear old Friend,

It is most kind of you to think of me on my eightieth birthday. God has been very good to me, not

only in giving me such a long life, but in permitting me to keep on doing a little work for Him. The love of my dear Liverpool friends I count as one of my greatest blessings, and their warm welcome on 19 September has moved me most deeply. It has given me new courage and strength for my little work here. Not least do I thank God for your friendship and affection. So many of my best-loved helpers have been taken away since I left Liverpool that I seem to value those that are left more than ever.

I have received the notice of the Extraordinary General Meeting of the Liverpool College on 7 October, but I cannot be present. I hope that no steps will be taken to weaken its close connection with the Church of England. . . .

A few weeks afterwards he paid a visit to Cheltenham and the Dean Close School, where he dedicated memorial windows for the Old Decanians who fell in the war. In his sermon he told the boys how Tennyson, when asked for his finest lines, quoted from *Locksley Hall*:

'Love took up the harp of life and smote on all its chords with might,
Smote the chord of self, which, trembling, passed in using out of sight.'

(His references to English poets were often singularly apt.) Then followed the three-fold appeal for thrift, for purity of life, for the fear of God—the last an element of all true religion in which he declared the present generation with its pleasure-seeking 'week-ends' to be singularly lacking.

Christmas finds him at home, in the midst of mingling

joys and anxieties, as the following letter to the Rev. J. Sinclair Stevenson makes evident:

Christmas Day, 1926.

My dear Brother and Friend,

Forgive my delay in replying to your kind and helpful greetings and message, which reached me a few days ago. In the midst of your busy life it is good of you and Mrs. Stevenson and Bridget to think of us. I like much, very much, the little poem on the Christ Child. My Christmas sermon is on the words 'Unto us a *child* is born.' I like to think that the memories of His Childhood, His Home, and His Mother, are with the Lord still. The thought that He was once a Child endears Him to us, and gives confidence as we draw near to Him as our Divine Priest and King, and will uphold us when we stand before His Judgment-seat.

All my grandchildren are being brought up on your book *The Children's Friend*, and I hope to add to it your book on the Apostles. The impression made on me by the stories and pictures of our Lord's life in the days of my childhood has never been lost.

Mrs. Chavasse is still very delicate, but better on the whole. All our children except Dorothy are round us for Christmas, and we are hoping that she and her four little ones will come to us early in the New Year. She is still sadly frail, but gaining ground, we hope.

I am glad that you have a Bridget. I have often told my Confirmation candidates the story of St. Bridget as given in your book on the Irish saints, especially in the Church of St. Bridget, Wavertree, and St. Bride, Liverpool. . . .

The task of Prayer Book Revision undertaken by the

Convocations and Church Assembly was now rapidly approaching its final stages, and the Bishop was gravely concerned. Some dozen years before he had broken his usual silence at bishops' meetings to declare that, though he was a man of peace, he would be driven to fight if Reservation were sanctioned, and maintained the opinion that the Communion Office should be left untouched, at any rate after the offertory sentences. This view found expression in the House of Clergy but was defeated by two to one on the ground that it was not very courageous, and did nothing to conciliate Anglo-Catholic feeling. The Bishop, however, kept his ground, and though his name did not appear in public controversy like that of Dr. Knox, there is no doubt that his influence had real weight, and greatly strengthened the hands of those who, in the Assembly and elsewhere, felt bound, if they could, to try to defeat the measure. He wrote many letters, to bishops and others; to *The Times* he expressed himself in the following terms:

'At every administration we plead and present before God the sacrifice of the atoning death, but our Prayer-Book nowhere bids us do it dramatically by spreading before God the consecrated elements of bread and wine. If many connect that pleading with the consecrated elements they can loyally do so, but they cannot claim most certain warrants of Holy Scripture for their belief, and such a showing forth was deliberately omitted by former revisers. The 'memorial before God' may be patient of an Evangelical interpretation, but it may also suggest and develop into what our Article XXXI calls a blasphemous fable and a dangerous deceit.'

He also wrote more fully to the Chairman of the

Liverpool branch of the 'Committee of Truth and Faith' (the Rev. A. G. Bernard):

18 February, 1927.

'I am very anxious about the proposed new Prayer Book. It contains much that is valuable and useful, but unless the alternative Communion office, and the permission of Reservation for the Sick be omitted, the measure will never be accepted by Parliament. We must be careful to keep our heads and our tempers, to abstain from all harsh and provocative language, to be scrupulously accurate in our statements, and to make allowances for others. I believe our best course is to entreat the Bishops to omit the alternative Communion Office, and all reference to the Reserved Sacrament; this, I think, was the suggestion of the York Convocation [Upper House]. It is a retrograde step to go back to the Canon of the First Prayer Book of Edward VI, beautiful as it is as a piece of English literature; for, as I said in the Synod or meeting of clergy on 3 November, 1922, that Canon contains two things which cannot be 'proved by most certain warrant of Holy Scripture': it represents the Holy Communion as a 'memorial before God,' and it contains prayers for the dead. Both may be held as pious opinions, but both were deliberately cut out of the Prayer Book of 1552, because of the great Reformation principle that nothing should appear in our formularies but what can be proved by Holy Scripture; and because of the warning of history, that the first developed into the Sacrifice of Masses for the quick and the dead, and the other into the doctrine of Purgatory.

By all means allow great latitude of individual belief in a matter so profoundly mysterious as the Holy

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Communion, but let us see that our formularies do not go an inch beyond what is taught by Holy Scripture.

If our Church sanction the alternate Communion Office, it will speak with a double voice. It will not retain the respect of Christendom, and it will fail in its great mission of evangelizing the world.'

So again, a little later, to the Rev. Grantley Martin:

'The position is distressing. A very large number of the younger Evangelicals are in favour of the Revised Prayer Book, simply because they regard it as an olive-branch and a message of peace which ought not to be rejected. But it is not peace with honour or safety.'

And to Canon Alexander:

'I am very anxious about the Revised Prayer Book. It will accentuate and not remove our differences. It is not likely to materialize, and what will be the next step? There is so much that is excellent and up-to-date, but it is not good policy to try to carry what is doubtful and contentious on the back of what is admirable and much needed.'

We may here fitly anticipate a scene from his last illness. He had just received the Holy Communion; then, the service ended, he rose upon his pillows, and addressed his assembled family in the tones of a Christian prophet: 'I know that when I take the bread and the wine I am receiving my Saviour. There is no doubt whatever in my mind about that fact. But how I receive Him I cannot tell. The Church has never tried to explain it, nor has the Bible, and God does not mean it to be explained. It is this that is at the bottom of all the

Prayer-Book trouble to-day—they are trying to explain what cannot be explained. All the while I have been lying here I have been thinking about it, and I am sure that I am right.'

When the Book received the final sanction of the Assembly and Convocations, he decided after long and serious thought to oppose it no more, but, if it were passed by Parliament, to begin to work at once towards a fresh Revision. From the first, however, he declared that it would be rejected, and it seems a matter of great regret that his almost uncanny insight into the nation's mind was not more immediately at the disposal of the episcopal Bench; certainly the knowledge that he was behind them in their opposition to the controversial portions gave strength and courage to the men who fought against the Book in both Houses of Parliament.

Yet it is putting it mildly to say that the controversy added one more to the sorrows and trials which beset the last year of his life: the new Book would, he said, if it were sanctioned, shake the Church to its foundations. And he was, in truth, beginning to *feel* his age. 'My preaching days,' he writes to Mr. Stevenson on 14 March, 'are long over, and now I can only talk as an old man, on the verge of Eternity, of the great truths which I have found to help my soul. *Advesperascit*: the sunset cannot be far off. God help us both to end well.'

To Canon Alexander he writes a day or two later, and on a matter to which he did not often refer:

'Thank you for the copy of your little book on St. Paul's. It is beautifully got up and I shall read it with interest. I cannot, to my great regret, send another subscription, but I must try to do the next best thing and

interest other people in the work in the hope that they may join. The Diocese could not afford me a pension,[1] and the coal strike, through the consequent fall in railway dividends, has hit us hard.'

His last Easter vacation was spent at Overton. The following letter to Mr. Senior reveals the thoughts of his heart, and the hope that was brightening his last days:

'I greatly appreciate your great kindness in remembering me on St. Mark's Day [the day of his consecration]. I have very great reason to thank God for His wonderful goodness in sparing me so long, and in permitting me still to do a little work for Him. If it be His will I should like to live a little longer to help to shape things for the proposed new College of St. Peter, and to do a very little to help the Church we so deeply love in its present time of distress and perplexity.'

The following, written towards the end of the summer term, to his invalid friend, Mr. Royston, tells us something about himself—how his work still went on, and the end was to find him, as the *Christian Year* (which he greatly loved) has it, 'Still loving man, still thanking God'; something, too, about Mrs. Chavasse, whose end was now much nearer than he realized:

'It is long since I have written. I have much to do for an old man and I easily tire. I find it very difficult to get through all my daily correspondence. I am all the more grateful to you for writing to me. My eyesight is growing dimmer, and naturally, for I am nearing eighty-one, but you are still in the prime of life. I am glad that the Bishop of Liverpool has been to see you. He is full of

[1] His own opinion, of course, and not that of the Diocese.

kindness and sympathy, and his visit would cheer you up. Your circle of friends is steadily widening.

Mrs. Chavasse, I am sorry to say, is still very frail, but she is able to crawl into our little garden and to lie there under a beautiful lime tree. On 1 July we hope to move for six weeks to Garsington, a village on the hills about five miles outside Oxford. I am looking after the parish, and living in the rectory, while the rector and his wife, old friends of ours, go away for a much needed rest and change. Perhaps, later on, we may go again for a visit to Overton-on-Dee and stay with Miss Maude, Mrs. Chavasse's sister. The Oxford term ends in a fortnight and I shall be glad of the rest. Next year we may have to leave this house, as it may be wanted for starting a new college.

The rector of this parish, St. Peter-le-Bailey, has gone out as an Honorary Medical Missionary to Central Africa at the age of seventy, and a new rector must be appointed. His sister, who is over sixty, has just gone out to join him. It is very noble of him. He wants me to join him also, but I am too old.

God bless you!'

Three weeks later the blow fell, and, for a little while, Mrs. Chavasse and he were parted. The following letter to Archdeacon Howson, who gave the Address at her funeral, tells the story of her end:

'. . . Few people living have known her so long as you have. We want no eulogium but simply a brief account of what God did through her at Overton, Oxford, and Liverpool; how He sustained her in great sorrows, upheld her in long sicknesses, and, shy and retiring as she was, used her to help many, from the

clergy wife to the half-witted girl. I could never have done a tithe of my work but for her. Her calm, strong, tranquil character was a tower of strength.

On Friday we took her to Garsington Rectory, where I had promised to look after the parish for six weeks for an old friend. We all hoped that the bracing air and perfect quiet might benefit her failing strength. She had a restless night on the Friday but got some sleep and seemed to rally on Saturday. I went to say 'good-night' at 9 p.m. and found her fast asleep. I went to bed and happily awoke at 10.50 and ran into the next room to see her. She was awake and seemed better. Marjorie was with her till 11.30, and she seemed easier and likely to sleep. She declined to have any one sleeping in the same room, so much better she seemed to be. At 7 a.m. on Sunday I took her some tea as usual. She was lying on her right side, quite still, apparently asleep. I touched her hand. It was warm, but, on a second look, I saw that her sweet soul had fled. She had passed away in her sleep. Now she lies with every wrinkle and sign of age and suffering gone, her face so peaceful, beautiful, and noble that every sight of it comforts, satisfies, and uplifts me. Weep I must, but I continually praise and bless God for giving me such a wife for forty-six years, and granting her such an end.'

Then again to Dr. Lock—and few more pathetically beautiful letters have ever been written:

'Thank you for calling and for writing. You are right, I ought to be full of thankfulness. The light has indeed gone out of my life, and the world has become grey; but the sorrow has been wonderfully tempered by mercy. For forty-six years we have been spared to each other in

a singularly happy home-life. Nothing could have been more beautiful than her call home. She passed away painlessly and in perfect peace in her sleep. And we have the sure and certain hope that she is with the Lord. To murmur would be to dishonour God. I can only praise and bless God for her, and find my greatest comfort in so doing. I should like, indeed, to lie down by her side and die; but I pray that I may have the will to live and to carry on Christ's work until He wills that I should follow her.'

And so to Canon Alexander:

'I must try to be more worthy of her. I continually thank God for her. He has not failed. Praise and service are great comforters.'

And to Mrs. Abbott:

'I am indeed grateful for your kind thoughts of us in our sorrow. Your understanding sympathy is a great comfort. You have traversed the same road, and know its darkness and its great consolation. The blank is desolating, but the tenderness and mercies of God have been wonderful. He has not failed. I find the greatest comfort in praising God for my most dear ones at rest, and in trying to serve God and our fellows. For the past five weeks I have been trying to look after a small parish near Oxford for a friend.

I often, very often, think of your dear husband and son. The two Walters were much to me, and I can never forget the love and kindness of the one and the love and loyalty of the other. It cannot be long before we all may say, 'Because the way is short, I thank Thee God."

Well might a Liverpool layman exclaim, 'His example to us all is beyond price. Wife and two sons gone, and his faith and serenity firm as a rock. Magnificent!'

By special permission of the Home Secretary, the body of Mrs. Chavasse was laid to rest in the Founders' Plot at Liverpool Cathedral. The Bishop himself read the sentences of committal. Rarely can there have been so striking an exhibition of fortitude and self-command. He had even insisted on taking the evening service at Garsington on the day she died; he must, he said, speak some words for the Master. But such efforts were costly. On 22 August he writes to Lock:

'I have been in bed for two weeks, sleeping incessantly. To-day I am waking up, writing a few letters, and trying to read. I have been worn out, but I trust there is still a little work in me. God is very good to me. I have still much to do; may I be able to do all in the light of immortality. *Praise and Service are great healers.*

I hope that I shall be able to get about before long. From 14–28 September I hope to stay at Overton-on-Dee.'

The visit never came off. Early in October he writes to Mr. Stevenson, 'For the last six months I have been going down hill, and now I am struggling with an internal trouble which so far has not yielded to treatment. I sleep a great part of my time, and everything seems a burden. But I am in God's hands, and 'man is immortal till his work is done'.' 'I like much,' he said in another letter, 'a quotation which I recently read, They who have seen the Father's Face do not fear the Father's Hand.'

The last phase had now indeed set in, and it was one

of long-continued weariness and weakness, borne with exemplary patience and courage. His last public message appears to have been to the Daily Prayer Union, of which he was President: 'Tell the members to hold fast to prayer, and to honour the Holy Spirit. Tell them to be faithful to Christ and to believe that God reigns.' His last semi-public act was to crawl into the room where the Sunday Greek Testament class was assembled, his face drawn and white, and a shawl over his shoulders. He spoke to them of his own approaching end, pleaded with them to surrender their young lives to the Master, and gave them his final blessing. Then he took to his bed. In the earlier days he still occasionally saw people—a tall, curly-haired undergraduate, for example, who came to tell him of his decision to take Holy Orders. 'A red-letter day in my life,' he exclaimed, his eyes sparkling and happy: 'I thank God for the joy you have brought me.' The young man arose from his blessing with a sense that he was already ordained. To Dr. Lock, who visited him, he said once, 'I have been at death's door: I felt no fear, no dread. I only felt that life was slowly slipping away from me and that I was going somewhere.' Yet death, it seemed, would not come, though he often asked for it. For five months he held on, with many a prayer, almost pitiful to hear, that he might yet 'end well' and not be disloyal to Him Whom he had tried all his life to serve. Nearer the end he became more tranquil. All the time he had the comforting companionship of his daughters. His eldest son was not far away, at St. Aldate's Rectory, and when he did not sleep under his father's roof, came in daily to pray with him. From his hands he received the Holy Communion for the last time, early on Sunday morning, 11 March; and

then, about eleven o'clock, his tried and tired and gentle spirit passed hence into the Peace of God.

Hundreds of messages poured in upon the bereaved family. The three following letters merit special record:

Lambeth Palace.

21 March, 1928.

My dear Chavasse,

I have been tardy in writing to you about the passing hence of one who was one of my oldest friends, and one to whom for many a year I have owed much of what there may be in me of the deepest things.

In undergraduate days your father's rooms in Corpus were to me a centre of interest and sometimes of inspiration. The stimulus of his personality was to me the keener because of the quietness of its 'setting,' and in the long years which have passed since then, our friendship, though we have seen comparatively little of one another, has always been a reality, and has been ready to become vocal on occasions of 'Bishops' Meetings' and the like.

Except as regards his opposition to anything implying prayers for the departed I have hardly ever, till these last controversies, found myself at variance with him, and the forcefulness of his spiritual grasp has made his every contention a reality on behalf of God and good.

With regard to the Prayer Book controversy, I have always felt that if he could in the last three or four years have been with us as a member of the House of Bishops he would have found himself to be more at one with us than he supposed. But into that I will not enter.

I feel his passage from this world into the larger workfield beyond a veritable bereavement in my old

age. May God grant to you and to those of his own circle courage, strength, and faith, for at this difficult time we need these things if we are rightly to discharge the task which God has laid upon us all.

My own heart's desire is that we may be enabled by the grace of the Lord Whom we serve, to grow into closer coherence, even as the circle of our sympathies widens.

With kindest regard, I am,
Very truly yours,
RANDALL CANTUAR:

As from Bishopthorpe, York.
Lambeth Palace, S.E.1.
14 March, 1928.

DEAR CHAVASSE,

Only ceaseless preoccupation with other affairs prevented me from writing at once when I saw the news that your dear and venerated father had passed away. Let me send you (and through you to your sisters and your brothers) from a full heart this assurance of my deep and true sympathy. I am arranging—though it will be very difficult—to be present at the funeral at Liverpool on Saturday. I am anxious as Archbishop of the Province in which he fulfilled an episcopate so memorable and as one who would wish to be regarded as a friend, to give this sign of my veneration for his character and of my gratitude for his great services to the Church and people. The Bishop has asked me to speak some words about him at the funeral service, so that I need not anticipate here what I shall try, however imperfectly, to say then.

Let me only say that I shall never forget—and the

memory will be for life an inspiration—the impression made on me as on all who knew him and his work, of his wonderful union of humility and strength, of gentleness and courage, of considerateness and firm loyalty to the claims of truth, of his singular unselfishness and single-minded devotion. It is fitting that his body should rest under the shadow of the great Cathedral which is the abiding and worthy memorial of his life and work. It is good to think of his spirit passing into fuller communion with the Lord to Whom he gave his life's loyalty and service; and, we may surely believe, with his wife and brave sons. Yet I know how sorely the visible presence of such a father will be missed by his sons and daughters, and I pray that God may comfort and sustain you.

Yours in sincerest sympathy,

COSMO EBOR:

Funchal, Madeira,
20 March, 1928.

MY DEAR MR. CHAVASSE,

My heart goes out to you and to your sisters in the deepest sympathy. Yet what a splendid thing it will be to you to think that you had such a father—an inspiration which I am sure will be very precious to you for all time.

He came nearer to my ideal of a *Saint* than any man I have ever met or heard of, and I saw him under the most trying conditions: yet he never varied, but always looked upwards, and even Heaven itself is to-day the richer for his presence.

Yours very sincerely,

WILLIAM B. FORWOOD.[1]

[1] This letter was received after Sir William's own death and must have been one of the last that he wrote.

Before the departure of the family for Liverpool, a funeral service was held at St. Peter's Church in which the Bishop of Oxford (Dr. Strong), the Principal of Wycliffe Hall (the Rev. G. F. Graham-Brown), and Prebendary Probyn, Vicar of St. Andrew's, Oxford, took part. St. Paul's, Holloway sent its Vicar and churchwarden, in testimony that, even after fifty years, his ministry there was held in remembrance and honour. The hymn was 'Thine for ever!' sung by St. Peter's school children, whose voices had often comforted him in his illness. The address was given by his old friend, Dr. Lock. Most of what he then said is quoted elsewhere, but his opening words on the splendidly uplifting climax of St. Paul's great chapter (1 *Cor. xv.*) were specially appropriate at the funeral of one who, as the mourners all knew, had obeyed the Apostle's behest to the uttermost, and whose labour, as their own lives bore witness, had not been in vain in the Lord.

That same evening the body was brought to Liverpool, received with every mark of respect and affection, and rested in the chancel of the Cathedral until the interment in the Founders' Plot, a green space overlooking St. James's Road, on the following Saturday afternoon. At each hour during the two intervening days there were simple intercessions, each parish in the Diocese being remembered in turn. Thousands filed past, all sorts and conditions of men and women, a lady of title followed by a footman carrying a wreath, a little ragged girl with a bunch of violets, a poor elderly woman with an offering of daffodils. On the Saturday the place was filled to its utmost capacity. The service, the Prayer Book Order for the Burial of the Dead, was simple, dignified, and beautiful, with appropriate music exquisitely sung. In his

Address the Archbishop of York showed a rare understanding. The departed Bishop, he said, was a holy man who had passed by them continually. His gifts were the gifts of the Spirit. No man called to high station had he himself known so completely marked and controlled by humility. Gentleness there was, but behind it an iron will, so tempered because it was always seeking and following the Will of God. His courage was seen in the great adventure of the Cathedral, built upon the confidence which he had won throughout city and Diocese; might it be, like that little body which they were laying to rest beneath its shadow, a temple of the Spirit, a centre of prayer from which the service of Christ's Gospel and Kingdom went forth unceasingly! He had died worth a fortune which no material standard could measure—the love and veneration of a great community.

At the conclusion of the service the body was borne outside and committed to its resting place. 'Among hymns used at my funeral,' he had written, 'I should like *Rock of Ages*, because it holds my sole hope for salvation and eternal life.' This was sung, 'Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord' feelingly recited, and then the Archbishop addressed the multitude assembled in the wide roadway below:

'This Cathedral is a monument to Bishop Chavasse; let there be a greater and more abiding monument, a Christian city. Go, and remember, and live out the truth which he so long and so faithfully taught you.'

There have been bishops of the Church of England whose biographies provide an interest for readers and students such as will here be sought in vain. Dr. Cha-

vasse never stood before the public as a statesman-ecclesiastic or philosopher-theologian; he was to the end essentially a Christian pastor. True, as testimony to his work, there is the Diocese led, largely by his influence, if not into a real unity of spirit, yet at least into a more reasonable temper and a readiness to recognize good work wherever it was to be found. There is the Cathedral, reared, largely under his guidance, as a witness to the Being and Majesty of God and a sanctuary for praise and thanksgiving. But for all his administrative skill and conciliatory wisdom it may be that neither in the one nor in the other is the real beauty of the Bishop's life reflected; 'I saw it best,' says one, 'when he knelt at my bedside, in the presence of my mother and sisters.'

He was well read, though formal scholarship he disclaimed. While he was not unversed in it, he never professed to speak in the language of contemporary thought; he had that, he believed, which would survive it. There was little sense of intellectual strain about his faith—everything (it was once said of him) was 'plain-sailing': there was certainly absolute trust, complete and unwavering confidence. The book he knew well was the New Testament, and his sermons those of a man who believed that there, and there only, was the message of which the world had need. All the same, as Dr. Knox has said, he was no mean scholar. What he knew he knew thoroughly, and had his knowledge easily at command.

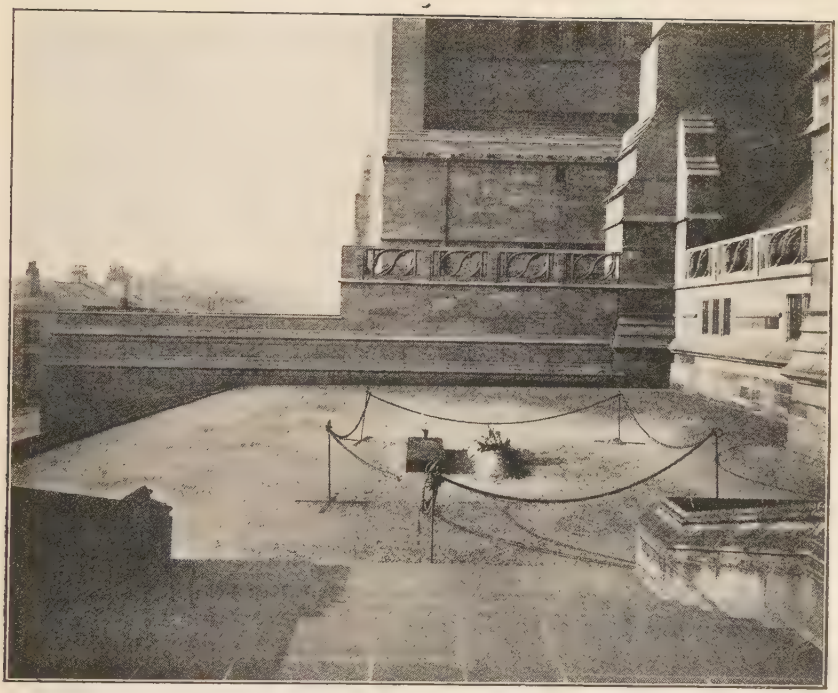
A worker he was, zealous and untiring to the very last, and the Church cannot get on without workers; but saints may be an even greater need, and when one is given to it who combines in himself the qualities of both, good men can only bow the head in gratitude and reverence, and say, 'Thank God.' For saint Dr. Chavasse

was, and, in a sense, had always been; the octogenarian writer of the letters from St. Peter's House and the Corpus undergraduate with his diaries and his tracts, are, in spirit, one and the same. Early had he given his life to God, and it was of a piece throughout, all one and all His. Herein lay the secret of his intense convictions and inflexible will. 'He could go any length to serve others *in Christ*, but not a hair's-breadth beyond that all-compelling allegiance.'

'It was finely said of Baron Friedrich von Hügel, 'We need God to account for such a life,' and we may say of the subject of this memoir, We need God to account for the simplicity, the persistence, the goodness and beauty of such a life as this. Well may we thank God for all that He wrought in him, for all that his friendship, his teaching, his example have meant for thousands, and go forth to do our work and face our sorrows with those messages of his ringing in our ears:

> '*When God bids He enables.*
> *To murmur would be to dishonour God.*
> *Praise and service are great healers.*'[1]

[1]Dr. Lock at St. Peter-le-Bailey, Oxford, 14 March, 1928 (slightly adapted).



[*Stewart Bale, Liverpool.*

'Founder's Plot,' March 17th, 1928

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